

Philip Papillon

A professed

New Version
OF THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,

Fitted to the Tunes used
in Churches.

B Y

Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. M.D.

L O N D O N :

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TO HIS
Most Excellent Majesty
G E O R G E
O F
*Great Britain, France and
Ireland*
K I N G,
Defender of the Faith, &c.
THIS
New Version
O F T H E
Psalms of DAVID
Is most humbly
DEDICATED
B Y
*His Majesty's most obedient
Subject and Servant.*
Richard Blackmore:

At the Council Chamber White-
hall, the 27th of October, 1720.

Present Their Excellencies the Lords
Justices in Council.

UPON the humble Petition of Sir *Richard Blackmore*, this Day read at the Board, setting forth, That the Petitioner has with great Care and Application, finished a New V E R S I O N of the P S A L M S of *DAVID* in *English Metre*, fitted for Publick Use, and humbly praying His Majesty's Royal Allowance and Recommendation of the said V E R S I O N, that it may be received into those Congregations, that shall be satisfied with the same: And there being also read at the Board a Certificate under the Hands of the Lords the Arch-Bishops, and the Lords Bishops of *London, Winchester, Worcester, Ely, Chichester, Landaffe, Hereford, Norwich, Rochester, Oxford, St. David's, St. Asaph, Bangor, Peterborough, Bristol, Litchfield and Coventry*, setting forth their having perused and considered the said New V E R S I O N, and recommending it as fit to be received into the Publick Congregations within the Churches and Chappels in this Part of his Majesty's Dominions: Their Excellencies the Lords Justices taking the same into Consideration, are pleased with the Advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, to order that the said New V E R S I O N of the P S A L M S in *English Metre* be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all Churches, Chappels, and Congregations as shall think fit to receive the same.

Temple Stanyan.



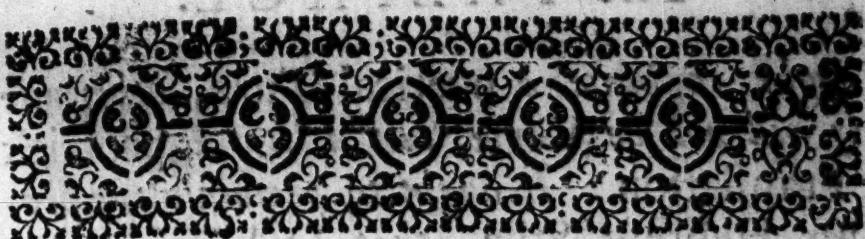
A Copy of the Certificate of the
Lords the Arch-Bishops and Bi-
shops whose Names are mentioned in
the former Order.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

WE Your Majesty's most faithful Subjects
the Arch-Bishops and Bishops of this
Your Majesty's Church and Realm,
whose Names are under-written, humbly beg
Leave to certify that we have perused and
consider'd a New Translation of DAVID's
P S A L M S in *English Metre*, by Sir *Richard Blackmore* ; and we conceive it has such an
Agreement with the *Original Hebrew*, such
Clearness and Purity of *English Stile*, and is so
well adapted to the Capacity and Affections
of the Common People, that in our Judgment,
it may well be received into the Publick Con-
gregations within the Churches and Chappels
in this Part of Your Majesty's Dominions, if
Your Majesty shall think fit to grant Your
Royal Approbation and Allowance of the
same, in such Manner as shall seem meet to
Your Royal Wisdom.

<i>W. Canter.</i>	<i>Bangor.</i>	<i>Hereford.</i>
<i>W. Ebor.</i>	<i>Peterburg.</i>	<i>Norvic.</i>
<i>J. London.</i>	<i>Bristol.</i>	<i>Roffen.</i>
<i>Winton.</i>	<i>Litchfield.</i>	<i>Oxon.</i>
<i>Wighorn.</i>	<i>Coventry.</i>	<i>Menueuen.</i>
<i>Eli.</i>	<i>Chichester.</i>	
<i>Afaph.</i>	<i>Landaff.</i>	<i>A 3.</i>





THE
PREFACE.



Just and proper Version of the P S A L M S, to be used in Publick Divine Service, requires the following Qualifications: It ought to be strictly agreeable to the Original Hebrew: It ought to express all the Sentiments in the Original, and no More, but when there is a Necessity to supply the Connexion, or to remove the Obscurity of some Places arising from the Concise and sometimes Abrupt Stile peculiar to the Hebrew Writers: (For if in the Prose Translation such Supplements are unavoidable, they are yet more allowable in Verse.) It ought to be close in Opposition to diffusive Expressions, otherwise it will be too Paraphrastical: It ought

The PREFACE.

ought to have a poetical Turn, otherwise it will not be Verse, but a literal profaick Translation: It ought to preserve the proper Hebrew Stile, that DAVID may speak in his own Spirit and Manner of Diction, and therefore Foreign Embellishments, Allusions and Metaphors, which corrupt the Purity and debuse the Dignity of the Original, are not allowable: It ought to have the Propriety and Perfection of the English Language, which excludes all sordid, obsolete, and obscure Words and Phrases, that dishonour the Divine Text, and offend the Ears of Intelligent Persons: It ought by its Plainness to be accommodated to the Capacities of the Common People, not set off with too much Ornament, nor yet left naked or in a slovenly Dress, but should be pleasing and agreeable by a beautiful Cleanliness, and an elegant Simplicity. A New Version ought to preserve the Tunes, which the People have been long accustomed to, least upon missing of them, they should complain of Loss and Injury: And lastly, it is required, That the Verse should be harmonious, smooth, and easy. These Rules I have endeavoured strictly to observe in this Translation, and where I have in any Instances deviated from them,

The P R E F A C E.

them, if I discover those Errours, I will amend them in another Edition.

The man, Translations of the P S A L M S into English Verse may be ranged under two Heads ; Those which have kept strictly to the Original, and Those that have taken poetical Liberty, and not confin'd themselves to the Letter of the Text. The first sort are generally dry, cramp'd, obscure, prosaick and unmusical ; the last are too loose, paraphrastical, and full of figurative Beauties and Turns, of a modern Fashion. If my Endeavours have succeeded, I have avoided both Extreams ; I have attempted to give a Version close without Obscurity, full without Redundancy, and clear without Diffusion. I have not made the Psalmist speak like a Grecian, a Roman, or an Englishman, but he speaks in his own Spirit, and in the Stile peculiar to his own Nation : And I hope the Reader will find that I have in a good Degree reconcil'd the Strictness of Translation with the Harmony and Eloquence of Poetry, in which I have labour'd to preserve both the native Simplicity and the Dignity of the Divine Original.

That

The PREFACE.

That this Book may not swell to a larger Bulk than I designed, I shall enter into no Discourse of the Nature and Usefulness of Psalmody, nor of its Rise and Progress in this Kingdom; I reserve that Subject for a Dissertation by it self; I shall only advertise the Reader that I have accommodated Psalms to all the Old Tunes, which the People are acquainted with, and have fitted the more unusual ones to several others; only one or two Tunes long disus'd I have omitted. The Notes of the Old Tunes, together with as many New Ones, by Mr. Philip Hart, as will amount to the Number of Fifty, shall be printed in Four Parts in another Edition.

And here I would with the strongest Expressions of Gratitude, acknowledge my great Obligations to their Graces the Lords Arch-Bishops of Canterbury and York, who agreeably to their singular Principles of Piety, Goodness and Humanity were pleased to animate and encourage me in carrying on and compleating this difficult Undertaking: I likewise return my most humble Thanks to those Right Reverend Bishops, that favour'd and promoted this Performance, several of whom

The P R E F A C E.

whom obliged me so far as to compare the Whole or a considerable Part of it, with the Original, and assisted me with their learned and judicious Remarks; and who all in concurrence with the most Reverend the Arch-Bishops by their Commendatory Certificate, procured the Allowance and Licence of the Royal Authority, as expressed in the order of Council before set forth.



THE

THE PREFERENCE



GIFT



THE
PSALMS of *DAVID*,
In METRE.

PSALM I. *Common Metre.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY Man, who shuns all Day
Th' Ungodly's Walks with Care ;
Who stands not in the Sinner's Way,
Nor takes the Scorer's Chair.
- 2 But makes the Precepts of the Lord
His Joy and chief Delight ;
And on his Sacred Will and Word
Contemplates Day and Night.
- 3 He'll, like a Tree by Waters fed,
His Fruit in Season give ;
He his unfading Leaf shall spread,
And always prosp'rous live.
- 4 Not so th' Ungodly, they shall fly,
Like Chaff before the Wind ;
And driv'n about in vain shall try
A resting Place to find.

PSALM I.

5 The Wicked cannot, when arraign'd,
Stand in the Judgment, sure,
Nor enter with Transgression stain'd
Th' Assembly of the Pure.

6 For the Just God the Righteous knows,
Who still his Laws obey,
But Sinners, who his Will oppose,
Shall perish in their Way.

PSALM I. *Another Metre.*

1 **O** H A P P Y Man, that all the Day
A voids th' Ungodly's Walks with Care;
Who stands not in the Sinner's Way,
And sits not in the Scorer's Chair:

2 But makes the Precepts of the Lord
His dearest Pleasure and Delight,
And on his sacred Will and Word,
Contemplates all the Day and Night.

3 He's like a Tree by Waters fed,
That dos his Fruit in Season give,
He his unwith'ring Leaf shall spread,
And shall in all Things prosp'rous live.

4 Not so the vile ungodly Race,
They no such happy State shall find;
For they, like Chaff, from Place to Place,
Shall fly before the driving Wind.

5 Behold, the Wicked, when arraign'd,
In Judgment cannot stand the Light,
Nor enter, with Transgression stain'd,
The Congregation of th' Upright.

PSALM II.

3

6 For the Just God approves and knows
The Righteous, who his Laws obey ;
But Sinners, who his Will oppose,
Shall surely perish in their Way.

PSALM II.

(Things

- 1 Why rage the Heathen ? and vain
Tumultuous Tribes devise ?
- 2 See, Kings against the King of Kings
And his Anointed rise.
The Rulers of the Earth and Lords,
Bold Counsel take, and say,
- 3 Come let us break the binding Cords,
And cast their Yoke away.
- 4 The Lord, who sits above the Skies,
Shall their vain Threats deride ;
- 5 His Wrath their Madness shall chastise,
His Fury blast their Pride.
- 6 Yet I've anointed, in despite
Of all, who cross'd my Will,
And set by my resistless Might,
My King on Zion's Hill.
- 7 For thus the Lord bespoke me, See,
I my Decree declare,
This Day have I begotten Thee,
My only Son and Heir.
- 8 Do Thou the Nations ask of me,
And I'll the Nations give ;
All Realms shall Thy Possessions be,
And Kings Thy Subjects live.

A 2

9 For

P S A L M II.

9 For Thou shalt stubborn Lands around
 With Rods of Iron tear,
 Dash them in pieces, and confound
 Thy Foes, like Potter's Ware.

10 Ye Judges, who Tribunals sway,
 Ye Kings, Instruction hear,

11 Rejoyce with trembling, and obey
 Your Judge and King with fear.

12 Worship the Son with holy Jay,
 Lest Anger seize his Breast,
 And Wrath scarce kindled you destroy ;
 Trust in him and be blest.

P S A L M II. *Another Metre.*

1 **W**hy do the Heathen Nations rage ?
 The People vain Ambition feed ?
 Why in absurd Designs engage,
 In which they never can succeed ?

2 Kings of the Earth tumultuous rise,
 And Rulers close in Counsel joyn,
 Against the Lord, in Plots unwise,
 And his anointed King combine.

3 By us, say they, of this new Lord
 Be the proud Bands asunder broke,
 And let us cast away the Cord,
 That to our Neck ties fast the Yoke.

4 The Lord enthron'd in Heav'n on high
 Shall laugh to see their boastful Pride ;
 Shall all conspiring Pow'rs defy,
 And all their empty Threats deride.

PSALM II.

5 He shall in Wrath Destruction speak,
And overwhelm them with Distress,
And in his sore Displeasure break
Their strong Assurance of Success.

6 Yet I've anointed, in despite
Of Princes, who oppos'd my Will,
And set by my resistless Might,
My King on Zion's holy Hill.

7 I will the high Decree declare,
The Lord hath said concerning me,
I own Thee for my Son and Heir,
This Day have I begotten Thee.

8 Of me the Heathen Realms demand,
The Heathen Realms shall be Thy own,
And the remotest Tracts of Land
Shall be the Portion of my Son.

9 For thou shalt stubborn Lands around
With vengeful Rods of Iron tear,
Dash them in Pieces, and confound
Those wicked Foes like Potters Ware.

10 Therefore the Voice of Wisdom hear,
Ye Kings, ye Judges Truth discern,

11 Obey and serve the Lord with fear,
And to rejoice with trembling learn.

12 Worship the Son with holy Joy,
Lest growing Anger seize his Breast,
And Wrath scarce kindled you destroy;
All, who confide in him, are blest.

PSALM III.

PSALM III.

- 1 **L**ORD, how my Troublers are encreas'd ?
What Troops against me rise ?
- 2 They say that God with me displeas'd.
To help my Soul denies.
- 3 But thou, Jehovah, art a Shield.
Around thy Servant spread ;
My Glory, Thou thy Aid wilt yield,
To raise my sinking Head.
- 4 I sought the Lord, he heard me pray.
From Holy Zion's Height,
- 5 I slept by Night and wak'd by Day
Supported by his Might.
- 6 No Terror can my Soul surprize,
Nor will I stand in Awe,
Tho' Thousands of the People rise,
And threatening round me draw.
- 7 Rise, save me, Lord my God, my Foes
Thou mad'st to feel thy Stroke,
On their Cheek-bone, and by thy Blows
Th' Ungodly's Teeth hast broke.
- 8 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee alone
Belongs all saving Pow'r ;
On Jacob's Seed, by Choice Thy own,
Thou dost Thy Blessings shew'r.

PSALM

PSALM IV.

7

PSALM IV.

- 1 **G**OD Witness of my Righteousness,
O, when I call, give Ear;
Thou hast inlarg'd me in Distress,
My Pray'r in Mercy hear.
- 2 How long, ye Sons of Men, will ye
My Glory turn to Shame?
How long persist in Vanity,
And make a Lye your Aim?
- 3 But know, the Lord has set apart
The Righteous for his own;
He'll hear, when from an upright Heart
I supplicate his Throne.
- 4 Then stand in Awe and do not stray,
Nor from just Ways depart;
Calmly in Bed your Actions weigh,
And commune with your Heart.
- 5 Of Righteousness to God on high
Oblations new prepare,
Then stedfast on his Aid rely,
And on him cast your Care.
- 6 The Way, say many, who will trace
How we may Good possess?
But with the Light of Thy pleas'd Face,
O Lord, thy Servants bless.
- 7 Thou fill'st my Heart with Joy Divine,
With more Delight and Peace,
Than they can boast, whose Corn and Wine
Abundantly encrease.

8 Now

3 Now will I seek my Bed, and there
 To peaceful Sleep apply,
 For, Lord, alone Thy watchful Care
 Makes me in Safety ly.

PSALM V.

1 L O R D, to my Words Attention pay,
 Consider graciously and weigh
 The Meditation of my Heart ;

2 To Thee my King, my God I fly,
 In Merey hear my mournful Cry,
 For I'll to Thee my Wants impart.

3 Soon as the Night forsakes the Air,
 To Thee I'll make my morning Pray'r ;
 Ev'n at the early Dawn of Day
 My Supplication I'll direct
 To Thee with pure devout Respect,
 Look out and for an Answer stay.

4 God do's in Ill no Pleasure take,
 Nor with the Wicked Friendship make,
 Nor in their Evil Ways delight ;

5 But hates them, who in Sin rejoice,
 And make Iniquity their Choice,
 And will not bear them in his Sight.

6 God to destroy such Men is bent,
 Who Slanders spread, and Lyes invent,
 To blast their blameless Neighbour's Name ;
 Nor do's he less abhor their Ways,
 Who seek by Blood or Fraud to raise
 Their Profit, or increase their Fame.

PSALM V.

9

7 But I, by Goodness often prov'd,
And Thy abundant Mercy mov'd,
Will to Thy Sacred House repair;
And in thy Fear and Righteousness
I'll to thy Holy Place addres
Low Adoration, Praile and Pray'r.

8 Since o'er my Steps my Foes are Spies,
Lord, guide my Heart and make me wise,
That I may always walk upright,
That Innocence I may maintain, (plain
Nor err from Truth, make smooth and
Thy Righteous Ways before my Sight.

9 In specious Words they Hate conceal,
And feed within an eager Zeal,
By guileful Words my Name to wrong;
Their rav'ning Throat with Slaughter fed
Swallows, like open Tombs, the Dead,
And false and flattery is their Tongue.

10 Condemn them, Lord, as guilty all,
And let them by the Counsels fall
Fram'd in their own deceitful Mind;
Since they against Thee have rebell'd,
Let the Transgressors be expell'd,
Nor here a peaceful Dwelling find.

11 But you may Triumph, who confide
In God your safe Defence and Guide;
You, who his holy Name respect,
By your loud Shouts your Joys expres,

12 For God will sure the Righteous bless,
And as a Buckler, them protect.

PSALM

PSALM VI.

1 **T**O chaste me, O gracious God,
In Anger do not chuse ;
Nor ever Thy correcting Rod
In hot Displeasure use.

2 **O** spare me, Lord, in Pity spare,
For weak and faint I ly,
O Lord, my Bones tormented are,
Thy healing Art apply.

3 My Soul too feels great Misery,
Still Wailings shall I make ?

4 **R**eturn, O Lord, deliver me,
For Thy great Mercy's sake.

5 **I**s there among the silent Dead
Remembrance of thy Name ?
Or can the Grave's unlightsome Bed,
Lord, Thanks to Thee proclaim ?

6 I'm tir'd with Groans, that endless grow,
When Sleep the weary chears,
I make my Bed to swim and flow,
And drench my Couch with Tears.

7 My melting Eye consumes away,
Because of Grief and Woes,
It waxeth old and feels decay,
By reason of my Foes.

8 From me let all the hateful Crew,
That Evil work, depart,
The Lord will rescue me and shew
My Tears have mov'd his Heart.

PSALM VII.

11

9 As he in Pity, when implor'd,
Has heard and eas'd my Want,
So will he future Aid afford,
And my Petition grant.

10 Let all my Foes be sorely vex'd,
And in Confusion mourn ;
Let them be suddenly perplex'd,
And overthrown return.

PSALM VII.

1 O N Thee, my God, I undismay'd
My Trust entire repose,
O save me, Lord, by timely Aid
From persecuting Foes.

2 Left on my Soul, the Foe I fear,
Should, like a Lyon, fly ;
And raging me in Pieces tear,
When none to help is nigh.

3 If I this Thing did act or will,
Of which I am arraign'd ;
Lord, if my Hands from doing Ill,
I've not with Care restrain'd ;

4 If I did Hurt to him decree,
Who was with me at Peace,
(Yea, Lord, my causless Enemy
I freely did release,)

5 Me let him persecute, a Prey
Left to his bloody Lust ;
Tread on the Earth my Life ; and lay
My Honour in the Dust.

6 Stir

6 Stir, Lord, and in thy Anger rise
 Because of my proud Foe ;
 Awaken at my earnest Cries,
 And threaten'd Judgment show.

7 So shall the Tribes Thee compass round,
 Then for thy People's sake,
 That I may innocent be found,
 Thy Throne to judge me take.

8 I to the Judge of all appeal,
 If I have righteous been,
 Acquit me, else my Guilt reveal,
 And, Lord, condemn my Sin.

9 Let wicked Malice waste away,
 Establish Thou th' Upright ;
 Thou try'st the Heart, and dost survey
 The Reins by searching Light.

Part II.

10 God is my shelt'ring Shield and Stay,
 Who upright Men defends,

11 God's a just Judge, and every Day
 Threats to the Wicked sends.

12 Should he not change his Course, the Lord
 Will make him Vengeance know,
 And for that End has whet his Sword,
 Prepar'd and bent his Bow.

13 His Instruments with slaughter stain'd,
 His Arms are ready made ;
 His fatal Arrows are ordain'd
 Oppressours to invade.

PSALM VIII.

13

14 See, he Iniquity conceives,
He Mischief breeds within,
Nor incompleat his Trav'le leaves,
But brings forth ripen'd Sin.

15 Fal'n in the Pit, he dug for me,
The baffled Foe shall mourn :

16 On his own Head his Cruelty,
And wrongs shall sure return.

17 Because of God's most Righteous Ways,
I'll Thanks with Zeal express ;
And I, thy Name in Songs of Praise,
O Lord most high, will bless.

PSALM VIII.

1 **O** L R D, our Lord, how Excellent
Is thro' the Earth thy Name ?
The Heav'n of Heav'ns is in Extent
Unequal to thy Fame.

2 Thou mad'st the Mouths of Infants young
With pow'rful Praise resound,
Thus to strike dumb the impious Tongue,
And vengeful Foe confound.

3 When I th' extended Heav'ns behold,
The Work of thy Right Hand,
The Moon and Stars in Order roll'd
On High by thy Command;

4 Lord, what is Man, that he should see
Thou keep'st him in thy Mind ?
The Son of Man that Thou should'st be
To visit him so kind.

B

F For

5 For Thou hast made him next below
 Thy Angels in Renown,
 Do'st on him Dignity bestow,
 And with Dominion crown.

6 Thou mad'st all Creatures to his Throne
 Submissive Homage pay,
 And bad'st the World his Empire own,
 And his Commands obey.

7 Flocks, Herds, and Beasts that range the
 All Fowl, that fly in Air, (Plain,
 8 All Fish, that dwell amid'st the Main,
 And ev'ry Creature there.

9 O Lord, our Lord, of what Extent
 Is thy unrivall'd Fame?
 Thro' all the Earth how Excellent,
 And Glorious is thy Name?

PSALM VIII. *Another Metre.*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how Excellent
 Thro' all the Nations is thy Name?
 The Heav'n of Heav'n is in Extent
 Unequal to Thy boundless Fame.

2 Thou from their Mouths, that suck the Breast,
 Because of Foes hast Strength ordain'd,
 That thus the Foe may be supprest,
 And the Avenger's Rage restrain'd.

3 When I the Heav'n, surprizing Sight!
 By Thee stretch'd forth on high behold,
 The Moon and Stars, vast Globes of Light,
 By thy Command in order roll'd;

4 Lord,

PSALM VIII.

15

4 Lord, what is Man, that Thou should'st
His Welfare with such tender Care? (mind
The Son of Man, that he should find
Thee Gracious, and thy Bounty share?)

5 For Thou hast made him of a Race,
Next to th' angelick Rank renown'd,
And hast his Head with princely Grace,
With Glory and with Empire crown'd.

6 On whom Dominion unconfin'd
O'er all thy Works Thou hast bestow'd;
O'er Things of ev'ry diff'rent Kind,
Which from thy Pow'r Creative flow'd.

7 O'er Herds and Flocks, the Farmer's Care;
O'er Beasts, that thro' the Forrest stray;

8 O'er Birds, that wing their Flight in Air,
And Fish, that cut thro' Waves their Way.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how Excellent
Thro' all the Nations is thy Name!
The Heav'n of Heav'ns is in Extent
Unequal to thy boundless Fame!

PSALM IX.

1 **W**ITH all my Heart I'll laud,
And Thee, O Lord, confess,
I'll spread thy mighty Deeds abroad,
And wond'rous Works express.

2 In Thee I will rejoice,
Be glad, and Grief defy,
And to thy Name, with cheerful Voice,
Sing Praise, O Thou most High.

B 2

3 When

3 When I the Foe dismay,
And put his Troops to Flight,
They fall and perish in their Way,
Confounded at thy Sight.

4 Thou hast maintain'd my Cause,
At thy Tribunal try'd,
And judging by impartial Laws,
Thou did'st for me decide.

5 Thou on the Lands hast frown'd,
And laid the Heathen waste ;
Their Nations are no more renown'd,
For evermore eras't.

6 Thou shalt no more, proud Foe,
Succeed in lawless Aims,
No more our Cities overthrow,
And with them sink their Names.

7 Tho' Towns and People fail,
The Lord shall still endure ;
His Throne establish'd shall prevail,
Prepar'd for Judgment sure.

8 He'll judge the World at length,
And Right to all dispence :

9 Th' Oppress'd shall find in him their Strength
Sure Refuge and Defence.

10 And those that know Thee, Lord,
In Thee will still confide,
Convinc'd, that on thy plighted Word
None yet in vain rely'd.

Part II.

11 In Songs Jehovah laud,
Who do's in Zion dwell,
Among the People all abroad
His wond'rous Doings tell.

12 When for the Blood of Saints,
God shall Inquiry make,
He'll not forget Just Mens Complaints,
But dreadful Vengeance take.

13 Have Mercy on me, Lord,
How Foes afflict me, See ;
From the dark Gates of Death restor'd,
My Life I owe to Thee ;

14 That I in Zion's Gates
May shew forth all thy Praise ;
Rejoycing 'midst th' assembled States.
I'll thy Salvation raise.

15 By Pits, which they prepar'd,
The Heathen are betray'd,
And by the Net their Foot's insnar'd,
Which they in secret laid.

16 The Lord is thro' the Lands
For Righteous Deeds renown'd ;
Whereas the Works of his own Hands,
The Wicked shall confound.

17 The Proud on Evil set
Shall quickly sink to Hell,
Where all the Realms, who God forget,
In utter Darkness dwell.

18

PSALM X.

18

The Needy for Defence
Still shall not cry in vain,
Nor of afflicted Innocence,
Or prosp'rous Guilt complain.

19

Arise and plead thy Right,
Lord, let not Man prevail, (Might
Judge Thou the Realms, and with thy
Th' ungodly Tribes assail.

20

Thy Wrath let Heathens bear,
Let Fear their Souls possess,
They'll then reflect, and, that they are
No more than Men, confess.

PSALM X.

1 **W**HEREFORE, Jehovah, standest Thou
In so remote a Place?
At Times, when we are sunk in Woe,
Why do'st Thou hide Thy Face?

2 The Wicked insolent and vain.

The poor Afflicted grieve:
Caught in the Snares, let them remain,
Which they with Craft conceive.

3 The Proud enjoy their Heart's Desire,
Wealth is their boastful Theme;
They praise Men eager to acquire
Great Gain, and God blaspheme.

4 While vain Conceits feed self Applause,
God is not by him sought,
No God, or none that gives forth Laws,
Is ever in his Thought.

PSALM X.

19

5 Success his painful Labours find,
Thy Ways surmount his Sight;
He boasts his Breath, as Blasts of Wind,
Shall put his Foes to Flight.

6 Disdainful in his Heart, says he,
I shall not be remov'd;
For I shall never Evil see,
Nor ever be reprov'd.

7 His Mouth is full of impious Oaths,
Lyes, Vanity, and Pride;
Beneath his Tongue, that Goodness loaths,
Deceit and Mischief hide.

8 Near Villages he skulking lyes
To seize the Poor intent,
And watches close with lurking Eyes
To slay the Innocent.

9 He like a Lyon in his Den
Waits, on Destruction set;
He waits, and catches needy Men,
When drawn into his Net.

10 He stoops and crouches to surprize,
And do's the Field survey,
That undiscover'd he may rise,
And tear the Poor his Prey.

Part II.

(Place,

11 Oft in their Minds these Thoughts have
God do's not care to know,
He turns his Eyes and hides his Face,
From what is done below.

12 Arise,

12 Arise, O Lord, lift up Thy Hand,
 O God, the Proud to smite ;
 For the Distress'd and Humble stand,
 And vindicate their Right.

13 Why do the impious God contemn ?
 Thus in his Heart he lays,
 That thou his Works do'st not condemn,
 Nor regulate his Ways.

14 Thou saw'st, for Thou do'st Cruelty
 Behold, and wilt reward :
 The Poor commits himself to Thee,
 Thou do'st the Orphan guard.

15 Do Thou confound the wicked One,
 The evil Man withstand ;
 Seek out his Wickedness till none
 Be found thro' all the Land.

16 The Lord is King, whose Glorious Reign
 For ever shall endure ;
 While Heathen Lords no more remain,
 Where now we dwell secure.

17 The Meek to Thee did, Lord, convey
 Their Cries, and Thou did'st hear ;
 Thou wilt prepare their Hearts to pray,
 And lend a Gracious Ear.

18 To judge the Poor and Fatherless,
 Who sorely are opprest,
 That mortal Man may Fear confess,
 Nor more the Just molest.

PSALM XI.

- 1 **M**Y Soul with Hope thy Promise fills,
Then why do my Advisers cry,
To Mountains, Caves, or lonely Hills,
Swift as a Bird for Safety fly?
- 2 The Wicked bend their Bow, and make
Their Arrows ready on the String,
And Aim from lurking Places take
Destruction on the Good to bring.
- 3 If the Foundations, Right, and Laws,
Are by Oppression broken thro',
What to withstand the pow'rful Cause
Can the few friendless Righteous do?
- 4 In Heav'n his Holy Place on High
The Lord sits awful on his Throne;
He views all Nations with His Eye
To prove, and makes Mens Actions known.
- 5 He do's the righteous Man chastise,
And tries his Patience by the Smart;
But do's the Violent despise,
And hates the Wicked from his Heart.
- 6 He on the Wicked Snares shall rain,
Torments and vengeful Tempests pour,
Brimstone and Fire and dreadful Pain,
(Sad Portion!) shall th' Unjust devour.
- 7 For the most Righteous Lord do's place
His Love on Truth and Righteousness,
And with the Brightness of his Face,
He will the Just and Faithful bless.

PSALM XII.

1 **L**ORD, help, for in this cruel Age
Compassion is unknown :
None on the Side of Heav'n engage,
Nor Faith and Justice own.

2 See, all Men trust in speaking wrong,
And act a treach'rous Part,
False and deceitful is their Tongue,
And double is their Heart.

3 The Lord shall flatt'ring Lips confound,
And haughty Men destroy,
That boasting with proud Words abound,
And scornful Speech employ.

4 Shall not our Tongues prevail, say they,
Are not our Lips our own ?
To us what Lord of sov'reign Sway
Shall dictate from his Throne ?

5 To save the Needy and Opprest,
I, saith the Lord, arise ;
From his strong Foe the Man I'll wrest,
Whom scoffing you despise.

6 God will perform, what he design'd,
His Promises are sure ;
His Words, as Silver when refin'd,
And often try'd, are pure.

7 From which assur'd by His Decree
The Lord will never swerve ;
But to the last Posterity
Will firm His Truth preserve.

P S A L M XIII.

23

8 The Wicked triumph, Vice is prais'd,
And Guilt o'erspreads the Land,
When vile and worthless Men are rais'd
To Trusts and high Commands.

P S A L M XIII.

1 L ORD, me how long wilt Thou forget?
For ever shall it be?
The Light of Thy blest Face is set,
When shall it rise to me?

2 How long shall I, o'erwhelm'd with Woe,
Take Counsel in my Soul?
How long shall my exalted Foe
My Friends and me controul?

3 My God consider, to my Pray'r
Thy Ear attentive keep;
Lighten my Eyes, lest in Despair
I sleep of Death the Sleep.

4 Lest they exclaim with taunting Voice,
We have his Soul distrest;
And they, who trouble me, rejoice,
Whil'st I can find no Rest.

5 But on thy Mercy I rely
And Goodnes Infinite,
And thy Salvation, Lord most High,
Shall be my Heart's Delight.

6 O Lord, my God, I'll joyful raise
My Voice, thy Name to bless:
I'll for Thy Bounty sing thy Praise,
And Thanks devout express.

P S A L M

PSALM XIV.

1 **O** FT in his Heart the Fool thus says,
There is no Mighty God ;
They are corrupt, vile are their Ways,
Just Paths by none are trod.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n to view
The Race of human Kind,
And learn, if any rightly knew.
And sought th' Eternal Mind.

3 From Justice all are gone astray,
And all unclean are grown ;
Are there of God's most righteous Way
Observers ? No not one.

4 Ye Wicked, by ill Counsels led,
Unknowing are ye all,
Who eat my People up as Bread,
Nor on th' Almighty Call ?

5 They at their Heart felt grievous Pain,
And Agonies of Fear ;
For God do's with the Just remain,
A People to him dear.

6 You have the Counsel of the Poor
Expos'd, and put to Shame,
Because the Lord, whom they adore,
They as their Refuge claim.

7 From Zion who'll Salvation give,
And back our Captives bring ?
Then Jacob shall in Triumph live,
And Israel glad shall sing.

PSALM XV, XVI. 25

PSALM XV.

- 1 Who, Lord, is in thy holy Place
 Judg'd worthy to abide?
What Man among the chosen Race
 Shall in thy Hill reside?
- 2 He, who unbiass'd walks upright,
 To Justice do's adhere;
Brings from his Heart the Truth to Light,
 To God and Man sincere.
- 3 He, who do's others ne'er defame,
 Nor fland'rous Tales devise,
And ne'er, to blast his Neighbour's Name,
 Takes up reproachful Lyes:
- 4 Who an ungodly Person hates,
 Loves all who fear the Lord,
And to his Hurt observes his Oaths,
 And keeps unchang'd his Word:
- 5 He that abhors base Usury,
 Nor stains his Hands with Bribes:
Such Persons shall rewarded be
 Among the righteous Tribes.

PSALM XVI.

- 1 PRESERVE, O Lord, and succour me,
 My Hopes on Thee depend:
- 2 I've said, Thou art my Lord, to Thee
 My Goodness can't Extend;

C

3 But

3 But to the Saints, that are on Earth,
And Men of Heart upright,
The Excellent of heav'nly Birth,
Who are my Soul's delight.

4 Still shall their Sorrows multiply,
Who Idol Gods adore,
Their impious Off'rings I defy,
Their very Names abhor.

5 God is the Portion of my Cup,
My Heritage, my Lot;

6 Within the Lines, that shut me up,
I've fair Possessions got.

7 I'll bless the Lord, my Counsellor,
Who guides my Thoughts aright ;
And with my Heart, while I confer,
I Knowledge gain by Night.

8 The Lord before me I have set,
Hence I unmov'd shall stand ;
That God his Care should not forget,
He stays at my Right Hand.

9 Therefore my Heart is glad, my Tongue
Do's my great Joy attest ;
Also, behold, my Flesh shall strong
In Hope of Glory rest.

10 Lord, Thou wilt ne'er abandon me,
But me, tho' dead, wilt save ;
Nor let thy Holy One e'er see
Corruption in the Grave.

11 The Path of Life he'll make me know,
And loose, O Death, thy Band :
Still in thy Presence Pleasures flow,
Full Joys at thy right Hand.

PSALM XVII.

27

PSALM XVII.

1 **T**HE Right, Lord Righteous, hear,
And hearken to my Cry,
That issues from a Heart sincere,
And Lips not us'd to lye.

2 Let Sentence on my Cause,
Lord, be pronounc'd by Thee,
Decide, by just and equal Laws,
Between my Foe and me.

3 Lord, Thou my Heart hast try'd,
Prov'd me by Night within,
But find'st no Guile, I fix'd abide
To keep my Mouth from Sin.

4 For what concerns the Deeds,
And Ways of human Kind ;
By Light, that from thy Word proceeds,
I've wicked Paths declin'd.

5 Uphold my Footsteps, Lord,
Firm in thy Sacred Way,
So shall I guided by thy Word
Not slip, nor go astray.

6 I still to Thee repair,
For Thou wilt hear my Cry ;
Incline thine Ear, and with my Pray'r
O Gracious God comply.

7 Be kind, Thou who dost save
The Just by thy right Hand,
Who trusting in Thee Succour crave,
When Foes invade their Land.

Part II.

8 Guard me, as Thou would'st keep
 The Apple of thine Eye,
 Beneath thy shadowy Wings I'll creep,
 And safe from Danger ly ;

9 From Foes, who me oppress,
 Who deadly Malice bear,
 And round beset me to distress,
 And catch me in their Snare.

10 In their own Fat, behold,
 They are enclos'd around ; (bold,
 Their Mouths, while they grow proud and
 With boastful Speech abound.

11 They compass me about,
 Beset me ev'ry Way,
 Couching they wait to spy me out,
 And seize me as their Prey.

12 Like as a Lyon strong,
 With rav'ning Hunger bit,
 Or as it were a Lyon young,
 That do's in Secret fit.

13 Rise, disappoint him, Lord,
 And cast him to the Ground ;
 Nor let the Proud, thy vengeful Sword,
 My Soul in Wrath confound.

14 These, whom as chast'ning Rods,
 Thy Pleasure is to use,
 For Pomp and Pow'r rever'd as Gods,
 On Earth their Portion chuse.

With

With Issue they are blest,
With Ease and Plenty cloy'd ;
And to their Sons, what they Possest,
They leave to be enjoy'd.

15 I Views of thy blest Face
In Righteousness shall take, (brace,
Pleas'd when I break from Death's Em-
And in thy Likeness wake.

P S A L M XVIII.

1 I'll love the Lord, my Fort and Shield,
2 My God, my Strength, my Mountain
The Horn that do's Salvation yield, (high
The Tow'r to which pursu'd I fly.
3 To Great Jehovah I will raise
My earnest Voice in solemn Pray'r,
To him who worthy is of Praise,
So my Defence shall be his Care.
4 Dangers and num'rous Troubles joyn'd,
Threat'ning my Life around me stood,
And godless Multitudes combin'd
Assail'd me, like a roaring Flood.
5 Hell's Sorrows, and thy cruel Snares,
O Death, their Train around me drew,
Ready to seize me unawares,
'Ere I the threatning Danger knew.
6 Distress'd I call'd upon the Lord,
And cry'd devoutly to my God,
He did a gracious Ear afford,
And heard my Voice from his Abode.

Part II.

7 The Earth's low Caves Distraction fills,
Th' Affright its trembling Pillars took,
And the Foundations of the Hills,
For God was wroth, with Terrour shook.

8 Outragious Breath and Clouds of Smoke
From his hot Nostrils did aspire,
And from his Mouth in Vengeance broke
Fierce Tempests of consuming Fire.

9 By his resistless Strength he bent
The starry Heav'ns, stretch'd forth on High,
And then came down Magnificent,
Darknesf beneath his Feet did ly.

10 He on his flaming Cherubs train'd,
His swift immortal Chariots, rode,
And on their active Wings sustain'd
From Heav'n came flying all abroad.

11 Black Meteors form'd his secret Throne,
And Clouds his high Pavilion were ;
The Veil around his Glory thrown
Were gloomy Vapours of the Air.

12 Before the Brightness of his Face
Mists and thick Darkness did retire ;
And broken Clouds fell from their Place
In show'rs of Hail and Storms of Fire.

13 God with his Voice against my Foe
Thunder'd his Terrors from the Sky ;

14 In Wrath did Darts destructive threw,
And bade his conq'ring Lightnings fly.

15 Then

PSALM XVIII.

31

15 Then watry Depths discov'd were,
The World's Foundations lay in View,
Ev'n by a Frown, or Blast of Air,
The Breath that from thy Nostrils flew.

Part III.

16 The Lord did Help for me command
From Heav'n above, his Throne of Bliss ;
He took and drew me by his Hand
From the great Waters deep Abyss.

17 I, by his mighty Aid, prevail'd
O'er my Opposer's Pow'r and Pride,
Who me with deadly Hate assail'd,
And on superiour Strength rely'd.

18 When I with Trouble was opprest,
They had surpriz'd me unawares,
Had not the Lord, on whom I rest,
Sustain'd and sav'd me from their Snares.

19 He from Confinement did discharge
His Servant, by his matchless Might,
And my abiding Place enlarge,
Because he took in me Delight.

20 Justly did I my self demean,
Hence the just God rewarded me ;
And, as my Hands from Guile were clean,
His righteous Judgment set me free.

21 I never, from an evil Heart,
Thy sacred Ways, O Lord, declin'd ;
Nor from my God did e'er depart,
Determin'd by a Wicked Mind.

22 For

22 For all his Laws were in my Sight,
Still I his Statutes had in View ;
23 I also with him was upright,
And did my tempting Sin subdue,
24 By Rules of Equity and Right
The Righteous God rewarded me,
My Hands were clean before his Sight,
His Sentence therefore set me free.

Part IV.

25 Thou'lt gracious to the Gracious be,
And just to them who Justice love ;
26 Wilt pure to Men of Purity,
And froward to the Froward prove.
27 For Thou wilt save th' afflicted Poor,
But wilt the lofty Looks debase.
28 Thou to my Lamp wilt Light restore,
My God will hence my Darkness chase.
29 By Thee, with dauntless Courage fir'd,
Embattled Troops I've broken thro',
And, by the Lord my God inspir'd,
Leap'd o'er the Fences of my Foe.
30 Thy Ways, O Lord, when most obscure
And hard, are perfect, wise and just :
Thy Words the strictest Test endure,
Thou Shield of all who in Thee trust.
31 The Lord's our God, and He alone
Able and ready to protect ;
What other God, what Rock is known,
To which our Flight we may direct ?

PSALM XVIII.

33

32 God girds me for the Field with Might,
 And Courage thro' my Soul displays;
 And that I still may walk upright,
 He opens and makes plain my Ways.

33 He makes my Feet the Hind's outv'y,
 To fly from Danger, when distrest;
 And on my Places strong and high
 He sets me, where I safely rest.

34 While He is pleas'd my Heart to warm,
 I Skill acquire, and Vigour feel;
 And while his Strength employs my Arm,
 I bend and break a Bow of Steel.

Part V.

35 My Shield, thou hast protected me,
 And held me up by thy Right-Hand;
 And by thy gracious Clemency
 Hast rais'd me up to great Command.

36 At length my Steps thou hast enlarg'd,
 To narrow Room confin'd before;
 My Feet from doubtful Ways discharg'd,
 That they did slip, and err no more.

37 I did the haughty Foe defeat,
 And in Pursuit the Sword I cloy'd,
 Nor gave the Signal for Retreat,
 'Till in their Flight they were destroy'd.

38 They have receiv'd so deep a Wound,
 They'll rise no more, no more make head;
 While fal'n in heaps they spread the Ground,
 I Victor on the Vanquish'd tread.

39 For

39 For Thou hast girded me with Might,
That I my Rivals might oppose,
And conquer in successful Fight
Those, who in Arms against me rose.

40 Thou hast compell'd my Foes to yield
Their Necks to my prevailing Sword,
That I victorious in the Field
Might cut them off, who me abhor'd.

41 My Foes against me, beg'd for Aid,
They cry'd, but no Salvation got,
Importunate they often pray'd
To God most High, who answer'd not.

42 I beat their Troops, that flew as fleet
As Dust by Winds driv'n o'er the Plain,
And as on Dirt, that spreads the Street,
I trod in Triumph o'er the Slain.

Part VI.

43 Rescu'd by Thee, from Foes at home,
O'er neighb'ring Lands I've sov'reign Sway;
I'm of the Heathen Head become,
And Realms unknown shall me obey.

44 Soon as my Name to them is known,
With my Commands they will comply;
Strangers, in dread of my Renown,
Will at my Feet submissive ly.

45 Nations remote and haughty Pow'rs
Shall find their Strength apace decay;
Shall leave their Holds and strongest Tow'rs,
And trembling, my Protection pray.

PSALM XIX.

35

46 Let the Lord live! my Rock be blest!
 And high exalted be his Name!
 Let God, my Saviour, be possest
 Of Glory, Pow'r, and boundless Fame!

47 It is the Mighty God, that shows
 Avenging Justice in my Cause,
 Who by his Pow'r subdues my Foes,
 And makes them subject to my Laws.

48 Thou sav'st me from my Enemies,
 Thou set'st me free, Lord, my Defence,
 From them, who arm'd against me rise,
 And from the Man of Violence.

49 Therefore Thanksgivings I'll address,
 O Lord, to thy exalted Throne ;
 Thee mid'st the Heathen I'll confess,
 And make abroad thy Praises known.

50 He great Deliv'rance to his King
 Affords, and do's restore his Peace,
 Whence Blessings will to *David* spring,
 And to his Seed, that shall not cease.

PSALM XIX.

(High,

1 THE Heav'ns, by God stretch'd forth on
 His Majesty express ;
 The Firmament and starry Sky
 His pow'rful Hand confess.

2 See, in Succession ev'ry Day,
 And each returning Night,
 The Goodness of the Lord display,
 And testify his Might.

3 Is

3 Is there a Speech or Language found
 Thro' all the Earth's wide Face,
 Where, tho' this Voice is void of Sound,
 They can't its Meaning trace?

4 This plainly Men read in the Lines
 On Nature's Visage writ,
 Here do's the Sun, that brightly shines,
 In his Pavilion sit.

5 Which, as a Bridegroom richly drest
 Joyful to run his Course,
 Comes from his Chambers in the East,
 With a strong Gyant's Force.

6 Then rushing thro' the heav'nly Fields
 'He seeks his western Seat,
 And in his circling Passage yields
 To all Things fruitful Heat.

Part II.

7 But what his Works can't fully reach,
 God's Law reveal'd supplies ;
 This will the Soul convert and teach,
 And make the Simple wise. .

8 The Statutes of the Lord are right,
 And fill with Joy the Heart ;
 His Judgments pure, and heav'nly Light,
 To willing Minds impart.

9 The Fear of God is most refin'd,
 And shall for ever last ;
 Still has he equal Laws enjoyn'd,
 And righteous Judgments past.

P S A L M XIX.

37

10 Richer they are than golden Oar,
From *Ophir's* purest Vein,
And sweeter than the sweetest Store,
That Honey-combs contain.

11 By them admonish'd I avoid
The Snares that me surround:
The Mind in keeping them employ'd
With great Rewards is crown'd.

12 Lord, all thy Laws are pure and good,
But I my Errors own:
Who all his Faults has understood?
Cleanse me from Sins unknown.

13 As Pardon for past Guilt I crave,
From future me restrain;
From heinous Sins thy Servant save,
Nor let them o'er me reign.
So held from each presumptuous Fault,
I'll to thy Laws adhere;
And shall by God be righteous thought,
Not perfect, but sincere.

14 Let pious Thoughts possess my Mind,
My Words With Truth accord;
They'll then with Thee Acceptance find,
My Strength and Saviour, Lord!

P S A L M XIX. *Another Metre.*

(High,

1 **T**HE Heav'ns by God stretch'd forth on
His Glorious Majesty express;
The Firmament and starry Sky,
God's handy Work, his Pow'r confess.

D

2 The

2 The Order, and successive Course
Of still returning Night and Day,
This sacred Truth do's more enforce,
And more th' Almighty's Fame display.

3 Is there a Tongue or Nation found,
Tho' rude of Lite and flow of Sense,
To which these Works do not expound
Their Maker's vast Omnipotence ?

4 This in their Lines is plainly read,
Which shine on Nature's Visage bright ;
Here do's the Sun illustrious spread
Jehovah's Praises with his Light.

5 Which, as a Bridegroom richly drest,
Advances with a cheerful Face,
And leaves his Chambers in the East,
Pleas'd, as a Gyant, with his Race.

6 Then rushing thro' th' unfolded Gates
Springs to the West with mighty Force ;
And passing thro' the heav'nly Heights
Gives Heat to all Things in his Course.

Part II.

7 But what his Works can't fully reach,
The Law of God reveal'd supplies,
This will the Soul convert and teach,
And make the willing Learner wise.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are right,
And fill the Heart with Joy and Love ;
His Judgments pure, and with their Light
They still th' attentive Mind improve.

9 The Fear of God is most refin'd,
Clean, and from hurtful Mixture free ;
His Precepts will for ever bind,
Nor do's he Falsehood e'er decree.

10 Richer they are than golden Oar,
That comes from *Ophir's* purest Vein,
And sweeter than the sweetest Store,
That *Canaan's* Honey-combs contain.

11 By them admonish'd I avoid
The Snares that compass me around,
The Mind in keeping them employ'd
With great Rewards is surely crown'd.

12 Lord, all thy Laws are pure and good,
But I my Faults and Follies own ;
Who has his Errors understood ?
O, cleanse me from my Sins unknown !

13 As I for past Forgiveness crave,
Let Grace from future Guilt restrain ;
From heinous Sins thy Servant save,
And let them not Dominion gain.
So held from each presumptuous Fault,
To thy just Laws I will adhere ;
And shall by God be righteous thought,
And, tho' not perfect, yet sincere.

14 Let pious Thoughts possess my Mind,
And let my Words with Truth accord,
They'll then with Thee Acceptance find,
My God, my Strength, my Saviour Lord !

PSALM XX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord thy Supplication's Voice
In the sad Day of Trouble hear ;
The God, that made our Tribes his Choice,
Be to defend Thee always near :
- 2 Send Succours from the Sanctuary,
And out of Zion Thee protect ;
- 3 Remember thy Oblations free,
Nor thy burnt Sacrifice reject.
- 4 According to thy Heart's Desire,
Give Thee in all thy Ways Success ;
With wise Advice thy Mind inspire,
And all thy Undertakings bless.
- 5 In thy Salvation we'll rejoice,
And in God's Name our Banners rear ;
And may the Lord well pleas'd, the Voice
Of thy devout Petition hear.
- 6 That to his King the Lord has giv'n
Deliv'rance, now I understand ;
To him he'll sure reach forth from Heav'n
The saving Strength of his Right Hand.
- 7 Some in their Troops of Horse confide,
And in their num'rous Chariots some ;
But on our God have we rely'd,
And in his Name have overcome.
- 8 Their Warriours are discomfited,
Fal'n are their boasted Strength and Pride :
We keep our Ground, while they are fled,
And Victors on the Field abide.

9 O Lord,

PSALM XXI.

41

9 O Lord, our God, to save the King
Employ thy providential Care ;
To him Divine Assistance bring,
And, when we call, receive our Pray'r.

PSALM XXI.

1 **T**HY Strength and Succour will afford
Joy to the King, thy Choice ;
And, O, in thy Salvation, Lord,
How greatly he'll rejoice ?

2 His Heart's Desire thou did'st allow,
Nor did'st his Pray'r withhold ;

3 An unsought Blessing on his Brow
Thou set'st, a Crown of Gold.

4 He ask'd for Life, and from the Foe
Thou did'st his Life defend ;
And Length of Days, thou did'st bestow,
And Years, that never end.

5 His Fame, by thy Salvation rais'd,
Spreads thro' the Realms around,
For high Endowments he is prais'd,
And with Dominion crown'd.

6 He is by thy peculiar Grace
A Man of Blessings made,
Cheer'd with the Brightness of thy Face,
His Joys shall never fade.

Part II.

7 The King on God his Strength relies,
Who rais'd him to the Crown ;
And by him fix'd all Pow'r defies
Employ'd to pull him down.

D 3

8 And

P S A L M X X I .

8 And thy avenging Hand shall find
 Those, who against thee rise,
 Thy Right-Hand shall the Rebels find,
 Who hate Thee and despise.

9 God shall th' Unjust, as sapless Wood,
 To a hot Oven doom,
 In Wrath, for Fire shall make them Food,
 Where they'll in Flames consume.

10 Thou shalt destroy their hateful Fruit,
 Their Land and Seats efface,
 And wholly ruin Branch and Root,
 Them and their wicked Race.

11 Against Thee and thy People they
 Conceiv'd and harbour'd Ill,
 And did Designs pernicious lay,
 Yet ne'er perform'd their Will. (Fight)

12 Therefore thou'l make their Troops from
 Soon turn their Backs in Fear,
 Against them when thy Arrows bright
 Upon thy Strings appear.

13 Assert thy Strength, thy Glory raise,
 And make thy Wonders known ;
 So we'll take Pleasure in thy Praise,
 In Songs thy Triumph own.

P S A L M X X I I .

1 **M**y God, my God, O why do'st thou
 Let me forsaken ly ?
 Why no Relief to me allow,
 Deaf to my roaring Cry ?

2 Lord

PSALM XXII.

43

2 Lord, tho' I call to Thee by Day,
 Thou hear'st not my Request ;
 By Night I likewise earnest Pray,
 And never silent rest.

3 But Thou, as Holy, art ador'd,
 Tho' I no Pity raise,
 O Thou, who art the rightful Lord
 Of *Israel's* sacred Praise !

4 Our Fathers thy Protection crav'd,
 And sure Deliv'rance gain'd ;

5 To thee they cry'd and still were sav'd,
 And not in Shame complain'd.

6 But I'm a Worm, and not a Man,
 A Wretch as nothing priz'd ;
 When Chiefs in Slander led the Van,
 The People me despis'd.

7 Spectators in a scoffing Way
 The Lip and Head do move ;

8 Let God, his Trust, save him, say they,
 If God did him approve.

Part II.

9 God from the Womb has set me free ;
 My Hope ev'n from the Breast,

10 I at my Birth was cast on Thee,
 Thou art my God and Rest.

11 O Lord, far from me do not stand,
 When great Distress is near ;
 Lord, help, what other helping Hand
 To save me can appear ?

12 My

PSALM XXII.

12 My Foes, like Bulls of *Bashan*, lye
Around me ev'ry Way ;

13 On me with open Mouths they fly,
Like Lyons on their Prey.

14 Like Water spilt my Force is spent,
My Bones asunder go,
My Heart do's like soft Wax relent,
And midst my Bowels flow.

15 As a dry'd Potsher'd look on me,
Parch'd are my Tongue and Throat :
Lord, to the Dust of Death by Thee
Afflicted I am brought.

16 Dogs compass'd me, me Men perverse
Enclos'd, with threat'ning Bands ;
Th' Assembly of th' Unjust did pierce,
In rage, my Feet and Hands.

17 My starting Bones may all be told,
They look'd and me did view,

18 They shar'd my Garments, and, behold,
Lots on my Coat they threw.

Part III.

19 Keep not at Distance from me, Lord,
To help me do not fail ;

20 Protect my Darling from the Sword,
Nor let the Dog prevail.

21 O from the rav'ning Lyon fear'd
Let me Salvation see,
And from the Unicorn : I'm heard,
Thou wilt deliver me.

22 Then to my Brethren I'll relate
 Thy Deeds of high Renown,
 And in the Congregation wait
 Thy Name with Praise to crown.

23 All you, to whom our God is dear,
 His Praise aloud proclaim ;
 Ye chosen Seed of Jacob fear,
 And glorify his Name.

24 For he th' Afflicted did not scorn,
 Nor e'er the Poor despise ;
 Nor turn'd his Face from them that mourn,
 But heard the Suff'rer's Cries.

25 I'll in the great Assembly stay
 To give Thee Praise sincere,
 My Vows before them I will pay,
 Who Thee, O Lord, revere.

Part IV.

26 The Meek shall eat till satisfy'd,
 His Servants God shall Praise ;
 Comfort shall in your Heart abide,
 And Joy to endless Days.

27 On all the Nations Light shall rise,
 They'll turn to Thee, O Lord ;
 By all the Heathen Families
 Our God shall be ador'd.

28 For to the Lord of boundless Might
 The Kingdom appertains ;
 And He, by uncontested Right,
 Among the Heathen reigns.

P S A L M XXIII.

29 The Rich shall eat and bow down low,
 And they shall Worship give,
 Who to the Dust afflicted go,
 By him their Souls shall live.

30 The future Times a Seed shall see,
 Who'll serve Him, Him alone ;
 These shall become a Family,
 That He'll account his own.

31 An Age shall come, when they shall rise,
 Who shall his Truth declare,
 And tell to Men unborn how Wise,
 How just his Counsels were.

P S A L M XXIII.

1 **G** od is my Shepherd, can I Want ?
 2 He feeds me in delightful Meads ;
 Do's for my Rest green Pastures grant,
 And me to gentle Waters leads.

3 'Tis He restores my sinking Soul,
 And for the Glory of his Name,
 His Counsels so my Feet controul,
 That righteous Paths I make my Aim.

4 When I approach Dearth's silent Court,
 To give me Aid He still is near ;
 Thy Rod and Staff are my Support,
 They comfort me, and ease my Fear.

5 A plenteous Table thou hast spread
 For me before my envious Foe,
 And pour'd rich Oynments on my Head,
 And made my Cup to overflow.

PSALM XXIII.

47

6 Surely thy Mercy, often try'd,
Shall all my future Life attend ;
I'll in thy sacred House abide,
'Till my appointed Days shall end.

PSALM XXIII. *Another Metre.*

1 **G**od is my Shepherd, can I want?
2 He feeds me in the Meads ;
Do's for my Rest green Pastures grant,
And to still Waters leads.
3 Tis He restores my sinking Soul,
And for his Glory's Sake,
His Counsels so my Feet controul,
That righteous Ways they take.
4 Tho' I approach Death's silent Court,
To help me He is near ;
Thy Rod and Staff are my Support,
And ease me of my Fear.
5 A plenteous Table Thou hast spread
For me, before the Foe,
And pour'd rich Oynments on my Head,
And made my Cup o'erflow.
6 Surely thy Mercy, often try'd,
Shall all my Life attend,
And in thy House will I abide,
'Till my set Days shall end.

PSALM

PSALM XXIV.

1 **T**HE Earth, and what the Earth contains,
Lord, thy Possessions are ;
The World, which thy Right-Hand sustains,
Is Thine, and all Things there.

2 For He, by his Almighty Hand,
Did found it on the Seas ;
He o'er the Floods has rais'd the Land,
And settled it in Peace.

3 Who shall thy sacred Hill ascend,
O God of Jacob's Race ?
Who shall be favour'd to attend,
Lord, in thy Holy Place ?

4 He who is upright, and can say,
My Hands and Heart are pure,
Did ne'er Designs deceitful lay,
Nor ever falsely swore :

5 On him the Lord, his Hope and Trust,
The Blessing will bestow,
The God of his Salvation just,
Shall Mercy to him show.

6 This is the Righteous, happy Race,
By whom He is ador'd,
That seek with Diligence thy Face,
O Jacob's God and Lord !

7 Ye Gates with Heads uplifted stand,
Immortal Doors divide,
The King of Glory is at hand,
He'll come and here reside.

8 Who

PSALM XXIV.

49

8 Who is this King of Glory? He
The Lord for Strength renown'd ;
Mighty in War, with Victory
In all his Battles crown'd.

9 Ye Gates with Heads uplifted stand,
Immortal Doors divide,
The King of Glory is at hand,
He'll come and here reside.

10 Who is this King of Glory? He
The Lord of Hosts most High.
He is the King of Glory, See,
His Pomp advances nigh.

PSALM XXIV. *Another Metre.*

1 **T**HE Earth, and what the Earth con-
tains
O Lord, thy just Possessions are,
The World, which thy Right Hand sustains,
Is Thine, and all the Dwellers there.

2 For He, by his Almighty Hand,
Has founded it upon the Seas ;
He o'er the Floods has rais'd the Land,
And settled it in lasting Peace.

3 Who shall the sacred Hill ascend,
Where God by Jacob is ador'd?
Who in his holy Place attend,
And worship there before the Lord?

4 He who is upright, and can say,
My Hands are clean, and pure my Heart,
Do's no Designs deceitful lay,
Nor perjur'd act an impious Part.

E

5 Unum-

5 Unnumber'd Blessings he receives
 Assur'd by Promise to the Just ;
 The God of their Salvation leaves
 None, who his Truth and Goodness trust.

6 This is the certain, worthy Race
 Of Men, for serving God renown'd,
 Of Men, who seek th' Almighty's Face,
 In Jacob, where he's only found.

7 Lift up, ye lofty Gates, your Heads,
 Ye Doors Immortal open fly,
 The King of Glory comes, he treads
 Majestick, see, his Pomp is nigh.

8 Who is this King of Glory ? He,
 The Lord rever'd for Strength and Might ;
 Who still is crown'd with Victory,
 And puts his haughty Foes to flight.

9 Lift up, ye lofty Gates, your Heads,
 Ye Doors Immortal open fly,
 The King of Glory comes, he treads
 Majestick, see, his Pomp is nigh.

10 Who is this King of Glory, tell,
 The Lord of Hosts, who Conquest gains,
 Who do's in Fame and Pow'r excel,
 This Lord the King of Glory reigns.

PSALM XXV.

1 **I**LIFT to Thee my Soul,
 My God, I trust in Thee ;

2 Save me, lest Foes without controul,
 Should triumph over me.

PSALM XXV.

51

3 Let none that wait on Thee,
Dejected Minds express ;
But let them all Confusion see,
Who without Cause transgress.

4 Thy Ways before my Sight,
I pray thee open lay,
And Lord, by thy instructive Light,
Thy holy Paths display.

5 Be in thy Truth my Guide,
Teach me to know thy Way ;
In God my Saviour I confide,
And seek him all the Day.

6 Think on thy Tenderness,
And Favours manifold ;
Thy Mercies, Lord, to me express,
For they have been of Old.

7 Do not in Wrath awake
My Sins of Youth to see,
In Kindness for thy Goodness Sake,
O Lord, remember me.

8 The Lord most Good and Just
Will give to Sinners Light ;

9 The Meek shall him their Leader trust,
To guide their Steps aright.

10 O Lord, thy Ways we grant,
Are righteous, wise and kind,
To those, who keep thy Covenant,
And Testimonies mind.

Part II.

11 My great Offence forget,
Lord, for thy Mercy's Sake ;

12 Before thy Servants thou wilt set
What Paths they ought to take.

13 At Ease their Soul shall dwell,
Their Seed the Earth shall own ;

14 He'll to the Just his Counsels tell,
His Covenant make known.

15 My Eyes upon the Lord,
My Trust, are ever set :
For he will timely help afford,
And free me from the Net.

16 Turn thee, O Lord, to me,
Thy Mercy I implore ;
My Grief and great Affliction see,
I'm desolate and poor.

17 The Troubles of my Heart
Increase, and heavy grow ;
In Pity, Lord, aſwage the Smart,
And bring me out of Woe.

18 Thy Eye upon me cast,
Regard my Grief and Pain ;
And, O, let my Transgressions past
Forgiveness, Lord, obtain.

19 Observe my num'rous Foes,
Who bear me deadly Spite ;

20 Keep me from Shame, for I repole
My Trust in thee, my Might.

PSALM XXVI.

53

21 On Thee I always wait,
Save me in Heart sincere;
22 At least recover Jacob's State;
The Tribes, who Thee revere.

PSALM XXVI.

1 I've walk'd in my Integrity,
To judge me, Lord, preside,
Still I have plac'd my Trust in Thee,
And therefore shall not slide.
2 Examine, Lord, and prove me, try
My Reins, and search my Heart;
3 I set thy Love before mine Eye,
Nor from thy Truth depart.
4 I with vain Persons have not sate,
Nor with Dissemblers went;
5 Th' Assemblies of th' Unjust I hate,
Nor wicked Herds frequent.
6 In Innocence I'll wash my Hands,
So with thy Favour crown'd,
Thy Altar, as thy Law commands,
With Off'rings I'll surround.
7 That I thy wond'rous Works may tell,
And thank Thee with my Voice,
8 The House, in which thy Glories dwell,
I lov'd, and made my Choice.
9 Let not the Sinner's Lot accurst
My Soul, O Lord, attend;
Nor like their Lives, for Blood that thirst,
Let mine in Terroure end.

54.

PSALM XXVII.

10 Who Mischief still devise or do,
And ne'er from Bribes were free :
11 But as for me, I'll Truth pursue,
In Mercy rescue me.
12 My Foot, tho' Foes obstruct my Ways,
Stands firm on even Ground ;
Lord, I will make with thy loud Praise
The Congregation sound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 **O** L O R D, Thou art my saving Light,
Why should I be dismay'd ?
The Lord defends me with his Might,
Of whom am I afraid ?
2 When evil Men against me rose,
My Flesh in rage to tear,
In their Attempt my stumbling Foes
Fell by a just Despair.
3 Against me tho' an Host sit down,
I fearless would abide ;
Should raging War against me rise,
I would in this confide :
4 One Thing I've ask'd, and shall pursue,
Still in God's House to stay,
That I his Beauties still may view,
And in his Temple pray.
5 In his Pavilion I'll abide
Of evil Days the Shock ;
Me in his secret Place he'll hide,
And set me on a Rock.

6. And

6 And now, above my Foes around,
The Lord my Head will raise ;
His Tent with Off'rings shall abound,
I'll sing, I'll sing his Praise.

Part II.

7 Lord, to the Pray'r incline thy Ear,
Which I address to Thee ;
Shew me thy Loving Kindness, hear
My Voice, and answer me.

8 When Thou thy Will did'st thus impart,
Seek ye my Face with speed,
This in my Heart I weigh'd, my Heart
To seek thy Face agreed.

9 Hide not thy Face, nor of its Light
In Anger me bereave :
Thou hast upheld me, do not slight,
Nor me, my Saviour, leave.

10 Tho' me my Father should forsake,
My Mother me remove,
God would their naked Outcast take,
And a kind Father prove.

11 Teach me thy Ways, and lead my Feet
In Paths direct and plain,
That I may no Reproaches meet,
Or envious Mens Disdain.

12 Lord, to the Will of Enemies
Do not deliver me,
False Witnesses against me rise,
And Sons of Cruelty.

13 Down I had sunk, with Sorrow bent,
But for this firm Belief,
That God before my Days were spent,
Would ease my Weight of Grief.

14 Wait on the Lord, and for Redress
With patient Courage stay ;
He'll strengthen thee in thy Distress,
Wait on the Lord ; and pray.

P S A L M XXVIII.

1 **L**ORD, I'll to Thee my Rock complain,
A gracious Answer send ;
If not, I must like them remain,
Who to the Pit descend.

2 When my Complaints to Thee I tell,
My Supplications hear,
When to thy Holy Oracle,
I lift my Hands in Pray'r.

3 Lord, take me not away with those,
Who ne'er from Mischief cease,
Who, while their Heart with Malice glows,
Speak to their Neighbour Peace.

4 Give them what Sins Demerit claims,
Let not their Crimes be spar'd ;
Condemn them for their wicked Aims,
And their ill Deeds reward.

5 Since they Jehovah's Wonders slight,
His Work's of high Renown,
He to destroy them will delight,
Not build, but pull them down.

P S A L M XXIX.

57

6 Bless'd be the Lord, who heard my Voice,
He is my Buckler strong,

7 My Trust and Help, hence I'll rejoice,
And praise Him with my Song.

8 His Strength his People will advance,
He's to his King a Fort,

9 Lord, bless thy own Inheritance,
Still feed them and support.

P S A L M XXIX.

1 Give to the Lord, O give Renown,
And Strength, ye mighty Race ;

2 Do Honour to his Name, bow down
Within his Holy Place. (Stores

3 The Lord's loud Voice rings thro' the
Of watry Clouds and Rain;

The God of Glory's Thunder roars
Above the troubled Main.

4 Vast Pow'r thy Voice, Jehovah, speaks,
Thy Glory thus is shown :

5 The Lord's dread Voice high Cedar breaks,
Thy Cedars, Lebanon.

6 Like Calves he also makes them fly,
And skip by Tempests born,
Fair Lebanon and Sirion High,
Like a young Unicorn.

7 The Lord's dread Voice an opening makes,
Whence Lightning's Flames are cast :

8 The Lord's dread Voice the desart Shakes,
Kadesh, thy Desart vast.

9 His

P S A L M XXIX.

9 His Voice do's Hinds to calve compel,
And makes the Forest bare ;
All in his House his Wonders tell,
His Glory all declare.

10 He at the Flood in Judgment sate,
And sits for ever King,

11 The Lord will strengthen *Israel's* State,
Peace to his People bring.

P S A L M XXIX. *Another Metre.*

1 **G**IVE to the Lord, O give Renown,
Glory and Strength ye mighty Race ;

2 The Lord's great Name with Honour
And Worship in his Holy Place. (crown,

3 The Lord's loud Voice rings on the Stores
Of Waters, which the Sky contain :
The God of Glory's Thunder roars
Above the Billows of the Main.

4 The Lord's dread Voice Dominion speaks,
His Majesty by this is shown.

5 The Lord's dread Voice high Cedars breaks,
Cedars, the Pride of *Lebanon*.

6 Like Calves He also makes them fly,
And skip about by Tempests born,
Fair *Lebanon* and *Sirion* high,
Like a young active Unicorn.

7 The Lord's dread Voice an opening makes,
From which the Lightning's Flames are cast.

8 The Lord's dread Voice the Desart shakes,
Thy Desart, *Kadesh*, dry and vast.

P S A L M XXX.

59

9 The Lord's dread Voice do's Hinds compel
To calve, and makes the Forrest bare ;
With Awe Men in his Temple tell
These Wonders, and his Pow'r declare.

10 He at the Flood in Judgment sate
And He shall sit for ever King ;

11 The Lord shall strengthen *Israel's* State ;
And to his People Peace shall bring.

P S A L M XXX.

1 **S**INCE Thou hast rais'd me, with my Lord, I'll exalt thy Name ; (Voice,
Thou hast not made my Foes rejoice,
Nor cover'd me with Shame.)

2 Distress'd to Thee, I cry'd, O Lord,
Deliv'rance let me gain ;
For Thou my Vigour hast restor'd,
And eas'd my raging Pain.

3 Thou gracious Lord, did'st me revive,
And bring me from the Grave :
Thou did'st preserve my Soul alive,
And from Destruction save.

4 Thanks to the Lord, ye Saints express,
And call his Love to Mind ;
In Songs extol the Holiness,
Which in his Ways you find.

5 His Frowns are in a Moment past,
Life from his Favour springs ;
Sad Weeping for a Night may last,
But Joys the Morning brings.

6 I said, in my Prosperity
 Puff'd up and growing Vain,
 No Revolution shall I see,
 Unmov'd I shall remain.

7 Thy Favour, Lord, hath fix'd my Throne ;
 When Thou thy Face did'st hide,
 Rob'd of its Light, I made my Moan,
 And to th' Almighty cry'd ;

8,9 To Thee my Death no Gain can bring,
 When to the Grave I go,
 Shall there the Dust thy Praises Sing ?
 Shall it thy Counsels show ?

10 Lord gracious, hear me, and express
 The Marks of pitying Love :
 O, help me in my great Distress,
 My Pain and Grief remove.

11 I'm heard ; my Sighs to Mirth are turn'd,
 My Heart no more is Sad :
 Tho' drest in Sackcloth long I mourn'd,
 I now in Joy am clad.

12 That so my grateful Tongue may sing
 Thy Praises, whil'st I live ;
 Aloud to Thee, O God my King,
 I'll Thanks for ever give.

P.S.A.L.M. XXXI.

1 **T**HOU art my Trust in my Distress,
 From Shame deliver me :
 Jchovah, in thy Righteousness,
 From Trouble set me free.

PSALM XXXI.

61

2 Bow down thine Ear, my Cause espouse,
And save me, Lord, with Speed :
Be Thou my Rock of Strength, an House
For Safety, which I need.

3 In Thee, my Rock, I still confide,
I Thee my Fortress make ;
Thou, Lord, wilt me direct and guide
For thy own Glory's Sake.

4 To free me from their secret Net,
Lord, make a kind Effort,
And let their ToyL in vain be set,
For Thou art my Support.

5 Into thy Hand, Lord gracious, See,
My Spirit I commend ;
O Lord, thou God of Truth, to me
Thou did'st Redemption send.

6 Still did I hate them and despise,
Who to false Gods apply,
And worship lying Vanities,
But I on Thee rely.

Part II.

7 Joy in thy Mercy, which I own,
And Gladness I'll express ;
For Thou haft me in Trouble known,
And sav'd me in Distress.

8 He has not left me in their Hands,
But me from Foes discharg'd ;
He sav'd my Life from threat'ning Bands,
My streighten'd Feet inlarg'd.

F

9 To

9 To me distress'd, Lord, Mercy show ;
 My Eyes are Grief's Repast ;
 My Soul is overwhelm'd with Woe,
 With Pain my Bowels waste.

10 My Life in Groans and Sighs is spent,
 My troubled Spirits fail :
 My Bones are dry'd, my Nerves unbent,
 Whilst I my Sins bewail.

11 By Foes and Neighbours I was scorn'd,
 Fear my Acquaintance seiz'd ;
 Those whom I met, of Danger warn'd,
 Fled at my Sight displeas'd.

12 I like the Dead am no Man's Care,
 But wholly out of Mind ;
 And as the Potter's broken Ware,
 Scorn and Dishonour find.

13 By Slanders they express their Hate,
 Fears ev'ry way invade ;
 Designs, while they in Counsel late,
 Against my Life they laid.

Part III.

14 But Trust in Thee Submission bred,
 Ev'n when I felt thy Rod,
 And conscious of thy Truth I said,
 O Lord, Thou art my God.

15 My number'd Times are in thy Hand ;
 Me from my Foes defend,
 The hateful persecuting Band,
 Who Violence intend.

16 Lord,

16 Lord, in Compassion, make thy Face
 On me thy Servant shine ;
 To save me from the wicked Race,
 Let Mercy Thee incline.

17 Lord, let me not be cloath'd with Shame,
 Whose Cries thy Pity crave,
 Confound th' Unjust, who hate thy Name,
 And doom them to the Grave.

18 Let the false Lips, that utter Lies,
 And Insolent become,
 That wound the Just with Calumnies,
 Be struck for ever Dumb.

Part IV.

19 Thy Goodness, Lord, surpasses Thought,
 Stor'd safely for the Just,
 Or for their Sakes in Publick wrought,
 Who place in Thee their Trust.

20 Thou shalt in Secret from the Pride
 Of Man defend their Life ;
 And them in thy Pavilion hide,
 From Tongues engag'd in Strife.

21 Bless'd be the Lord, for he has shown
 He's wond'rous Good and Kind ;
 He succour'd me, when in a Town
 Of strong Defence confin'd.

22 Rash in my hasty Flight I cry'd,
 I'm cut off from thy Care,
 Yet to my Voice the Lord reply'd,
 And heard my earnest Pray'r.

23 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
For he the Faithful guards ;
The Proud, who cause their sad Complaints,
He plenteously rewards.

24 Confirm'd, and full of Courage be,
Establish'd be your Heart,
Who wait in Hope for God, and He
Will Strength to you impart.

P S A L M X X X I I I .

1 **B**LES T Man ! whose Errours God for-
And covers o'er his Sin, (gives,
2 Who in no Guilt unpardon'd lives,
Nor hides Deceit within.
3 When, silent, I my Faults supprest,
My Bones consum'd away ;
Old they became thro' Want of Rest,
And Roaring all the Day.
4 For Day and Night thy heavy Hand
Did Strokes severe repeat ;
I lost all Moisture, like the Land
Parch'd by the Summer's Heat.
5 I own'd my Sin, my Guilt abhor'd,
My Trespass I confess,
Nor hid my Errours from the Lord,
Whose Pardon me releast.
6 This, in the Times of finding Thee,
Each godly Man shall crave ;
No swelling Flood of Misery
Shall reach him with its Wave.

PSALM XXXII.

65

7 Thou the safe Place, in which I hide,
 From Streights shalt rescue me,
 And make me Cause on ev'ry Side
 For Songs of Triumph see.

8 O Man, my Words shall make thee wise,
 And teach thy Feet their Way.
 I'll guide thee with my watchful Eye ;
 Lest thou should'st go astray.

9 Resemble not the Horse and Mule,
 That Reason cannot hear,
 Whose Mouths a Bit and Bridle rule
 To bring them to thee near.

10 Sorrows and Trouble shall confound
 God's wicked Enemies,
 But Mercy shall the Man surround,
 Who on the Lord relies.

11 Ye Sons of Righteousness be glad,
 And in the Lord rejoice,
 No more, ye upright Hearts, be sad,
 But shout with joyful Voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 O, IN the Lord, your Hope and Trust,
 Ye Righteous, still rejoice ;
 It well becomes the Pure and Just
 To lift in Praise their Voice.

2 To Him, with Harps be Praises sent,
 Sing with the Psaltery,
 And to the Ten-string'd Instrument
 Your tuneful Hand apply.

F 3 Sing

3 Sing to the Lord a Song that's new,
With Noise triumphant play ;

4 For the Lord's Word is right and true,
And faithful is his Way.

5 He do's in Righteousness delight,
Just Judgments please his Will :
He with his Goodness infinite
Do's all the Nations fill.

6 The Heav'ns at His resistless Word,
And all their Hols were made ;
Pow'r from thy Mouth went forth, O Lord,
And they thy Breath obey'd.

7 In Heaps He gathers by his Hand
The Waters of the Sea ;
And the deep Gulphs his high Command
Do's in a Store-house lay.

8 Let all the Tribes of human Race
The Lord their Maker fear, (Face,
All Tongues, that spread the Earth's wide
This awful Lord revere.

9 For He, th' Almighty, spake, and See,
'Twas done at his Command :
The spacious World began to be,
And did unshaken stand.

10 The Lord the Counsel undermines,
Which heathen Nations take ;
And He the People's proud Designs,
Do's unsuccessful make.

11 The Counsel of the Lord is sure,
And stands for ever fast ;
And of his Heart th' Intentions pure
From Age to Age shall last. Part

Part II.

12 Blest Nation, which can in the Lord,
As in their God, rejoice,
The People by his Hand restor'd,
The Portion of his Choice. (Eyes

13 The Lord looks down from Heav'n, his
Beholds all *Adam's* Race :

14 He all the Nations round descries,
From his high dwelling Place.

15 Alike th' Almighty shapes and sways
The Hearts of human Kind ;
He well considers all their Ways,
And do's their Actions mind.

16 No King is by a num'rous Host
Sav'd from the threatening Foe ;
No Champions, who of Might can boast,
To Strength their Safety owe.

17 The Horse the Warriour can't ensure,
He's a vain Hope in Fight ;
Tho' strong and swift, he can't secure
In Battle nor in Flight.

18 God watches those, who Him revere,
And to his Mercy fly ;

19 To save their Soul he will be near,
Lest they in Famine dy.

20 Our longing Soul, Lord, waits on Thee,
Thou art our Help and Shield :

21 Now shall our Hearts rejoice, that we
Our Hopes did on him build.

22 O Thou Jehovah ever blest !
 Let us thy Mercy see,
 As we have still for Peace and Rest
 Repos'd our Trust in Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 N ev'ry Season of my Days
 The Lord, my God, I'll bless ;
 My Mouth shall never ceasing praise
 In grateful Strains express.

2 My Soul deliver'd now from Fear,
 Shall glory in the Lord ;
 The Humble shall rejoice to hear,
 That I am thus restor'd.

3 O, magnify the Lord with me,
 Let us his Fame display :

4 I sought him in my Streights, and He
 Chac'd all my Fears away.

5 To him the Righteous in Distress
 Did look and flow space ;
 He did his gracious Care express
 And sav'd from Shame their Face.

6 This helpless Man, of me they said,
 His Pray'r to God rehears'd ;
 He heard, the Troubles round him spread
 In Mercy he dispers'd.

7 Angels that grasp immortal Arms
 To guard the Righteous fly,
 And to resist invading Harms,
 Encamp'd around him ly.

8 Repeat your Tryals, taste and see
 How good you'll find the Lord ;
 To all, who trust his Mercy, He
 His Blessing will afford.

9 O ye, his Saints, the Almighty fear,
 None worship Him in vain ;
 And few or none of Heart sincere,
 Of Poverty complain.

10 Young Lyons often hungry roar,
 And seek in vain their Food ;
 But they, who God in Truth adore,
 Shall Want no needful Good.

Part II.

11 Come, Children, my Instruction hear,
 And hearken to my Voice,
 I'll teach you how the Lord to fear,
 And make his Ways your Choice.

12 What Man in earnest covets Life,
 And would good Days prolong ;
 13 Let him preserve his Lips from Strife,
 And from Deceit his Tongue.

14 Depart from Evil, be to all
 Full of good Works, and kind ;
 If Discord happens, Peace recall,
 And shew a friendly Mind.

15 Jehovah keeps, on all that fear
 His Name, a watchful Eye,
 And when they pray, his gracious Ear
 Is open to their Cry.

16 The Lord against the wicked Band
 In Anger sets his Face,
 He'll cut them off, and from the Land
 Their vile Remembrance rase.

17 The Just the Lord in Trouble seek,
 Their mournful Cry he hears ;
 With tender Care he saves the Meek,
 And eases all their Fears.

18 The Lord is nigh, to succour those,
 Who by Contrition bleed :

19 The Righteous is involv'd in Woes,
 But by the Lord is freed.

20 The Lord do's keep the Bones, that bear
 His Body, firm and sound ;
 And guards them with such watchful Care,
 Not one is broken found.

21 Destructive Pains and Grief of Mind
 The Wicked shall endure,
 And they, that hate the Just, shall find
 Their Condemnation sure.

22 The Lord redeems the Souls of those,
 Who just and upright are ;
 None, who their Trust in Him repose,
 Shall desolate despair.

PSALM XXXV.

1 **M**Y Cause with my Opposers, Lord,
 Who fight against me, plead :

2 Lift up thy Buckler, and afford
 Thy Servant timely Aid.

PSALM XXXV.

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3 Draw forth, and shake thy dreadful Spear,
Against them stop the Way ;
Lord, to my Soul, opprest with Fear,
I'm thy Salvation, say.

4 Do Thou confound and put to Shame
Those, who my Life pursue ;
And all, who at my Ruin aim,
Do Thou in Wrath subdue.

5 Like empty Chaff, that thro' the Sky
The Wind and Tempest Chace,
Let them before thy Angel fly,
And run from Place to Place.

6 Let them thro' dark and slipp'ry Ways
Go on in Pain and Fear,
While thy destructive Angel slays,
And persecutes their Reer.

7 For causeless they have laid their Snares,
And form'd their Pit and Net ;

8 Let Ruin seize them, unawares
Caught in the Toyl they set.

9 Then I to Heav'n will raise my Voice,
And grateful Thanks express ;
In thy Salvation I'll rejoice,
And my Deliv'rer blefs.

10 My Bones shall say, now pain'd no more,
Who gains, like God, Applause ?
He rescues from the Strong the Poor,
And breaks the Spoiler's Jaws.

Part II.

11 False Witnesses against me rose,
My Innocence opprest,
And to my Charge my faithless Foes,
Laid Crimes, that I detest.

12 Tho' I had shew'd to them Goodwill,
When favour'd, and in Pow'r,
Yet they rewarded Good with Ill,
Would me and mine devour.

13 I pray'd, when they did Sickness bear,
And did in Sackcloth mourn,
And to my Bosom may the Pray'r,
I made for them, return.

14 As to a Friend or Brother I
Did Rules becoming keep,
And hung my Head, as those, that sigh,
And for a Mother weep.

15 But they rejoyc'd at my Distress ;
Abjects together came,
Base Men unknown did me oppress,
Nor ceas'd to wound my Fame.

16 As wicked Mockers, who at Feasts,
To please the Vile, blaspheme,
They gnash their Teeth, and of their Jests
Make me the constant Theme.

17 Lord, an unactive Looker on
How long wilt Thou abide?
O save, my God, my Only One,
My Soul from Sons of Pride

18 Then, in the great Assembly, I
Thy Goodness will confess ;
Among much People, Lord most high,
I'll Thanks to Thee address.

Part III.

19 Let not my Foes insult my State,
My Foes tho' wrongfully,
Nor those, who bear me causeless Hate,
Wink mocking with the Eye.

20 All healing Counsels they disclaim,
And guileful Plots prepare,
Against them, who make Peace their Aim;
And publick Good, their Care.

21 On me with open Mouth they press'd,
And thus insulting said,
Our Eyes are with the Prospect bless'd,
Which long our Hopes has fed.

22 This Thou hast seen, All-knowing Lord,
Then do not silent stand ;
Be not far from me, but afford
Thy ready helping Hand.

23 Stir up thy self, rise and awake,
To judge me by thy Laws :
My God, my Lord, O undertake
The Tryal of my Cause.

24 According to thy Righteousness,
Lord, pass a right Decree,
Let not my Foes their Joy express,
Nor triumph over me.

25 Let them not say within their Hearts,
We now Success can boast ;
Let them not say, he by our Arts
Is swallow'd up and lost.

26 Let Trouble seize them and Disgrace,
Who triumph in my Woes :
Lord, spread Confusion o'er their Face,
Who proudly me oppose.

27 But let them Joy triumphant shew,
That own my Righteousness,
And glorify Jehovah, who
Is pleas'd with my Success.

28 Then shall my Tongue in Rapture speak
Of all thy upright Ways,
And from my Lips all Day shall break
Loud Songs of grateful Praise.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 **W**HEN I reflect how bold and rife
Ungodliness and Vice are grown,
I learn from such unrighteous Life,
That most the Fear of God disown.

2 In his own Eyes the Wicked draws
His flatt'ring Image clear and bright,
Till, Lord, his Breaches of thy Laws,
And hateful Crimes are brought to Light.

3 Words from his Mouth of guileful Art,
And vile Hypocrisie did flow,
See now he acts no double Part,
But do's th' Apostate open show.

4 Unwearied, with deli'brate Thought,
In Bed he hatching Mischief wakes ;
Boldly repeats his heinous Fault,
Nor his unrighteous Way forsakes.

5 Tho' Man is false yet God is just,
His Mercy to the Heav'ns ascends ;
His Truth, which none deluded trust,
To Heights above the Clouds extends.

6 Thy Justice stands as Mountains high,
Thy Judgments, as the Sea, are deep ;
Thy Bounty do's our Wants supply,
And Man and Beast from Danger keep.

Part II.

7 In Goodness how dost thou excell,
Most gracious God, thou King of Kings !
The Sons of Men in Safety dwell,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings.

8 The Fatness, which thy House contains,
Shall satisfy each craving Guest,
Who'll fill abundantly his Veins,
With Rivers of thy Pleasures blest.

9 Because of Life the flowing Spring
Is found, and only found with Thee :
And in thy Light, eternal King,
Immortal Glory we shall see.

10 Let Mercy, Lord, on all descend,
Who know Thee, and in Thee delight ;
Thy Justice evermore extend
To all, who are in Heart upright.

11 Let not the Foot of Pride prevail,
Nor wicked Hands remove me, Lord :
12 I'm heard, Behold, the Wicked fail,
Cast down, no more to be restor'd.

PSALM XXXVI. *Another Metre.*

(pear,

1 **T**h' ungodly's Sins, which great ap-
My inmost Heart apprise,
That there is no religious Fear
Of God before his Eyes.
2 Th' Unjust in his own Fancy draws
His flatt'ring Image bright ;
'Till, Lord, his Breaches of thy Laws
Are found a hateful Sight.
3 His Mouth is full of guileful Art,
Whence Speech deceitful flows ;
Tho' now he acts no double Part,
But plain th' Apostate shows.
4 In Bed with cool delib'rate Thought
He hatching Mischief wakes ;
Boldly repeats his heinous Fault,
Nor evil Ways forsakes.
5 Tho' Man is false, yet God is just ;
Thy Mercies reach the Skies ;
Thy Truth, which none deluded trust,
The Clouds in Height outvies.
6 Thy Justice, as the Mountains steep,
And lofty is confess ;
Thy Judgments are an Ocean deep ;
Thou sav'st both Man and Beast.

Part

Part II.

7 In Goodnes how do'st Thou excell,
 O Lord, Thou King of Kings !
 Hence, that in Safety they may dwell,
 Men seek thy shelt'ring Wings.

8 The Fatnes which thy House contains,
 Shall satisfy each Guest :
 Abundantly they'll fill their Veins,
 With Floods of Pleasure blest.

9 Of Life the Fountain is with Thee ;
 And in thy blissful Light,
 We shall immortal Glory see,
 Still ravish'd with thy Sight.

10 Let thy unbounded Goodness flow,
 And constant Streams impart
 To all, who Thee obey and know,
 And are of upright Heart.

11 Let not the Foot of Pride prevail,
 Nor Foes remove me, Lord :
12 I'm heard ; cast down the Wicked fail,
 No more to be restor'd.

P S A L M XXXVII.

1 **L** E T not th' Ungodly trouble Thee,
 Ev'n in their happy State ;
 Nor they that work Iniquity,
 Thy Envy e'er create.

2 For soon cut down they shall consume,
And like mown Grass be laid :
Their Beauty with'ring in its Bloom,
Like the green Herb, shall fade.

3 Unshaken in the Lord confide,
Do righteous Things and good :
So shalt Thou in the Land abide,
And find abundant Food.

4 O ! in the Lord delight, and He
Shall grant thy Heart's Request :

5 To Him commit thy Way, and be
With all thy Wishes blest.

6 Thy Faithfulness, by Him made clear,
Shall shine forth, as the Light ;
Thy Justice spotless shall appear,
And as the Noon-day bright.

7 Wait on the Lord, in Patience rest ;
Nor let it give thee Pain,
When wicked Men with Peace are blest,
And all their Ends obtain.

8 From Anger cease, lest Wrath beguile
And tempt thee to transgress :

9 For godless Men shall perish, while
The Just the Earth possess.

10 Soon shall the wicked Man be gone,
Thou'l seek his Place in vain :

11 Mean time the Meek the Earth shall own,
And Peace abundant gain.

12 Th' Unjust the Just with Plots pursue,
And raging gnash their Teeth :

13 The Lord most High shall mock them, who
Their Day is coming, see'th. Part

Part II.

14 The Proud have drawn the Sword, their
 In Fury they have bent,
 To wound the Destitute and Low,
 And slay the Innocent. (Bows bleed,

15 By their own Swords their Hearts shall
 Their Bows shall be destroy'd :

16 The just Man's little Stores exceed
 All by the Proud enjoy'd.

17 For all the Arms the Wicked wield,
 Shall broke in peices fly :
 But on the Lord, their God and Shield,
 The Righteous safe rely.

18 The Lord, who knows them, ev'ry Day
 The Upright will protect ;
 Their Seed, till Time shall pass away,
 His Blessings may expect.

19 They in a publick evil Hour,
 Shall free from Hurt abide :
 When Famine others shall devour,
 They shall be satisfy'd.

20 But wicked Men shall perish, they,
 Who Thee, O Lord, defy,
 Like Fat of Lambs, shall melt away,
 Away like Smoak shall fly.

21 Th' Unjust and Proud grown poor and low
 Borrow, nor pay agen :
 But, see, the Righteous Mercy show
 And give to needy Men.

22 By such, as of the Lord are blest,
 The Earth shall be enjoy'd ;
 And they, whom he has curst, no Rest
 Shall find, but be destroy'd.

Part III.

23 The Lord their Footsteps do's secure,
 And guide their Counsels right,
 Whose Way, because it's just and pure,
 Is pleasing in his Sight.

24 What if he fall ? he'll be restor'd ;
 Cast down, he'll rise and stand :
 For to uphold him, see, the Lord
 Sends forth his saving Hand.

25 I, who was young and now am old,
 Still saw the Just were fed ;
 Nor did their Seed in Want behold,
 And left to beg their Bread.

26 So far from this, to Men in need
 He's merciful and lends ;
 And in sure Blessings on his Seed,
 His Charity descends.

27 With Care depart from evil Ways,
 And in good Works abound ;
 Then surely shall thy coming Days
 Be long and prosp'rous found: (Saints,

28 The Lord loves Right, nor leaves his
 He will preserve their Race ;
 But load th' Ungodly with Complaints,
 And their vile Seed efface.

29 The Righteous shall the Land possess,
And there for ever dwell :
30 His Mouth shall prudent Things express,
His Tongue of Judgment tell.
31 The Law of God is in his Heart,
His Steps ne'er slide or stray :
32 The Wicked watch, with treach'rous Art,
The righteous Man to slay.
33 The Lord against all Force employ'd,
The Upright will Support ;
And if condemn'd, he'll render void
The Sentence of the Court.

Part IV.

34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his Way,
And thine the Land shall be ;
Th' Unjust entirely shall decay,
This Thou thy self shalt see.
35 The Wicked I have often seen
With Pow'r and Honour crown'd ;
And like a Bay-tree young and green,
Spreading himself around :
36 Yet soon he vanish'd, like a Shade,
And, lo, he ceas'd to be ;
And tho' strict Search I for him made,
His Place I could not see.
37 Well to the perfect Man attend,
With Care the Upright mind,
And, that their Ways and Counsels end
In Peace, thou still wilt find.

38 But all alike th' ungodly Race,
Shall dreadful Wrath endure ;
The Wicked cut from off their Place
At last shall perish sure.

39 But the Salvation of the Just
Is certain from the Lord :
In trouble He, their Strength and Trust,
Protection will afford.

40 The Lord will help and save them, He
Will sure Deliv'rance send ;
He'll from the Wicked set them free,
Since they on him depend.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

1 **M**e do not, Lord, in Rage withstand,
Nor in thy Wrath chastise :
2 Thine Arrows peirce me, and thy Hand
Sore on thy Servant lies.
3 No Parts of all my Flesh are sound,
While Thou do'st Anger shew ;
And in my Bones no Rest is found,
While Guilt do's Fear renew.

4 Sins, like a Flood, whelm o'er my Head,
A Weight too great to bear ;
5 Sores, that chastise my Folly, spread
Ill Scents amid'st the Air.
6 Down I am born and sore distrest,
All Day my Sorrows last ;
7 Sharp burning pains my Loins molest,
My Flesh Diseases waste.

8 Feeble and broke, I roar and groan,
To ease my troubled Heart ;
9 All my Desire to God is known,
My Groans and grievous Smart.
10 My panting Heart strives in my Breast,
Of Strength I am bereft ;
As to the Light my Eyes possest,
That also me has left.

Part II.

11 My Friends and Lovers stand aside,
By Reason of my Sore ;
And Numbers near in Bloodally'd,
My State aloof deplore.
12 They, who design my Blood to shed,
Their Snares to catch me lay ;
They, who would hurt me, Mischief
And frame Deceit all Day. (spread,
13 But like the Deaf, I heard no more,
Like Mutes, I silent sate :
14 Thus, as a senseless Man, I bore
Without Reproofs their Hate.
15 For God's my Hope, he'll hear my Voice,
And answer, when I call :
16 Hear me, I said, lest they rejoice,
And triumph o'er my Fall.
17 I soon must halt without thy Care,
Still Sorrows me oppress :
18 I'll my Iniquity declare,
My Sin with Shame confess.

19 My

19 My Foes enjoy a prosp'rous State,
Are strong, and live in Peace,
And they, who bear me causeless Hate,
In Pow'r and Rage increase.

20 Althoſe, who Actions good and kind
With Evil do requite,
My Cruel Enemies I find,
Because I follow Right.

21 Forsake me not, my God most High,
Nor distant from me stand :

22 Lord, my Salvation, swiftly fly
To help me with thy Hand.

P S A L M XXXIX.

1 I SAID, I'll to my Ways attend,
My Tongue shall Truth pursue ;
Nor shall my bridled Mouth offend,
While I the Wicked view.

2 Silent I stood without Complaint,
From Good my Peace I held :
My Sorrow then by this Restraint
Stir'd in my Bosom swell'd.

3 My Heart by Contemplation burn'd,
The Fire glow'd in my Breast,
While in my Thoughts Events I turn'd,
Then I these Words exprest ;

4 To me my End, Jehovah, show,
The Measure of my Days ;
That I, how frail I am, may know,
And how short Life decays.

5 Behold

PSALM XXXIX.

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5 Behold my Days are as a Span,
As nought with Thee my Age ;
At its best State, the Life of Man
Is a vain, transient Stage.

6 Sure anxious Man walks up and down
A shad'wy, empty Show :
He heaps up Wealth, but who shall own
His Treasure, do's not know.

Part II.

7 Now, Lord, what wait I for ? from Thee,
My Hope, I succour claim :

8 Let not my Sins unpardon'd be,
Nor Fools reproach my Name.

9 My Minutes I in Silence spent,
And clos'd my Mouth, as dumb,
When I consider'd this Event,
Did by thy Order come.

10 Let me thy dreadful Stroke avoid,
To which expos'd I stand ;
See, by the Blow I am destroy'd
Inflicted by thy Hand.

11 When Sinners feel thy chast'ning Wrath,
They soon grow weak and wan,
And fade, like Vests eat by the Moth ;
How vain a Thing is Man !

12 Lord, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry,
And flowing Tears give ear,
For with Thee, like my Fathers, I
A Stranger sojourn here.

13 O spare me, Lord, O Mercy show,
 Some Respite I implore,
 Grant me some Strength, 'ere hence I go,
 And shall be here no more.

P S A L M X L.

1 N waiting on the Lord, my Strength,
 Unmov'd I persever'd :
 And He inclin'd his Ear at length,
 And my Petition heard.

2 From a dire Pit he set me free,
 Where I stiff Mire endur'd,
 And to a Rock uplifted me,
 And thus my Feet asfir'd.

3 I a new Song of Praise indite,
 Praise to our God most High ;
 Many shall fear, who weigh it right,
 And on the Lord rely.

4 Blest is the Man, who do's repose
 Trust in the Lord allwise ;
 Nor do's respect the Proud, nor those
 Who turn aside to Lyes.

5 O Lord, my God, thy Wonders done,
 And Thoughts on our Account,
 Cannot by reck'ning e'er be known,
 All Numbers they surmount.

6 Thou did'st not rich Oblations, Lord,
 Nor Sacrifice desire ;
 To serve Thee thou my Ears hast bor'd,
 Nor Off'rings did'st require.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come, of me
This of thy Book is Part:
8 Thy Will's my Joy, thy Precepts, see,
My God, are in my Heart.
9 I in th' Assembly great explain'd
Pure Righteousnes to all ;
Nor from this Task my Lips refrain'd,
I God to witness call.
10 Thy Faithfulness I've not conceal'd,
But did thy Goodness own :
Joy'd thy Salvation I reveal'd,
And strove to make it known.

Part II.

11 Lord, do not Thou from me remove
Thy Mercies manifold,
But let thy Truth and kindest Love
For ever me uphold.
12 I'm compass'd with unnumber'd Snares,
Guilt Hold upon me takes ;
I'm sunk, my Sins exceed my Hairs,
And me my Heart forsakes.
13 Be it thy Pleasure, Lord, I pray,
To come and succour me,
O in Compassion haste away,
To help and set me free.
14 Let all alike Confusion fill,
Who at my Ruin aim,
And may my Foes, who wish me Ill,
Beat back be put to Shame.

15 Let them ly waste and desolate,
 Their due and just Reward,
 Who triumph'd o'er my needy State,
 And no Reproaches spar'd.

16 Be those, that seek Thee, glad, and they
 Who thy Salvation love,
 With grateful Zeal unceasing say,
 Extol the Lord above.

17 Tho' I am poor, distress'd, and low,
 He keeps me in his Mind ;
 Thou my Deliv'rer help bestow,
 With speed, my God, be kind.

P S A L M X L I.

1 **H**e's blest, who pays a due Regard
 To Men with Want opprest ;
 God will his Charity reward,
 In Trouble give him Rest.

2 The Lord will keep him in Repose,
 Blest he on Earth shall live ;
 Nor to the Will of envious Foes
 Him will he ever give.

3 When languishing this Man shall mourn,
 The Lord will raise his Head,
 And in his Sickness often turn,
 And kindly make his Bed.

4 Thy Mercy, Lord, to me express,
 I said, and heal my Soul,
 With Sin I'm wounded I confess,
 In pity make me whole.

5 My Foes have Evil of me said,
In Malice they exclaim,
When shall we hear that he is dead?
When perish shall his Name?

6 And if he comes to visit me,
He Falsehood do's devise,
His Heart conceives Iniquity,
When gone, he spreads his Lyes.

Part II.

7 All they, that bear me groundless Hate,
In Whispers me defame,
And when in secret Counsels sate
Against me Mischief frame.

8 An ill Disease cleaves to him fast,
Say they, who me despise,
And now he lies, down justly cast,
Nor ever more shall rise.

9 My bosom Friend, in whom, misled,
I did my Trust repose,
Against me, tho' he eat my Bread,
With brutal Malice rose.

10 But Thou, O gracious Lord, to me
Be merciful, I pray,
And raise me up to that Degree,
That I may them repay.

11 Thy Favour, Lord, I know by this,
I can't in question call,
Because my Foes the Triumph miss,
They hop'd for in my Fall.

P S A L M X L I I .

12 And me in my Integrity,
 Thou do'st, O Lord, defend ;
 Before thy Face thou settest me
 To Days that never end.

13 Be praise to *Israel's* God addrest,
 By all the Sons of Men ;
 Let him from Age to Age be blest,
 Say all, Amen, Amen.

P S A L M X L I I .

1 AS pants the Hart in sunburnt Lands,
 Which Brooks of Water want,
 And the refreshing Stream demands,
 So after God I pant.

2 My Soul do's thirst for God, my Lord,
 That do's for ever live ;
 When, to his Holy Place restor'd,
 Shall I due Praises give ?

3 All Day and Night my flowing Tears
 The Place of Meat supply,
 While envious Foes, where now appears
 Thy God ? for ever cry.

4 When I forsaken of Relief
 This in Rememb'rance bear,
 I vent my Soul in Strains of Grief,
 And pour it out in Pray'r.

Troubled I think how once with Throngs
 Of shouting People prest,
 I reach'd thy House, and with glad Songs,
 And Praise we kept the Feast.

5 What do's my Soul cast down affright ?
Why art thou in distress ?

Hope thou in God, thee with its Light
His Countenance shall bless.

6 My Soul's dejected, therefore still

My God I'll call to Mind,

To Jordan's Land, to Hermon's Hill

Or Missar's when confin'd.

Part II.

7 Deep calls to Deep, Abyss invites
Abyss to swell my Woe,
While Noise with Noise tempestuous
Thy Billows o'er me flow. (fights)

8 Yet will the bounteous Lord each Day
To me his Favours give ;
Each Night to God I'll sing and pray,
By whom upheld I live.

9 I'll say to God, my Rock, O why
Do'st Thou me thus forget ?
Why do I mourning go and sigh
By the proud Foe beset.

10 It cuts my Soul, e'en as a Sword
Deep in my Bowels thrust,
While taunting Foes cast out this Word,
Where is thy God, thy Trust ?

11 Why art thou troubled thus my Soul ?
Why cast by Sorrow down ?
Hope thou in God, he'll make thee whole,
Who is my God and Crown.

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PSALM XLIII.

- 1 JUDGE me, my Cause impartial scan,
And save me, Lord, my Trust,
From factious People, and the Man
Deceitful and unjust.
- 2 God of my Strength, why do'st thou frown,
And cast me off in Scorn ?
Why go I mourning up and down
Opprest and overborn ?
- 3 Send forth, O Lord, thy heav'nly Light,
Thy spotless Truth display,
And to thy holy Mountain's Height
Let them conduct my Way.
- 4 Then to thy Altar I'll repair,
Lord, my exceeding Joy,
I will the Harp in Praise and Pray'r,
O God, my God, employ.
- 5 Why art Thou troubled thus, my Soul ?
Why cast by Sorrow down ?
Hope thou in God, He'll make thee whole,
Who is my God and Crown.

PSALM XLIV.

- 1 O LORD, with Wonder we have heard,
What Age to Age has told,
How in our Father's Days appear'd
Thy mighty Works of Old.
- 2 How

MS. A. 9. 2

2 How Thou did'st scatter with thy Hand,
And heathen Nations rout,
Did'st with thy People plant the Land,
And cast the Natives out.

3 Not their own Sword, nor Arm, nor Might,
Gain'd Canaan's Land, but Thine,
And of thy Countenance the Light,
That favours Jacob's Line.

4 Thou art, O God, my Sov'reign Head,
For Jacob Peace command :

5 Thro' Thee we under foot shall tread
All, who our Pow'r withstand.

6 For of my Sword I will not vaunt,
Nor make my Trust my Bow ;

7 But Thou Salvation, Lord, did'st grant,
And put to Shame the Foe.

8 In God our Saviour we rejoice,
And triumph all the Day,
For ever we lift up our Voice,
Thy Praises to display.

Part II.

9 But now cast off, as nothing worth,
We are in Shame brought down ;
Nor dost Thou lead our Armies forth,
Nor us with Conquest crown.

10 Of God forsaken now we run,
And routed leave the Field,
And to the Foe, the Battle done,
Our Camp and Spoil we yeild.

11 See, Thou hast giv'n up Jacob's Race,
Like Sheep for Meat design'd,
And scatter'd us from Place to Place,
Where heathen Lords we find.

12 Thou sell'st thy Tribes for nought, no
Do's from their Price redound ; (gain

13 A Scorn and By-Word we remain
To neighb'ring Lands around.

14 Thou do'st among the Heathen make
Jacob a Proverb grow,
Their Head they in Derision shake,
And mock us brought so low.

15 This my Confusion still has bred,
I'm cover'd with Disgrace,
With settled Shame I'm overspread,
And mournful hide my Face ;

16 Because of those, that Stander sow,
Blaspheme and me revile,
By reason of the wicked Foe
Full of Revenge and Guile.

Part III.

17 All this we bore, yet Thou wilt grant,
We still remember'd Thee,
And kept thy sacred Covenant
From all false Dealing free.

18 We still to God have been sincere,
And upright was our Heart ;
We to his Worship did adhere,
Nor from his Precepts start ;

PSALM XLIV.

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19 Tho' we in Places desolate
 Extream Affliction bore,
 And with the Shades of Death of late,
 Have, Lord, been cover'd o'er.

20 If we forgot Thee, and our Hands
 To a strange God did raise ;

21 Shall God not know, who understands
 Our Hearts, and secret Ways ?

22 Yea, we, because our God thou art,
 As Sheep are deem'd by all ;
 As Sheep for Slaughter set apart,
 By dayly Wounds we fall.

23 Why sleepest Thou, Lord, wake and rise,
 Nor cast us from thy Care :

24 Hide not thy Face, do'st Thou despise
 Th' Affliction which we bear ?

25 For we are bow'd down to the Dust,
 Fall'n on the Earth we ly ;

26 Arise and help us, Lord, our Trust,
 Help, we for Mercy cry.

PSALM XLV.

1 **M**y Heart indites a lofty Song, (King,
 Th' important Theme regards the
 Like a swift Writer's Pen, my Tongue
 Shall flow inspir'd, and Wonders sing.)

2 Thou do'st in Beauty all excell,
 Pour'd on thy Lips fits Grace Divine,
 That blest with Empire Thou may'st dwell,
 Which coming Times shall not confine.

3 Thy

3 Thy dreadful Sword gird on thy Thigh,
Thou mighty One, whom Glories crown,
Thy conqu'ring Sword, thy Dignity,
Magnificence and bright Renown.

4 While Thou do'st glorious Aims pursue,
Ride prosp'rous in thy Majesty,
As Thou art righteous, mild and true,
Shall matchless Deeds be done by Thee.

5 Their Way thy Arrows swiftly wing,
And deeply wound the Hearts of those,
Who in their Pride withstand the King,
Thus Thou shalt quell the stubborn Foes.

6 Thy Throne, O God, establish'd stands,
Against all Pow'r and Rage secure ;
The Scepter, which thy Hand commands
Is right, and ever shall endure.

7 Thou hatest Ill, and art most Just,
Hence God, thy God anointed Thee
With joyful Oyl, for thy great Trust,
High o'er thy Fellows in Degree.

8 Thy Robes are full of Aloes,
Rich Myrrh and Cassia, fragrant Smells,
Diffus'd from Iv'ry Palaces,
In which the King delighted dwells.

9 Daughters of Kings were in the Train,
That on the Royal Bride did wait,
The Queen in Gold of *Ophir's* Vein,
On thy Right Hand illustrious fate.

Part II.

10 O Daughter hearken, and to me
Incline thine Ear, imperial Spouse ;
Forget thy Land, thy Family,
And Customs of thy Father's House.

11 So shall the King thy Love desire,
And in thy Beauty take Delight :
Do Thou, thy royal Lord admire,
And worship Him, when in his Sight.

12 Th' Inhabitants of *Tyre* shall bring
Their precious Gifts, and Homage pay ;
And, to be favour'd by the King,
The wealthy shall thy Favour pray.

13 See, all within the royal Bride
Do's in Endowments glorious shine ;
And her wide Robes are beautify'd
With Works of Gold from *Ophir's* Mine.

14 She to the King in Pomp is led,
In Raiment by the Needle wrought ;
Bright Virgins, Fellows with her bred,
That follow, shall to Thee be brought.

15 Rejoicing on this happy Day,
They'll march along in solemn State ;
And clad in costly bright Array,
Will enter at the Palace Gate.

16 The Sons, that from thy Blood descend,
Of Ancestors shall fill the Place,
These mighty Princes shall extend
Their Empire o'er the Earth's wide Face.

17 I'll make all Generations know
 Thy Greatness, in succeeding Days;
 By me thy glorious Name shall grow
 The Theme of everlasting Praise.

PSALM XLVI.

1 **G**od is our Refuge, Strength, and ^{(Shield,}
 To whom we Safety owe;
 He present Help vouchafes to yield,
 When Troubles overflow.

2 We therefore will not fear, suppose
 The Earth should be remov'd;
 And Hills, by Winds or inward Throws,
 Should mid'st the Seas be shov'd.

3 And tho' the Waters of the Deep
 Disquieted should roar,
 And angry Billows, rous'd from sleep,
 Should swell and shake the Shore.

4 Yet there's a River sweet and still,
 Which branching runs its Race,
 That shall with Joy God's City fill,
 Th' Almighty's Holy Place.

5 God do's her Guardian, in her, stay,
 Then can she be afraid?
 To bring her Help he'll not delay,
 When Danger shall invade.

6 The Heathen rag'd, and Potentates
 Tumultuous did appear,
 In Wrath th' Almighty spoke, the States
 And Realms did melt with Fear.

PSALM XLVII. 99

- 7 The Lord of Armies guards our State,
Jacob! thy God's our Aid ;
- 8 Come see his Works, how desolate
Has he the Nations made !
- 9 He thro' the Lands makes War to cease,
He breaks the Spear and Bow,
And burns in Fire, to give us Peace,
The Chariots of the Foe.
- 10 Henceforth be still, and understand
That I am God, ev'n I,
Exalted I'll the Earth command,
And raise my Name on high.
- 11 The Lord of Hosts is on our Side,
We therefore are secure ;
The God of *Jacob* will abide
Our Strength and Refuge sure.

PSALM XLVII.

- 1 **Y**E People clap your Hands, and sing,
To God loud Praises send ;
- 2 For God is dreadful, high, a King
Whose Laws o'er all extend.
- 3 The People for us he subdues,
He'll Realms beneath us place ;
- 4 Our Heritage for us He'll chuse,
The Crown of *Jacob's* Race.
- 5 To *Zion* God's gone up, the Ways
With Shouts and Trumpets ring ;
- 6 Sing Praise, sing Praise to God, sing Praise,
Sing Praises to our King.

7 God King of all the Earth remains,
Let Praise with Skill be shewn ;
8 God o'er the heathen People reigns,
Plac'd on his holy Throne.
9 Where Chiefs and Tribes in Worship joyn,
Who *Abraham's* God assert ;
Lord, all the Pow'rs on Earth are Thine,
Thou high exalted art.

P S A L M X L V I I I .

1 **T**HE Lord is glorious, high, and great,
Then let his Praise the Kingdom fill,
From God's peculiar chosen Seat,
Ev'n beauteous Zion's sacred Hill.
2 Zion ! thy Situation's fair,
Thou Joy of all the Earth around ;
Great King, thy City high in Air
On the North Quarter stands renown'd.
3 In her aspiring Palaces,
God is a pow'ful Refuge known ;
4 Confed'rate Kings, repell'd with Ease,
Are from her Walls inglorious gone.
5 They saw, they wonder'd and they shook,
In Fear they hasted o'er the Plains ;
6 And Terrour Hold upon them took,
Suddain, as Womens Labour-pains.
7 Thou to our Foes in Wrath do'st speak,
And drive them with resistless Force ;
As eastern Winds tempestuous break
The Ships of *Tarshish* in their Course.

8 Wonders of Goodness have our Eyes
Beheld, like those, that we have heard ;
Therefore the Lord of Hosts will rise,
And his lov'd City ever guard.

Part II.

9 Thy Works of Loving Kindness, Lord,
Our deepest Contemplation rais'd,
When in the Temple we ador'd,
And (silent) Thee besought and prais'd.

10 According to thy fam'd Success,
Thy Praise is universal grown ;
Full is thy Hand of Righteousness,
By just and holy Actions known.

11 Let Zion's sacred Hill rejoice,
And Judah's Daughters spread around,
Unite in joyful Shouts their Voice,
Who are with such Deliv'rance crown'd.

12 Let the fair City be survey'd,
Walk all about, and count her Tow'rs ;
Are any hurt or level laid
By all the Force of hostile Pow'rs ?

13 Her Palaces undamag'd mind,
Her Bulwarks and her Walls entire ;
Tell to your Sons, how God is kind,
They this Salvation will admire.

14 For this great King, this God of Might,
To the last Date of Time is ours :
He will support and guide us right,
Till Death this mortal State devours.

PSALM XLVIII. *Another Metre.*

1 **G**REAT is the Lord, then his Abode
 Let solemn Praises fill,
 Ev'n in the City of our God,
 In Zion's sacred Hill.

2 **Z**ION ! thy Situation's fair,
 Thou Joy of Lands around !
 Great King, thy City high in Air
 Stands on the North, renown'd.

3 In her aspiring Palaces,
 God is a Refuge known ;

4 Confed'rate Kings repell'd with Ease,
 Are from her Bulwarks gone.

5 They saw, they wonder'd, frightened shook,
 And hasten'd o'er the Plains ;

6 Fear suddain Hold upon them took,
 Like Womens Labour-Pains.

7 Thou to our Foes with matchless Force
 Do'st sure Destruction speak,
 As eastern Tempests in their Course
 The Ships of Tarbiss break.

8 The Wonders we have heard, we see,
 Lord, in thy City done,
 The City of our God, which He
 With endless Strength will crown.

9 We mid'st thy House, thy gracious Ways
 And Love, did quiet mind ;

10 As is thy Name so is thy Praise,
 Thy Hand most Just we find.

PSALM XLIX.

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11 Let Zion's sacred Hill rejoice,
With Judah's Towns around ;
And lift in Songs of Praise their Voice,
With such Deliv'rance crown'd.

12 Let the fair City be survey'd,
Walk heedful, count her Tow'rs,
Are any hurt, or level laid
By proud invading Pow'r's ?

13 Her Palaces undamag'd mind,
Her Gates and Walls entire ;
Tell to your Sons, how God is kind,
They'll this great Work admire.

14 This God is ours, this God of Might,
For ever us secures,
He'll give Support, and guide us right,
As long as Life endures.

PSALM XLIX.

1 H**EAR** this, to all the Lands I call,
Hear all, who dwell on Earth,
2 Who rich or needy are, and all
Of base or noble Birth.

3 My Mouth shall weighty Things impart,
Which in my Mind arise,
The Meditation of my Heart
Shall be, to make you wise.

4 My Ear shall due Attention pay
To deep and hidden Things ;
Dark Parables will I display
Upon the Harp's sweet Strings.

3 What

5 What in the Black and evil Day
 Have I just Cause to dread,
 When Snares, that Foes to catch me lay,
 Around my Feet are spread, ?

6 Can they, who trust in Pow'r, and boast
 Of Wealth their Brother save ?

7 Or gain from God at any Cost
 His Ransom from the Grave ?

8 For scarce this Priviledge is known,
 Scarce can it ever be,

9 That one should Life unfading own,
 And ne'er Corruption see.

10 Behold, the Wise and Dull of Mind
 The Tombs alike receive ;
 Man heaps up Riches, which behind
 He must to others leave.

Part II.

11 They think their House for ever stands,
 That still their Race shall live ;
 And to their Dwelling Place and Lands
 Their Names they proudly give.

12 But Man in Honour cannot stay,
 Like Beasts he ends his Days ;

13 This is their Foolishness, yet they ;
 Who follow, like their Ways.

14 Like Sheep Death them shall eat, o'er
 Rais'd up the Just shall reign, (whom
 Their Beauty in the Grave, their Home,
 No longer shall remain.

15 But

PSALM L. 105

15 But God will me from Danger save,
Not to Destruction leave ;
He will redeem me from the Grave,
And to himself receive.

16 Fear not when one great Wealth acquires,
When high his Children rise ;

17 He leaves it all, when he expires,
His Glory with him dies.

18 Tho' when he liv'd, he void of Shame
In Riot spent his Days,
And thou, if thou wilt do the same,
Shalt have the Flatt'lers Praise ;

19 To his dead Fathers he shall go,
And still in Darkness lye ;

20 Princes, That inconsid'rate grow,
Are like the Beasts that dye.

PSALM L.

1 **T**HE mighty God spoke from his Throne,
And call'd the Earth from East to
2 God out of Zion clearly shone, (West :
Zion, with perfect Beauty blest.
3 Our God shall come in awful Pow'r,
Nor will He still be silent found ;
A Fire before Him shall devour,
And dreadful Tempests rage around.

4 He to the Earth and Heav'ns above
Shall call, and thus his Will declare,
That I in judging Righteous prove,
Ye Heav'ns and Earth now Witness bear.

5 Gather

5 Gather my Saints before my Throne,
Whom Sacrifice to me has knit,

6 The Heav'ns shall make his Justice known,
For God do's Judge in Person sit.

7 O *Israel*, hear, I'll thee indite,
My Charge against thee I'll declare,
I am thy God by Fæd'ral Rite,
As thou art my peculiar Care.

8 Thy Sacrifice I will not blame,
Nor Off'rings, which I still behold;

9 No Bullock from thy House I claim,
Nor He-Goats from thy crowded Fold.

10 For ev'ry Forest-Beast I own,
Herds, which a thousand Hills can yield;

11 All Mountain-Fowls to me are known,
Mine are the Beasts, that range the Field.

12 Would I, if I were hungry, tell
My Wants, thy Bounty to incline?
Is not the World, with all that dwell
Therein, ev'n all its Fulness mine?

13 That Flesh of Bulls can be a Fare,
Which I will eat, what Man can think?
If you the Blood of Goats prepare,
Believe you I their Blood will drink?

14 Give Thanks, and pay to God most High
Thy Vows, in Trouble call on me;

15 And thou my Name shalt glorify,
For thou shalt my Salvation see.

Part II.

16 But to the Wicked, says the Lord,
How darest thou usurp my Name,
Declare my Statutes, boast my Word,
And sacred Covenant proclaim?

17 Since thou dost scorn and hate the Light,
Perversely Truth divine distaste,
And wise Instruction, in Despite
Of my Command, behind thee cast.

18 Thou saw'st a Thief, did'st with him joyn,
And give him Aid for Profit's Sake;
Thou with Adulterers did'st combine,
And of their heinous Guilt partake.

19 Thy Mouth is full of Calumnies, (frame:
Thy Tongue do's Fraud and Falsehood

20 Thou dost thy Brother wound with Lies,
Ev'n thine own Mother's Son defame.

21 This thou hast done, nor did I shew
Displeasure, whence thou did'st collect
That I resembled thee, but know,
I'll punish and thy Sins detect.

22 This in your Minds consid'rate bear,
Ye Fools, who God remember not;
Lest you in Pieces I should tear,
While no Deliv'rer can be got.

23 Th' Oblations of religious Praise,
Give me the Glory to me due;
To him, who orders right his Ways,
I will my sure Salvation shew.

PSALM L. *Another Metre,*

1 **T**HE God posseſt
 Of Might, the Lord did call,
 From Eaſt to West
 His Voice did ſummon all.

2 Behold, when He
 Shall forth from Zion go,
 He'll Maſteſty
 And perfect Beauty show.

3 Our God ſhall come
 To judge; before his Face,
 Flames shall conſume,
 And Tempeſts fill the Place.

4 To witness He
 Shall call on Earth and Heav'n,
 That they may fee
 On all just Judgment giv'n.

5 Let all my Saints
 Before me gather'd be;
 Who Covenants
 By Blood have made with Me.

6 The Heav'n's agree
 God's Justice to acquit,
 For righteouſly
 To judge, HImſelf will ſit.

7 My Tribes once dear
 Attend, the Charge is mine;
 O Israel, hear,
 I am thy God, c'en thine.

8 Unblam'd by me
Thy Sacrifices are,
And Off'rings free,
Burnt with continual Care.

9 If that be all,
I will nor Ox, behold,
Take from thy Stall,
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold.

10 Each Beast I own
Which Forest Walks confine ;
The Herds that crown,
A thousand Hills, are mine.

11 I know the Nests
Which Fowls in Mountains build,
And the wild Beasts
Are mine in ev'ry Field.

12 Hungry were I,
I would not tell it Thee
For my Supply,
The World belongs to Me.

13 Shall of the Bull
The Flesh be my repast ?
Can Vessels full
Of Goats-blood please my Taste ?

14 Off'rings each Day
Of Thanks to God renew,
Vows solemn pay
To the most High, his due :

15 And from me crave
Help in thy saddest Days;
Thee will I save,
And thou shalt spread my Praise.

Part II.

16 But to confound
Th' Unjust, says God, dost thou,
My Laws expound,
And dare to name my Vow?

17 Since thou do'st grow
Blind to instructive Light,
And from thee throw
My Words, my Precepts slight.

18 Thou saw'st a Thief,
And with him did'st combine;
And without Grief
Did'st with Adult'rers joyn.

19 See, thy loose Tongue
Thy Neighbour do's defame;
Thy Mouth do's wrong,
And Snares deceitful Frame.

20 Thou sit'st with Lyes
Thy Brother's Cause to wound;
Thy Calumnies
Thy Mother's Son confound.

21 This Thou hast done,
And while I Speech declin'd,
Thou thought'st me One
According to thy Mind.

But

PSALM LI.

111

But to chastise
Thy Sins I'll not forget,
Before thine Eyes
I'll all in Order set.

22 Of this beware,
You, whom my Patience try,
Lest you I tear,
While none to save is nigh.

23 Who offers Praise,
Me glorifies, and he
Who seeks right Ways,
Shall my Salvation see.

PSALM LI.

- 1 Let me find Pity often prov'd,
Nor of thy Kindness doubt ;
Lord, by thy tender Mercies mov'd,
Blot my Transgressions out.
- 2 Purge my Pollution, make me new,
And cleanse my sinful Stains ;
- 3 I own my Guilt, and in my View
Still my Offence remains.
- 4 I've sinn'd against Thee, Thee alone,
And done this in thy Sight,
Which I declare, that all may own
Thy Judgments just and right.
- 5 See, shapen in Iniquity,
To be I did begin ;
In Guilt my Mother went with me,
And brought me forth in Sin.

K. 2

6 Thou

6 Thou do'st, most holy Lord, desire
 Truth in the inward Part,
 And Wisdom without Guile require,
 And Purity of Heart.

7 Purge, as with Hyslop, my foul Stain,
 And I shall spotless grow;
 Cleanse me, and I shall white remain
 As unpolluted Snow.

8 Let me of Joy, I Thee invoke,
 And Gladness hear the Voice ;
 So shall the Bones, which Thou hast broke,
 Made whole by Thee rejoice.

9 View not my Crimes, that cause thy Hate,
 Blot out my Sin and Shame ;

10 Lord, a clean Heart in me create,
 And a right Spirit frame.

Part II.

11 Me from thy Presence do not cast,
 Thy Spirit ne'er recall ;

12 Restore the Joy of Favours past ;
 Uphold me lest I fall.

13 Then I'll by my Experience teach
 Transgressors thy just Ways ;
 I'll Truth divine to Sinners preach,
 And Converts to Thee raise.

14 O Lord, my Saviour, set me free
 From the great Guilt of Blood,
 And of thy Mercy shown to me
 My Tongue shall sing aloud.

15 Lord,

15 Lord, open Thou my Lips, of late
Shut up by Grief and Shame ;
Then shall my Mouth thy Praise relate,
Thy Clemency proclaim.

16 Thou Sacrifice do'st not desire,
Burnt Off'rings not enjoy ;
Else should thy Altar's hallow'd Fire
Whole Herds and Flocks destroy.

17 Th' Oblations, which the Lord approves,
Are bruis'd afflicted Minds ;
A meek and contrite Heart he loves,
This still Acceptance finds.

18 In thy good Pleasure, Lord, be kind
To Zion, when she calls ;
And by thy Mercy be inclin'd
To build up Salem's Walls.

19 And now with Sacrifices free
The Righteous Thee appease,
Burnt Off'ring, whole Oblation Thee
With ofter'd Bullocks please.

P S A L M L I I .

1 **W**hy boastest thou, O Man of Pow'r,
Thy self of Mischief past ?
God's Goodness to the latest Hour,
Know shall unalter'd last.

2 The Slanders, which thy Heart contrives,
Thy Tongue disperses round,
And, like a treach'rous Razor, gives
An unexpected Wound.

3 Thou more, than Good, do'st Evil love,
Than Justice, Lies and Wrong ;

4 Destructive Words thou do'st approve,
O thou deceitful Tongue !

5 For ever God shall Thee destroy,
Thee and thy House efface ;
That, rooted out, thou may'st enjoy
No more on Earth a Place.

6 This you shall see and fear, ye Just,
And laugh at his Distress, (Trust,

7 Who makes not God his Strength and
But Wealth and Wickedness.

8 But like an Olive always green,
I in thy House abide ;
Lord, in thy Mercy, still my Screen,
For ever I'll confide.

9 I'll Praise, since thou did'st this effect,
Still send to Thee above ;
Thy Pow'r and Goodness I'll expect,
Such Trust thy Saints approve.

1 THE Fool hath said within his Heart,
No God our Deeds rewards :
Corrupted all from Truth depart,
And Justice none regards. (view

2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n to
The Stock of Human Kind,
To learn, if any rightly knew,
And search'd the Lord to find.

PSALM LIV.

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3 All are gone back from Thee, O Lord,
All are polluted grown :
Are any that observe thy Word
Remaining ? No, not one.

4 Can into Ignorance so great
These evil Workers fall,
Who eat my People up as Bread ?
On God they never call.

5 Their Souls were seiz'd with groundless
For God their Camp did raise, (Fright,
Thou mad'st them fall in shameful Flight,
For God despis'd their Ways.

6 From Zion, who'll Redemption give,
And back our Captives bring ?
Then Jacob shall in Triumph live,
And Israel shout and sing.

PSALM LIV.

1 To Save me by thy Name appear,
And judge me by thy Pow'r,

2 Lord, to my earnest Pray'r give Ear,
Hear me in this sad Hour.

3 In Arms a strange and barb'rous Crew
Against thy Servant rise ;
Oppressors proud my Life pursue,
O God, they Thee despise.

4 The Lord my Helper is with those,
Who to uphold me stand,

5 With Evil he'll reward my Foes :
Slay in thy Truth their Band.

6 I'll

6 I'll freely sacrifice to Thee,
I'll Praise Thee, for 'tis good ;
7 From Trouble he has set me free,
I've seen my Foes subdu'd.

PSALM LV.

1 To my repeated Pray'r give Ear,
Nor my Complaints despise ;
2 To me attend, O Lord, and hear
My loud and mournful Cries.
3 For Foes, who to oppress me aim,
My constant Grief create ;
They with their Slanders blast my Name,
And me in Wrath they hate.
4 My Heart is in me troubled sore,
Death's Terrors on me light ;
5 Amazing Horrors, whelm me o'er,
I tremble with Affright.
6 I ask'd the Dove's swift Wing, that I
For Rest might speed my Way,
7 And wand'ring hence far off might fly,
And in the Desart stay.
8 From the fierce Storm to guard my Life,
I would escape in haste ;
9 Divide and break them, Lord, for Strife
And Rage the City waste.
10 They round the Walls go Night and Day,
Mischiefs within are found ;
11 Fraud, Guile, and ev'ry wicked Way
Amid'st her Streets abound.

Part II.

12 Wrongs from a known invet'rate Foe
I calmly had endur'd,
From such as open Hatred show,
I had my self secur'd :

13 But it was Thou, a Man well known,
One standing by my Side ;
My Friend to me familiar grown,
My Equal and my Guide.

14 I on his Counsels did rely,
My Bosom to him vent ;
And to the House of God most High
In Company we went.

15 Let Death this treach'rous Race oppress,
And sink them quick to Hell,
For impious Pride and Wickedness
In all their Houses dwell.

16 But I will still to God apply,
The Lord will me protect ;

17 At Ev'n, at Morn, and Noon I'll cry
H'ell not my Pray'r reje&t.

18 My Soul he rescu'd in the Hour,
When Hosts against me rag'd ;
Tho' theirs was great, yet greater Pow'r
Was on my Side engag'd.

19 Jehovah, who abides of old,
Will hear and them chastise ;
Their prosp'rous State unchang'd they
And therefore God despise: (hold,

20 Against

20 Against the Peaceful he his Hand
In Malice did extend ;
His Covenant he has profan'd,
Made with a constant Friend.

21 Smoother than Butter were his Words,
But War was in his Heart ;
His Lips, tho' soft as Oyl, like Swords,
Did cut with treach'rous Art.

22 On God thy careful Burden cast,
And thou shalt be upheld ;
The Just may suffer, but at last
Their Fears shall be dispell'd.

23 Th' Unjust destroy'd entomb'd shall ly,
The false and bloody Race
Scarce live out half their Days, but I
My Trust in God will place.

PSALM LVI.

1 **B**e merciful, O God, I pray,
For Men would me devour ;
They fight against me all the Day,
And use oppressive Pow'r.

2 Daily my Foes would swallow me,
Foes many, O most High :

3 When Fears invade my Soul, on Thee
For Safety I rely.

4 In God I'll celebrate his Word,
In God my Trust renew,
And fear not what to me the Sword
Of earthly Pow'rs can do.

5 They

PSALM LVI.

119

5 They wrest my Words when well de-
To hurt me daily try ; (sign'd,

6 They mark my Steps together joyn'd,
And hid to slay me ly.

7 Lord, shall they by Iniquity
Just Punishment avoid ?
Let the vile Race, cast down by Thee,
In Anger be destroy'd.

8 Thou know'st how wand'ring long my
From Place to Place I took ; (Way
My Tears in thy safe Bottle lay,
Are they not in thy Book ?

9 That at my Pray'r my Foes shall fly,
I know, for God's my Friend ;

10 I'll praise thy Word, O Lord most High,
Thy Praise I will extend.

11 In God I trust, nor am afraid
Of all that Man can do ;

12 I'll pay to God the Vows I made,
And render Praises due.

13 God, who my Soul from Death restor'd,
My Footsteps will assure,
That I may walk before the Lord
Mid'st living Men secure.

PSALM LVII.

1 H AVE Mercy, Mercy, Lord, on me,
My Soul on Thee I cast ;
Thy Wings shall my Protection be,
Till these sad Days are past.

2 To

2 To God most High I'll send my Cries,
Whose Aid I still implor'd,
To God, who ne'er to me denies
Performance of his Word.

3 He shall from Heav'n display his Pow'r
His Servant to defend ;
He'll shame them who would me devour,
He'll Truth and Mercy send.

4 Mid'st Beasts, ev'n Men on Fire, I lie,
Who wound with piercing Words ;
Words, that like Spears or Arrows fly
From Tongues, that cut like Swords,

5 Lord, higher than the highest Skies
Exalt thy awful Head,
And let thy boundless Glory rise,
And o'er the Nations spread.

6 Their Net they fix'd, on Mischief bent,
My Soul bow'd down despair'd ;
But to the Pit they headlong went,
Which they for me prepar'd.

7 My Heart is fix'd, nor will it warp,
O God, I'll sing thy Praise :

8 Awake my Glory, Psaltry, Harp,
My self I'll early raise.

9 I to the Tribes, who Thee adore,
Thy Praises will proclaim ;
Thro' Realms who Idol Gods implore,
I'll magnifie thy Name.

10 Thy Mercy Heav'n surmounts, as high
Thy Truth exalts her Head :
11 Lord, raise thy self above the Skie,
O'er Earth thy Glory spread.

PSALM LVIII.

1 D O you assembled Chiefs agree,
Indeed, to stablish Right?
Ye Sons of Men is your Decree
Rul'd by impartial Light?
2 Yea, you in Heart contrive all Day
Some Mischief, some Offence,
And in the Land Injustice weigh,
And deal out Violence.
3 The Wicked are to Righteousness,
Ev'n from the Womb, estrang'd;
In Ill they early Joy express,
And are with Liars rang'd.
4 Their Poison with the Serpent's vies,
Or Asps, that stops her Ear,
5 That let the Charm be e'er so wise,
Will not the Charmer hear.
6 Lord, break their Teeth from out their
That great Destruction cause; (Head,
Break the strong Teeth, the People's Dread,
In the young Lion's Jaws.
7 Like Waters, that unceasing flow,
O let them slide away;
And let their Arrows from their Bow,
As broke in pieces, stray.

8 As Snails, that melt upon the Earth,
So let them wasted be,
Or as a Woman's unripe-Birth
That ne'er does Day-light see.

9 'Ere Pots can feel the kindling Thorn,
He'll seize our Foes alive ;
Away in Wrath they shall be born,
As Whirlwinds Scubble drive.

10 When they this Vengeance see, the Good
And Meek shall be o'erjoy'd,
And dip their Feet deep in the Blood
Of wicked Men destroy'd.

11 Sure for the Just, now Men shall cry,
There will be great Rewards ;
Sure there's a Righteous Judge on High,
Who Good and Ill regards.

P S A L M LIX.

1 S A V E me, my God, from cruel Foes,
Who arm'd against me fight ;

2 And rescue me with speed from those,
Who take in Blood Delight.

3 Lord, for my Soul they lie in wait,
The Great against me joyn,
Mov'd by their own invet'rate Hate,
And no Offence of mine.

4 Without my Fault they run with Speed,
And Preparations make,
How they against me may succeed ;
To help me, Lord, awake.

PSALM LIX.

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5 Wake, Lord, the God of *Israel's* Race,
The heathen Pow'rs suppress ;
To those no Favour show, nor Grace,
Who wickedly transgress.

6 When they have hunted me by Day,
They come at Evening home ;
Like clam'rous Dogs, they seek their
And thro' the City roam. (Prey,

7 They pour forth Floods of hurtful Words,
Nor do they Vengeance fear ;
And while their Tongues are cutting
They cry can any hear ? (Swords,

8 But Thou shalt laugh, O Lord most high,
At all their empty Pride ;
Thou shalt the heathen Pow'rs defy,
And their vain Plots deride.

Part II.

9 Because my Foe is strong, on Thee
I wait, and crave Support ;
For Thou, O God, art still to me
A Refuge and a Fort.

10 My gracious God shall me prevent,
From whom my Mercies flow
And let me see my Heart's Content
Accomplish'd on my Foe.

11 O Lord, our Shield, the Foe disperse,
But not at once remove,
That we may oft thy Praise reherser,
And not forget thy Love.

L 2

12 For

12 For their vile Words and Calumnies,
Afflict them in their Pride ;
Avenge their Curses and their Lies,
Which Me and Heav'n defy'd.

13 Consume them, Lord, with Plagues and
And let them cease to Be, (Pains
Then all, that *Jacob's* Sov'raign reigns,
Through all the Earth, will see.

14 When they have wander'd all the Day,
Let them at Eve return,
Like Dogs about the City stray,
And famish'd howl and mourn.

15 Let them, I say, in quest of Meat
Abroad thro' Hunger roam,
And finding no Supplies to eat,
Come discontented home.

16 But I thy Pow'r and Love will sing,
When Morn its Light displays,
For Thou did'st timely Succour bring,
In black and stormy Days.

17 O Thou my Strength, I'll sing to Thee,
To Thee Defence I owe :
Thou art, O God, the Fountain free,
Whence all my Mercies flow.

1 **T**hou hast, O God, our Cause forsook,
With *Jacob's* Sons displeas'd ;
Scatter'd by Thee our Flight we took,
O, turn again appeas'd.

2 Thy Terrors did the Earth invade,
Which sorely rent did quake ;
O heal the Breaches Thou hast made,
See how its Pillars shake.

3 Thou hast, on Punishment intent,
Hard Burdens on us cast,
The Wine of dire Astonishment
Thy Wrath hath made us taste.

4 Thou conqu'ring Banners gav'it to me,
For those, who fear thy Name,
To be display'd, that all may see,
And loud thy Truth proclaim.

5 Hear me, and thy lov'd People bless ;
6 God will his Oath maintain,
I'll triumph, *Sichem* I'll possess,
And mete out *Succoth*'s Plain.

7 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,
Ephraim my Head sustains,
And favour'd *Judah*'s Royal Line
To *Israel* Laws ordains.

8 *Moab* my Slave shall wash my Feet,
O'er *Edom* flies my Shoe ;
Can't Thou our Arms, *Philistia*, meet,
And Triumphs past renew ?

9 To *Edom*'s Tow'rs, who now will lead,
10 Lord, wilt not Thou our Shield ?
Tho' late our Cause Thou would'it not
Nor with us take the Field. (head,

11 Help us in Woe, Man's Help, we see,
 Is vain, of no Renown ;
 Thro' God we valiant grow, for He
 Shall tread our Rivals down.

PSALM LXI.

1 **R**ECEIVE, my God, my earnest Cries,
 Which loud to Heav'n ascend ;
 Do not my humble Pray'r despise,
 But to my Voice attend.

2 **T**o Thee, Lord, from our farthest Lands,
 When griev'd at Heart I'll pray ;
 Thy Servant to the Rock, that stands
 Too high for me, convey.

3 **T**hou art my Shelter often try'd,
 A Tow'r, that Safety brings ;

4 I'll in thy Holy Place abide,
 And rest beneath thy Wings.

5 For Thou, O God, hast heard my Pray'rs,
 And hearken'd to my Vow ;
 To me Thou wilt a Lot like theirs,
 Who fear thy Name, allow.

6 God do's, by adding Days, the Stage
 Of the King's Life sustain,
 And graciously from Age to Age
 Has bid his Servant reign.

7 He before God shall still abide,
 To save him Mercy shew ;

8 Then I'll thy Praise spread far and wide,
 And to my Vows be true.

PSALM LXII.

1 Wait on God with Confidence,
Him I my Saviour call,
2 My only Rock, my strong Defence ;
I therefore cannot fall.
3 New Mischief will you still intend,
You surely shall be slain ;
You as a leaning Wall shall bend,
As a weak Fence remain.
4 They plot against my Excellence,
Lies with delight they nurse,
Blessings with flatt'ring Mouths dispence,
But inwardly they curse.
5 My Soul, wait thou on God alone,
I still on him rely'd :
6 Him my Defence and Rock I own,
Hence I unmov'd abide.
7 On God do's my Salvation rest,
My Glory and my Crown ;
My Rock of Strength, to me opprest
He's a sure Refuge known.
8 Ye People hear with one Accord,
Your Trust in him repose ;
Pour out your heart before the Lord,
And He'll relieve your Woes.
9 Sure Men of low Degree and high,
If in the Ballance laid,
Are Shadows, and an empty Lye
By Vanity outweigh'd.

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P S A L M LXIII.

10 Trust not in Violence, nor vain
In Fraud and Robb'ry grow ;
Nor set thy Heart on worldly Gain,
Should Riches overflow.

11 Once God did Speak, this twice I heard,
Pow'r and Goodwill are Thine ;

12 O God, who wilt a just Reward
To all Men's Works assign.

P S A L M LXIII.

1 O God, thou art my God, betimes
I'll seek Thee, Thee my Soul do's want ;
None covet more in burning Climes
Fresh Water, than for Thee I pant.

2 To see thy Pow'r, as I have seen,
And Glory, in thy Holy Place :

3 Dearer than Life, thy Love has been,
Hence will I praise thy boundless Grace.

4 Thus will I bless Thee, while I live,
Obedient to thy high Commands ;
I'll send up Pray'rs and Praises give,
And in thy Name lift up my Hands.

5 When in thy House I shall abide,
My Soul, as with rich Marrow fed,
And Fatness, shall be satisfy'd,
While joyful I thy Praises spread.

6 Till I can gain that happy State,
To think on Thee, I'll take Delight ;
In Bed, on Thee I'll meditate
Thro' all the Watches of the Night.

ant on

7 Since

7 Since Thou did'st never Help refuse,
I to thy Wings with Joy repair ;
8 Hard after Thee, my Soul pursues,
Which thy Right-hand upholds with Care.
9 But those, who would my Life betray,
To the low Caves of Death are doom'd ;
10 Slain by the Sword, they'll lie a Prey
By rav'ning Beasts to be consum'd.
11 Still shall the King in God rejoice,
And all that by Jehovah swear,
Shall glory and applaud their Choice,
But Wrath for Lyars he'll prepare.

P S A L M L X I I I . *Another Metre.*

1 O God, Thou art my God, betime
I'll seek Thee, Thee I want:
For Thee amid'st a thirsty Clime,
I languish, long, and pant.
2 To see thy Pow'r, as I have seen
Thee in thy holy Seat :
3 Dearer than Life thy Love has been,
Hence I'll thy Praise repeat.
4 Thus I will bless Thee still, I'll spread
My Hands forth in thy Name ;
5 And as with Fat and Marrow fed,
With Joy thy Praise proclaim.
6 While I in Bed remember Thee,
Jehovah, with Delight,
And meditate attentively,
Thro' ev'ry Stage of Night.

7 Since Thou haft been my Help, I'll chuse
 To rest beneath thy Wings ;
 8 Hard after Thee my Soul pursues,
 Thy Hand my Safety brings.
 9 But thofe, who would my Life betray,
 To Death's low Caves are doom'd.
 10 Slain by the Sword they'll lie a Prey
 By Wolves to be consum'd.

11 O King, in God rejoice, and thofe,
 Who swear by God's great Name,
 Shall Glory, for the Lord will close
 The Lyar's Mouth with Shame.

PSALM LXIV.

1 L ORD, hear my Pray'r, and let me not
 By Foes be terrify'd ;
 2 Me from th' Ungodly's secret Plot,
 And Rage tumultuous hide.
 3 They meditating Mischief whet
 Their Tongues, like keenest Swords ;
 They bend their Bow, their Arrows fet,
 Ev'n sharp and bitter Words.

4 From lurking Holes, and secret Ground,
 They make them take their Flight,
 And fearless, point a fuddain Wound
 Against the Man Upright.
 5 Encourag'd in an evil Way
 They Commune privily,
 How they may fet their Snares; and say
 Profanely, who can See ?

P S A L M L X V .

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6 In searching Ill their Hours they spend,
Deep are their Thoughts and Heart,
7 But God shall suddain Vengeance send,
And wound them with his Dart.
8 They'll with their Tongues each other tear,
No Friends will with them stay ;
9 Men aw'd, God's Justice will declare,
For they'll his Doing weigh.
10 The Righteous shall in God delight,
And ne'er of Safety doubt ;
And all, that are in Heart upright,
Triumphantly shall shout.

P S A L M L X V .

1 P R A I S E waits for Thee, in Zion, we
To Thee our sacred Vows will pay ;
2 O Thou, who hearest Pray'r, to Thee
All Flesh in their Distress shall pray.
3 Iniquities, I must allow,
O'er me prevail with too great Sway ;
Lord, as for our Transgressions, Thou
Wilt purge their heinous Guilt away.
4 Bless'd is the Man, thy Care and Choice,
Call'd to approach thy holy Place,
And tread thy Courts, where we rejoice,
Fill'd with thy Gifts and heav'nly Grace.
5 By Wonders wrought in our Defence,
Lord, thy Salvation we shall find,
Who art the Trust and Confidence
Of sever'd Isles, and Kingdoms joyn'd.

6 He

6 He girt with Pow'r, do's lift on high,
And fixes on their Base the Hills ;

7 He bids loud Billows silent lie,
And the mad People's Uproar stills.

8 Remorest Realms with Terrour shake
To hear thy awful Thunder's Voice,
And see thy Fires, Thou, Lord, do'st make
The Evening and the Morn rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the thirsty Ground
With Rain, God's River of the Skies,
Which cheers the Glebe, whence Fields abound
With Corn, and rip'ning Harvests rise.

10 Abundantly thy Dews distill
On the glad Ridges of the Land ;
Thy soft'ning Show'rs the Furrows fill,
Which fruitful grow at thy Command.

11 Thou with thy Goodness crown'st the Year,
The Clouds, Thou tread'st on, Fatness drop;

12 They with their Stores the Desart cheer,
And give the Hills a joyful Crop.

13 The Pasture woolly Flocks adorn,
With lowing Herds the Highlands ring ;
The spreading Vales are cloath'd with Corn,
And shout for Joy, and grateful sing.

P S A L M L X V . *Another Metre.*

1 For Thee, of Praise the Tribute waits,
O God, on Zion's Hill ;
The solemn Vow, that in my Streights
I made, I'll now fulfill.

2 O Thou

2 O Thou on High, who hearest Pray'r
In Heav'n, thy holy Throne,
To Thee all Nations shall repair,
To make their Trouble known.

3 Iniquities, I must allow,
O'er me have gotten Sway ;
Lord, as for our Transgressions, Thou
Wilt purge their Guilt away.

4 Happy the Man, who by thy Choice
Still in thy Courts may live ;
We in thy Goodness will rejoice,
Which thy blest House shall give.

5 By Wonders wrought in our Defence,
We thy Salvation find,
O God, who art the Confidence
Of Isles and Kingdoms joyn'd.

6 Girded with Pow'r He lifts on High,
And fixes fast the Hills ;

7 He bids loud Billows silent lye,
And the mad People stills.

8 Remotest Realms with Terrour shake,
To hear thy Thunder's Voice,
And see thy Fires ; Thou, Lord, do'st make
The Morn and Eve rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the Ground with Rain,
God's River in the Skies,
Whence all the water'd Fields with Grain
Are blest, and Harvests rise.

10 Abundantly thy Dews distil
Upon the furrow'd Land ;
Thy soft'ning Show'rs the Ridges fill,
Which thrive at thy Command.

11 Thou with thy Goodness crown'st the
Thy Paths rich Fatness drop ; (Year,

12 The Clouds, thy Walks, the Desart cheer,
And give glad Hills their Crop.

13 The Pasture woolly Flocks adorn,
With Herds the Highlands ring ;
The spreading Vales are cloath'd with
And shout for Joy and sing. (Corn,

P S A L M L X V I .

1 **O** All ye Lands, Jehovah's Fame
With Shouts of Triumph raise,

2 Sing forth the Honour of his Name,
And Glorious make his Praise.

3 How awful are thy Works ! o'erpow'r'd
Foes shall Submission feign ;

4 Be Thou through all the Earth ador'd,
Let none from Praise refrain.

5 Come, and with Admiration see
The Works, which God has wrought ;
How dreadful are the Things, which He
On Adam's Sons has brought !

6 The Lord to save his People dry'd
The Waters with his Voice ;
Our Fathers pass'd on foot the Tide,
And did in Him rejoice.

7 God by his Pow'r do's ever reign,
The Nations He surveys :
Then, Rebels, know that you in vain
Your selves against him raise.

8 Ye People bless our God, 'tis meet,
Loud let his Praises sound ;

9 Who guards our Life, and keeps our Feet
Unmov'd on stable Ground.

Part II.

10 Thou hast a Test for us prepar'd,
Try'd us, as Silver's try'd :
11 Our Feet by Nets Thou hast ensnar'd,
With Bonds our Loins hast ty'd.

12 By Thee have Men with Burdens bent
Our Heads, our Shoulders pain'd ;
By Thee thro' Fire and Floods we went,
And a rich Seat have gain'd.

13 I'll to thy House with Off'rings go,
Fulfil'd my Vows shall be ;
14 Vows, which my Lips in Times of Woe,
Have utter'd, Lord, to Thee.

15 Of Fatlings I burnt Sacrifice
Will on thy Altar lay ;
Rams shall in Smoke, like Incense, rise,
I'll Goats and Bullocks slay.

16 Come ye, who God have fear'd and sought,
Attentive Ears prepare ;
What Wonders he for me has wrought,
I will to all declare.

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PSALM LXVII.

17 My Pray'r did Favour with him win,
Him I exalted high;

18 But had I harbour'd Guilt within,
Would God have heard my Cry?

19 But surely me the Lord did hear:

20 Be God for ever blest,
Who from my Pray'r turn'd not his Ear,
Nor Mercy has supprest.

PSALM LXVII.

1 **T**HE Lord be merciful, and bless
His People, *Jacob's Line*;
And may his Face Goodwill express,
And brightly on us shine:

2 That thus thy righteous Way display'd
May to the Earth be shown,
And thy Salvation may be made
Among the Nations known.

3 **O** let the People, Lord, to Thee
Triumphant Praises sing;
Let all the People joyful be,
And praise the Lord, their King.

4 Your Gladness in loud Songs express
Ye Nations far and wide;
For God shall judge in Righteousness,
And all the Kingdoms guide.

5 **O** let the People, Lord, to Thee
Triumphant Praises sing;
Let all the People joyful be,
And praise the Lord, their King.

6 Then

6 Then shall the Earth yield her Increase,
Our God shall Jacob bless ;
7 Our God to bless us shall not cease,
And all shall Him confess.

PSALM LXVII. *Another Metre.*
As the XXVth.

1 **D**O good to Jacob's Race,
To bless us Lord incline ;
Be merciful and make thy Face
Upon thy People shine :
2 That so thy wond'rous Way
The Earth may understand,
And thy Salvation may display
Its Fame through ev'ry Land.
3 Lord let the People raise
Their Voice to praise thy Name ;
Let all the People sing thy Praise,
And thy great Works proclaim.
4 Glad let the Kingdoms be,
And shout for Joy and sing,
For Thou shalt judge them righteously,
Thou of all Nations King.
5 Lord let the People raise
Their Voice to praise thy Name ;
Let all the People sing thy Praise,
And thy great Works proclaim.
6 The Land that we possess,
Shall then yield her Increase,
And God, ev'n our own God, shall bless
Our Tribes with Wealth and Peace.

7 With Blessings us he'll crown,
And Earth's remotest Coasts,
Fill'd with his wonderful Renown,
Shall fear the Lord of Hosts.

P S A L M L X V I I I .

1 **L**E T God in awful Pow'r arise,
And scatter those that hate his Name,
And let his broken Enemies
Fly from before his Face in Shame.

2 As Smoke disperses thro' the Air,
So, Lord, the Wicked shall expire ;
Thy Foes thy Presence shall not bear,
But melt like Wax before the Fire.

3 But let the Just, with one Accord,
Their Minutes in Delight employ ;
Let them express before the Lord,
The highest Marks of holy Joy.

4 Sing Praise to God, his Name advance,
Who rides upon the heav'nly Plains ;
Jah is his Name, before him dance,
And shout and sing in joyful Strains.

5 The Widow's righteous Judge is God,
The Father of the Fatherless,
Ev'n God, in his august Abode,
The Mansion of his Holiness.

6 Those, who of lonely Life complain,
God places in a Family ;
He rescues Captives from their Chain,
But Rebels dwell in Places dry.

7 When God, their mighty Captain, led
His People forth from *Egypt's Land*,
And march'd triumphant at the Head
Of *Israel's Host*, o'er Desart Sand.

8 Before the Lord the Earth did nod,
And shake with Fear, the Heav'ns did melt;
Before the Lord, ev'n *Israel's God*,
Sinai it self Convulsions felt.

9 Thou from the Clouds, thy Stores on high,
Didst send down plenteous Showr's of Rain,
Which did thy Heritage supply,
When fainting in a thirsty Plain.

10 Thy People Thou did'st lead with Care,
And bade them this rich Soil command,
And of thy Goodness did'st prepare,
For the poor Tribes, this fruitful Land.

Part II.

11 God gave the Matter and the Song,
Which for our Vict'ry they should sing,
Who met us in a num'rous Throng,
And made thro' Heav'n our Triumph ring.

12 Princes, by whom great Hosts are led,
Shall fly, shall fly in Fight o'ercome;
Women shall with the Spoil be fed,
And share the Wealth, who stay at Home.

13 Tho', when base Labours you did bear,
Mid'st *Egypt's Pots* deform'd you lay,
Rich Beauty you, like Doves, shall wear,
That Gold and Silver Wings display.

14 When God, the God of boundless Might,
Did Kings in *Canaan* overthrow,
From dark before, it grew as bright,
And pure, as *Salmon's* whitest Snow.

15 God's Hill do's high as *Bashan* climb,
In Strength, as *Bashan's* Hill, excells :

16 What makes you leap, ye Hills sublime ?
In *Zion* God for ever dwells.

17 His Chariots twice Ten Thousand are,
Angels, whose Numbers none can count ;
He's present with his Myriads there,
As once on *Sinai's* holy Mount.

18 On high the Lord, in Triumph rose,
Captivity he Captive led ;
Took Gifts for Men, e'en for his Foes,
That with them God might dwell their Head.

19 Bless'd be the Lord, who Favours new
To us most Gracious still bestows,
The God of our Salvation, who
Unwearied loving Kindness shows.

Part III.

20 To him, whom we our God alone
Acknowledge, we Deliv'rance owe ;
From God, our Lord most high, we own
Of Death the various Issues flow.

21 But God in Anger shall confound
The Men, who his Commands oppose ;
And deep his hairy Scalp shall wound,
Who obstinate in Evil grows.

22 Again,

22 Again, said God, from *Bashan's* King
In Mercy I'll my People Save ;
Again the rescu'd Tribes I'll bring
From the deep Ocean's yielding Wave.

23 So such great Conquests Thou shalt gain
O'er those thy Foes in Numbers strong,
That Thou in Blood pour'd from the slain
May'st dip thy Foot, and Dogs their Tongue.

24 They thy Procession view'd, and saw
The Pomp, that did thy March attend,
When Thou, my God, did'st full of Awe,
To Zion's holy Place ascend.

25 The Quire of Singers led the Way,
Next tuneful Instruments were heard ;
And Damsels, who on Timbrels play,
In the long Order bright appear'd.

26 Marching these Words they did express,
You, who from *Israel's* Fountain spring,
God in your Congregations bless,
And magnifie the Lord, your King.

27 Small *Benjamin*, thy Rulers high,
And *Judah's* Princes thither went ;
And *Zebulon* and *Napthali*,
Your Chiefs, the Triumph did augment.

Part IV.

28 Thy Strength by God's Appointment came,
Be it to fix his Work his Care :

29 Drawn by thy Temple's spreading Fame
Kings shall their Off'rings thither bear.

30 Rebuke the Spearmen in the Field,
 The People's Calves and Bulls of Might,
 Till they with Silver Presents yield ;
 O blast them, who in War delight.

31 *Egypt* to God shall Worship pay,
 And *Cuſb* shall soon Oblations bring ;

32 O all ye Kingdoms sing and pray
 To *Jacob's* God, O Praifes sing.

33 To him, who rides above the Sun
 High in the Heav'ns, his bleſt Abode,
 Stretch'd out 'ere Ancient Times begun,
 And spreads his mighty Voice Abroad.

34 Ascribe, ye Tribes, to God most High
 Strength, that all other Strength outvies.
 On *Israel*, is his Majesty ;
 His glorious Pow'r is in the Skies.

35 O God, Thou greatly art renown'd
 From Heav'n and *Zion's* holy Seat ;
 His People *Jacob's* God has crown'd
 With mighty Pow'r, God's Praise repeat.

P S A L M L X I X .

1 S A V E me, O God, for see, the Flood
 Breaks in, ev'n to my Soul :

2 I sink in Seas and Depths of Mud,
 And Torrents o'er me roll.

3 I'm weary with my constant Cries,
 Parch'd is my Throat of late ;
 Languid and dim are my sad Eyes,
 While for my God I wait.

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4 My causeless Foes my Hairs outvie,
And they excel in Might,
Who would destroy my Soul, then I,
For Peace, gave up my Right.

5 My Trespasses, which I confess,
To Thee are all reveal'd,
O Lord, Thou seest my Foolishness,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd.

6 Lord God of Hosts, let not the Just
For my sake hang their Head ;
Nor they, O Israel's God, who trust
In Thee with Shame be spread.

7 Because for Thee I suffer'd Blame,
Contempt on me was thrown ;

8 I to my Brethren strange became,
And to my Friends, unknown.

9 Zeal for thy House has me devour'd,
I'm eaten up with Care,
And the Reproaches on Thee pour'd
I did afflicted bear.

Part II.

10 When Tears I vented from my Eyes
Kept chast'ning Fasts, and mourn'd,
Behold this Grief, these Tears and Sighs
To my Reproach were turn'd.

11 I for my Garment Sackcloth us'd,
A Proverb I was long,

12 I by the Judges am abus'd,
And made the Drunkard's Song.

13 But

13 But as for me, I'll seek the Lord,
 At Times when he will hear ;
 As Thou art faithful to thy Word,
 And merciful give ear.

14 To my Deliv'rance, Lord, attend,
 Nor make the Mire my Grave ;
 From them, that hate me, me defend,
 And from deep Waters save.

15 Do not the swelling Flood permit,
 Or Deep, that threat'ning flows,
 To swallow me, nor let the Pit
 Her Mouth upon me close.

16 Thine Ear to my Petition bow,
 Good is thy Kindnes found ;
 Turn to thy Servant, Lord, for Thou
 In Mercy do'st abound.

17 Hide not thy Face, for sore I grieve,
 With speed my Trouble hear ;

18 That thou from Foes may'st me relieve,
 Lord, to my Soul draw near.

19 The Shame and Slanders I endur'd,
 O Lord, are in thy Eye ;
 The Foes, which my Disgrace procur'd,
 Before Thee open lye.

Part III.

20 Reproach has broke my heavy Heart,
 I'm sad, I look'd around
 For some who Comfort might impart,
 I look'd, but none I found.

21 For Meat, that might my Hunger sink,
To bring me Gall they slew ;
They gave me Vinegar to drink,
When pain'd I thirsty grew.

22 O let their Table, richly spread,
Become their Snare and Sin,
And what should Joy and Peace have bred,
Turn to a fatal Gin.

23 Their blasted Eyes let Darkness drown,
Disarm their Loins of Pow'r ;

24 Send thou thy Indignation down,
Let Wrath their Souls devour.

25 Their Mansions and their Tents lay waste,
For they his Pain promote

26 Whom thou hast scourg'd, and on them cast
Reproach, whom thou hast smote.

27 Let them repeat Iniquity,
On Evil Evil raise ;
Nor let their Minds inlighten'd be
To find thy righteous Ways.

28 Ne'er let the Book of Life the Name
Of such recorded hold,
Nor with the Just of spotless Fame,
Lord, let them be enroll'd.

29 But I am poor and sorrowful,
In Depths of Woe I lie ;
Lord, thence let thy Salvation pull,
And set me up on high.

Part IV.

30 In Songs to praise the Lord above,
I thankful will engage ;

31 This will to God more grateful prove
Than Bullocks ripe of Age.

32 This to the Just shall Joy impart,
Who my Deivrance see ;
And Comfort shall revive their Heart,
O God, who trust in Thee.

33 Our gracious God will hear the Cries
Of his afflicted Poor ;
Nor will the Pris'ner's Voice despise,
Who do's his Name adore.

34 O let the Earth, and Heav'n's above,
The Ocean, and the Air,
And all that in them live and move,
Jehovah's Praise declare.

35 For God will give to Zion Rest,
And Judah's Cities build,
To be by Jacob's Race possest,
And with his People fill'd.

36 And here his Servant's favour'd Seed
In lasting Peace shall reign,
And they, who love his Name shall freed
From Trouble here remain.

PSALM LXX.

1 **L**ORD, haste to my Deliv'rance make,
To help me speed thy Flight ;

2 Confound them, who my Life would take,
And in my Hurt delight.

3 Let them turn back and routed fly,
Their shameful Deeds reward,
Who did, aha, insulting cry,
And no Reproaches spar'd.

4 Let it their Joy and Triumph prove,
Who in the Lord confide,
Say ye, who his Salvation love,
Let God be magnify'd.

5 To me afflicted, poor, and low,
Make haste, O God, I pray ;
Thou my Deliv'rer help bestow,
O Lord, make no Delay.

PSALM LXXI.

1 **I**N Thee, O Lord, I put my Trust,
With Shame ne'er cover me ;

2 Deliver me, for thou art just,
Hear, save, and set me free.

3 Be thou my strong Abode, O Lord,
To which I may resort ;
To save me thou hast giv'n thy Word ;
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

4 Me from the wicked Hand defend,
The cruel and unjust ;

5 For Lord, my Hopes on Thee depend,
Ev'n from my Youth my Trust.

6 Thou from the Womb hast me sustain'd,
Whence Thou did'st set me free ;
And since such Mercies I have gain'd,
I'll still sing Praise to Thee.

7 A Wonder I am grown of Woe,
But God's my pow'rful Stay ;

8 His Praises from my Mouth shall flow,
I'll honour Him all Day.

9 From me thy Favour do not take,
When I am Old and Frail ;
Do not thy Servant, Lord, forsake,
When Mind and Body fail.

Part II.

10 See, my malignant Enemies,
Lies to defame me make ;
And my Destruction to devise,
Together Counsel take.

11 His God will now no more, they cry,
His hateful Cause assert ;
Then to assault him let us fly,
None can the Blow avert.

12 Be not far off, my God, make haste,
To save me Succour send ;

13 Consume my mortal Foes, and blast
All, who my Hurt intend.

14 But still thy Goodness, Lord, shall raise
 My Hope, and me restore ;
 I Thee will glorifie, and praise
 Thy Name, yet more and more.

15 I thy Salvation all the Day,
 And Righteousness will show ;
 Exprest in such a various Way,
 I can't their Number know.

16 I'll enter on this Task with Care,
 And first thy Pow'r make known ;
 I will to all, O Lord, declare
 Thy Justice, thine alone.

Part III.

17 Lord, Thou by Lessons manifold,
 My early Youth has taught,
 And hitherto have I extoll'd
 The Wonders Thou hast wrought.

18 Forsake me not, now old and grey,
 Till I thy Arm have shewn ;
 Till I thy Strength to this display,
 And Ages yet unknown.

19 Thy Righteousness is very high,
 Thy Deeds unrivall'd are ;
 With Thee, Jehovah, who can vie ?
 His Pow'r with thine compare ?

20 Thou, who did'st make me Trouble know,
 Again shalt quicken me ; (Woe,
 From Earth's low Caves, and Depths of
 Shall I be brought by Thee.

21 My Honour Thou shalt higher raise,
And me with Comforts crown ;

22 With Psalt'ry, Harp, thy Truth I'll praise,
O Israel's Holy One ! (bless

23 My Soul, which Thou hast say'd, shall
With joyful Shouts thy Name.

24 All Day I'll tell thy Righteousness,
Who put'st my Foes to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 Give to the King thy Wisdom's Light,
Thy Justice to his Son ;

2 So shall he judge the People right,
And help th' afflicted one,

3 The Mountains, with the Fruits of Peace,
Shall the glad People bless ;
The little Hills the like Increase
Shall yield by Righteousness.

4 He'll to the Poor see Justice done,
And break th' Oppressour's Might ;

5 As long they'll fear Thee, as the Sun
And Moon shall give their Light.

6 From Heav'n his Influence shall drop,
As on mown Meads the Rain,
And as sweet Show'rs, to raise the Crop,
Descend, and drench the Plain.

7 The Man, that follows Righteousness,
Shall flourish in his Days ;
And plenteous Peace the Land shall bless,
'Till quite the Moon decays.

PSALM LXXII.

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8 From Sea to Sea, this King shall send
 To all, his high Command,
 And from *Euphrates* to the End
 Of *Palestina's* Land.

9 Nor shall they in the Wilderness
 Their Sands and Mountains trust,
 But bow, Subjection to express,
 And prostrate lick the Dust.

10 The King's of *Tarshish* and the Isles,
 With Gifts shall court the King ;
Sheba's and *Seba's* Lords shall Spoils,
 For Presents, to him bring.

11 All Princes shall his Subjects grow,
 All Nations Him obey ;

12 For He the destitute and low
 Will succour when they pray.

Part II.

13 He'll spare the Needy and the Poor,
 And save them by his Might ;

14 Their Lives, which He'll from Force
 Are precious in his Sight. (secure,

15 And He shall live, and *Sheba's* Gold
 Men to the King shall pay ;
 He constantly shall be extoll'd,
 And pray'd for ev'ry Day.

16 Of Corn, an handful sown, shall crown
 So thick the Mountain's Brows,
 The Ears shall shake like *Lebanon*,
 When to the Wind it bows.

And

And they, within the City Wall,
Like Grass shall be increast.

17 His Name shall ever live, and all
Shall bless Him, and be blest.

18 Still the Lord God, who's pleas'd to own
The House of *Israel*, praise ;
Who do's the Things perform alone,
That Admiration raise.

19 Ye People, his exalted Name
For ever glorify ;
Thro' all the Earth be heard his Fame ;
Amen, Amen, reply.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 **G**OD surely is to *Israel* good,
And all the Pure in Heart ;

2 But, as for me, I doubtful stood,
Almost aside did start.

3 To see the Fool and Wicked blest,
I did with Envy swell :

4 No Plagues, 'till Death, do them molest,
But in full Strength they dwell.

5 They seldom are, like others, found
In Trouble or in Pain :

6 Hence Pride and Violence surround
Them, as a Vest or Chain.

7 Their Eyes start out with Fat o'ergrown,
They've more than Heart's Content ;

8 They are corrupt, Oppression own,
And lofty Speeches vent.

9 Against the Heav'ns their Mouths they set,
The Heav'ns God's blest Abode ;
And thro' the Earth they shameless let
Their Tongues run loose abroad.

10 To these return the Tribes around,
And in their Vices sink ;
And from a Cup with Plenty crown'd
Full Draughts of Pleasure drink.

11 Now with blaspheming Lips they cry,
How do's th' Almighty know ?
Do's He, that dwells in Heav'n on High,
Observe what's done below ?

12 Behold, this wicked Race are they,
Whole Days are blest with Peace ;
Who prosper, and with Joy can say,
Our Pow'r and Wealth increase.

13 Sure I with Care have purg'd my Heart,
And cleans'd my Hands in vain ;

14 All Day I've suffer'd grievous Smart,
Each Morn chastising Pain.

15 But that, which now I rashly say,
Should I as Truth declare,
I should their righteous Cause betray,
Who thy true Children are.

Part II.

16 To know this, when my Thoughts were
I found the Task too hard ; (bent,
17 Till to thy Holy Place I went,
And that their End declar'd.

18 Sure

18 Sure they on slipp'ry Ground were plac'd,
By Thee to Ruin doom'd ;

19 How suddainly are they laid waste ?
With Terrors how consum'd ?

20 See, as a Dream, when one awakes,
So all their Glory dies ;
When God his Seat to judge them takes,
He shall their Pomp despise.

21 Thus at my Heart did Sorrow lie,
My Reins were sore opprest ;

22 So dull and ignorant was I,
Ev'n as a stupid Beast.

23 Yet always I with Thee abide,
Who me thy Care do'st make ;

24 Me with thy Counsel Thou wilt guide,
And then to Glory take.

25 Who is there, Lord, in Heav'n above,
But Thee, that I require ?
On Earth below, whom can I love,
And like thy Self desire ?

26 My Flesh has quite consum'd its Stock,
My Heart is troubled sore ;
But God is of my Heart the Rock,
My Portion evermore.

27 For they, who are estrang'd from Thee,
Shall perish in their Way ;
Thou mad'st them Desolation see,
Who go from Thee astray.

28 But Freedom to approach Thee nigh,
My Soul with Pleasure feeds ;
I plac'd my Trust in God, that I
Might tell of all thy Deeds.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 **W**HAT do's the Lord so much provoke
To cast us off, his Tribes of old?
What causes thy fierce Wrath to smoke
Against thy own peculiar Fold?

2 Regard thy Purchase, Jacob's Race,
This Tribe, this Heritage thy own,
Redeem'd and blest with Marks of Grace,
Ev'n this Mount Zion, once thy Throne.

3 With speedy Feet to save us run,
Thy Help our Desolations need ; (done,
From Wrongs, which wicked Foes have
Lord, let thy holy Place be freed.

4 Thy shouting Foes possess thy Gates,
And triumph, where thy People met ;
On high prevailing Potentates
Proud Banners, Signs of Conquest, set.

5 A Man, that fell'd the Trees thick Rows,
To build the Temple, gain'd Renown ;

6 But now the Hammers of our Foes,
And Axes break the carv'd Work down.

7 Thy sacred House they did deface,
And with devouring Flames confound ;
They have defil'd thy dwelling Place,
And laid it level with the Ground.

8 They in their Hearts, said, out of Hand
Let us this People quite destroy :
They did their Troops thro' all the Land,
To burn our Synagogues employ.

9 We now behold the sacred Signs
 Of God's blest Presence here no more;
 No Prophet warns us, none divines
 When God will our lost State restore.

Part II.

10 How long shall they, who God oppose,
 With vile Reproaches him defame?
 For ever shall his impious Foes
 Reflect Dishonour on his Name?

11 O, wherefore do'st thou draw away
 Thy Hand, O Lord, ev'n thy right Hand?
 Forth from thy Bosom pull it, slay
 The wicked Race, who Thee withstand.

12 For God has been my King of old,
 Whose Pow'r has great Salvation wrought,
 Thro' Ages in Succession roll'd,
 In this, and all the Realms remote.

13 Thou did'st the Seas extended Beds
 By thy resistless Strength divide,
 And of the Crocodiles the Heads
 Thy Vengeance broke amid'st the Tide.

14 Thou did'st *Leviathan* suppress,
 And gav'st his mighty Limbs a Prey,
 To People, that the Woods possess,
 And o'er the howling Desart stray.

15 As in the thirsty Wilderness
 Thou did'st the weeping Rock divide,
 Whence issuing Streams did *Jacob* bless,
 So thou hast mighty Rivers dry'd.

Part

Part III.

16 Thine is the Day, the Night is thine,
Thou hast the Sun and Moon display'd ;

17 Thou to the Realms dost Bounds assign,
Summer and Winter thou hast made.

18 Remember, that the impious School,
Ev'n scoffing Foes thy Ways condemn'd ;
And that the proud, immoral Fool
Thy Name, Jehovah, has blasphem'd.

19 O, never give thy Turtle Dove
To Men of Violence a Prey ;
Nor from thy Thoughts the Poor remove,
Who helpless thy Protection pray.

20 Respect thy Covenant, O God,
That Canaan may by us be till'd,
For these dark Places, our Abode,
With Rapine and with Blood are fill'd.

21 Let not th' Oppress'd thy Silence mourn,
Nor when they seek Thee, suffer Shame ;
Nor e'er unheard from Thee return,
Still let the Needy praise thy Name.

22 To argue thy own Cause arise,
See, how the Fool Reproaches throws ;

23 Observe th' insulting Enemies,
Their Tumult daily higher grows.

PSALM LXXV.

1 **W**E offer Thanks to God on high,
For Thee we Songs prepare ;
That Thou to succour us art nigh,
Thy wond'rous Works declare.

2 When I th' appointed Time shall take
To guide the gather'd Tribes,
My Rule of Government I'll make,
What Equity prescribes.

3 The Land, and all its People wear,
Dissolve, and melt away ;
And did not I its Pillars bear,
It wholly would decay.

4 I bade the Fool from Folly fly,
The Proud their Pride restrain,

5 Nor let them lift their Horn on High,
Nor utter Speeches vain.

6 From North or South, from East or West,
Deliv'rance will not come :

7 God is the Judge, some are deprest
By Him, and rais'd are some.

8 God holds of red mixt Wine a Bowl,
To each his Share do's pour ;
But the strong Dreggs wrung out the Soul
Of all his Foes devour.

9 But I'll extoll and ever praise
The God of Jacob's Race ;

10 The Just to Honour I will raise,
And impious Men debase.

PSALM LXXV. *Another Metre.*
As the CXIII.

1 **W**E thank Thee, thank Thee, God
For that thy mighty Pow'r is nigh,
Plainly thy wond'rous Works confess ;

2 When I the Assembly shall regain,
I Laws impartial will ordain,
And Justice shall my People bless.

3 The Earth and each Inhabitant
Dissolve with Fear, and Succour want,
But I its shaking Pillars bear ;

4 I said to Fools, from Folly fly,
And to th' Unjust, no more on high
Lift proudly up your Horn in Air.

5 Do not lift up on high your Horn,
Nor speak with Arrogance and Scorn,
But from your boastful Words refrain ;

6 For turn to East, or West, or North,
Or to the Southern Hills go forth,
You'll hope to scape God's Wrath in vain.

7 God is the Judge, who can with Ease
Sink Men or raile them, as He please ;

8 For in his Hand there is a Cup
Of red mixt Wine, and of it All (Gall,
Shall taste, but Dreggs wrung out, like
Shall by the Wicked be drunk up.

9 But this for ever I'll declare,
And Praises sing with pious Care,
To God whilst I remain alive ;
10 And of the proud ungodly Race
The lofty Horns I will debase,
But those of righteous Men shall thrive.

P S A L M LXXVI.

1 **T**h' Almighty is in *Judah* known,
His Name's in *Israel* great ;
2 In *Salem* is his holy Throne,
And *Zion* is his Seat.
3 Here breaks he Arrows, Shields and Swords,
And Battles in Array ;
4 Thou art more glorious than the Lords,
Who Mountains are of Prey.
5 Now are their Warriours bold in Fight,
Of Booty gain'd bereft ;
In Death they slept, no Men of Might
To lift the Hand were left.
6 Pale Charioteers and Horsemen shook,
And fell, no more to rise ;
O, *Jacob's* God, at thy Rebuke
Dead Sleep seal'd up their Eyes.
7 Thou, Lord, ev'n Thou do'st Fear com-
By thy resistless Might ; (mand,
When Thou art angry, who can stand
Undaunted in thy Sight !

PSALM LXXVII. 161

8 From Heav'n thy Terrors were declar'd,
The Nations aw'd grew still ;
9 When God to Judgment came to guard
The Meek, that do his Will.
10 Thou Praise from wrathful Men, that rose
Against Thee, shalt obtain ;
The Remnant of thy angry Foes
Thy Pow'r shall sure restrain.
11 Vow to the Lord your God and King,
And pay your solemn Vow ;
Ye Nations to Him Presents bring,
To whom all Pow'rs should bow.
12 He Lords and Chiets of mighty States
Shall utterly destroy ;
He Terrour in their Hearts creates,
Who princely Pow'r enjoy.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 **T**O God I Supplication made,
And with my Voice I cry'd
When Troubles did my Soul invade,
And he with me comply'd.
2 I sought the Lord in my sad Day,
And while I wak'd by Night,
With Hands spread forth still did I pray,
My Soul did Comfort slight.
3 I, when I thought of God, was pain'd,
Who once was my Relief ;
And when in Anguish I complain'd,
My Pray'r enreas'd my Grief..

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4 Thou do'st my Eye-lids waking hold,
I faint, and speechless grow ;

5 And well I weigh'd th' Events of Old
To mitigate my Woe.

6 The Songs, which in thy Praise I made,
I call to Mind by Night ;
Thy Dealings in my Heart I weigh'd,
And search'd instructive Light.

7 For ever shall thy Wrath prevail ?
No more will God relent ?

8 For ever shall thy Promise fail ?
Are all thy Mercies spent ?

9 Has God forgotten to be kind ?
Do's he so angry grow,
That he his Mercies has confin'd,
That they no more shall flow ?

10 I said, these anxious Doubts and Fears
Rise from distemper'd Thought,
I'll weigh the Deeds of former Years,
Which God's Right Hand has wrought.

11 I'll keep thy Works in Memory,
Thy Wonders done of old ;

12 My Contemplation they shall be,
Nor shall they be untold.

Part II.

13 Thy Ways oft dark, tho' just and wise,
Thy holy Place explains ;
What God with ours in Greatness vies,
Or so exalted reigns ?

14 Thou

14 Thou art the God, who dost delight
By Wonders to be known ;
Thou hast thy matchless Strength and
To all the People shown. (Might)

15 By thy strong Arm Thou did'st restore
Thy People, Jacob's Seed,
And Joseph from proud Egypt's Shore,
And Bondage Thou hast freed.

16 The Waters saw Thee, Lord, the Flood
Of Waters saw, and fear'd ;
The Depths profound astonish'd stood,
When God in Pow'r appear'd.

17 Th' assembled Clouds pour'd Waters out,
Sounds from the Skies were sent ;
Amazing Sounds, while all about
Thy peircing Arrows went.

18 Thy Voice thro' troubled Fields of Air
In Thunder roar'd around ;
The Lightnings spread their flashing Glare,
And shook the trembling Ground.

19 Thou thro' the Sea do'st make a Way,
Where not a Path is shown :
The mighty Waters Thee obey,
Nor are thy Footsteps known.

20 By Moses and by Aaron's Hands,
Thou, Lord, thy People's Head,
Thro' raging Gulphs and desert Lands,
Thy Flock hast safely led.

PSALM LXXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y People you your selves profess,
Therefore my Law obedient hear,
And to the Words my Lips express,
Attentively incline your Ear.
- 2 Events important I will shew,
Things dark by Length of Time unfold ;
- 3 Which we have heard, and known are true,
And which our faithful Fathers told.
- 4 We from their Sons will not conceal
The Triumphs by Jehovah won ;
We will his mighty Strength reveal,
And the great Wonders by him done.
- 5 For He a Statute did ordain,
And fix'd a Law in *Israel's* State,
- 6 That Sons unborn might in a Train,
His Works from Age to Age relate.
- 7 That they their Hope in God might set,
Their Trust on his try'd Mercy lay ;
Nor e'er his mighty Deeds forget,
Or sacred Precepts disobey.
- 8 And might not like their Father's Race,
Rebellious, proud and stubborn prove,
Who did their Hearts on Evil place,
Nor stedfast were to God their Love.
- 9 The Sons of *Ephraim* arm'd with Bows,
Did in the Day of Battle fly ;
- 10 They broke their Word and solemn Vows,
And did to keep his Laws deny.

Part II.

11 To Disobedience still inclin'd
They shew'd they had his Works forgot ;
The mighty Works of sundry Kind,
Which in their Favour God had wrought.

12 Things which Astonishment create,
Th' Almighty did by his Right Hand,
And Wonders, in their Father's Sight,
On Zoan's Field in *Egypt's* Land.

13 The raging Billows of the Main
Divided at his high Command ;
And that the Tribes might Passage gain,
He made in Heaps the Waters stand.

14 He with a shelt'ring Cloud by Day
His People up from *Egypt* led,
And did by Night, to shew their Way,
A Light of Fire before them spread.

15 God in the thirsty Desart clav'd
The Rocks, with wonder-working Force ;

16 And Drink in great abundance gave,
While Streams like Rivers took their Course.

17 In the wild Sands they sinn'd yet more,
Provoking God by vile Distrust ;

18 And tempted him amidst their Store,
By asking Meat to please their Lust.

19 Reproachful Words of God they said,
And did his Truth and Pow'r arraign ;
Can he a plenteous Table spread,
They cry, in this unfruitful Plain ?

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20 He smote the Rock, outgush'd the Spring,
 Sweet Streams the Land did overflow,
 But can he Bread to *Jacob* bring,
 And from his Treasures Flesh bestow?

Part III.

21 God heard, was wroth, a Fire most just
 Against all *Israel* kindled rose ;
 22 For they believ'd not God, nor Trust
 In his Salvation would repose.
 23 Tho' to the Clouds he gave command
 To set their Doors and Sluces free ;
 24 Then rain'd down Manna on the Land,
 And Corn from Heav'n's rich Granary.
 25 Man was refresh'd with wond'rous Meat,
 With most refin'd and pleasant Bread,
 Which from the distant Skies, the Seat
 Of Angels, on the Earth was shed.
 26 From the South-east he bade the Wind
 Blow in the Heav'ns, whence Flesh he pour'd,
 27 Flesh thick as Dust for Food design'd,
 And feather'd Fowls, like Sand, he showr'd.
 28 The falling Meat did overspread
 Their Camp, and all their Tents around ;
 29 They eat, and were to Fulness fed,
 For God their utmost Wishes crown'd.
 30 They persever'd still in their Lust ;
 But while their Meat paiz'd down their Throat,
 31 They felt God's Arm, whose Vengeance just
 The Strongest and the Chosen smote.

32 Nor did they yet from Sin refrain,
Nor could his Works Conviction raise ;
33 Hence he consum'd in Wand'rings vain
Their Years, and in Distress their Days.

Part IV.

34 They sought th' Almighty, when involv'd
In Storms of Wrath, and Succour pray'd ;
To leave their evil Ways resolv'd,
And after God Inquiry made.
35 They now remember'd that their Rock,
And Saviour was the Lord most high ;
36 Yet flatt'ring they their God did mock,
And worship'd with a hateful Lye.
37 For Constancy they still did want,
Nor were their Hearts to God sincere ;
Nor to their solemn Covenant
Did they with Faithfulness adhere.
38 Yet graciously their Sin's Desert
He pardon'd, nor their Race distroy'd ;
He oft his Anger did avert,
Nor once his utmost Wrath employ'd.
39 Compassionate He call'd to Mind
They were but Flesh, and soon would
A Vapour, or a Blast of Wind, (fall ;
That none, when vanish'd, can recall.
40 How oft his Anger did they raise,
And grieve his Soul in Lands unknown ?
41 Murm'ring they tempted God, and Ways
Prescrib'd to *Israel's* Holy One.

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42 They did not keep in Mind, nor lay
To Heart the Wonders of his Hand,
And that renown'd Salvation-Day,
When they were freed from Pharoah's Land.

Part V.

43 How God his Signs in *Egypt* wrought,
Which Fear and Admiration yield,
And how his Might Deliv'rance brought,
By Wonders done in Zoan's Field.

44 How he converted into Blood
The Rivers that refresh'd the Soil,
And all their Streams and ev'ry Flood,
Till none could drink them, did defile.

45 He rais'd unnumber'd Swarms of Flies,
And his wing'd Host on *Egypt* pour'd,
Whence Plagues contagious did arise,
While Frogs thro' all the Land devour'd.

46 The Caterpillar had for Meat
Th' increasing Offspring of the Soil,
And Locusts numberless did eat
Their Harvest, and devour'd their Toil.

47 Their Fig-trees and their Vines were lost,
Beat down by pond'rous Show'rs of Hail;
The Sycomores by Cold and Frost,
Their blasted Beauty did bewail.

48 To Storms of icy Stones He gave
Their num'rous Flocks, that graze the Hill,
Nor from his Thunder could they save
The Herds, that did the Valley fill.

49 For on them hot Displeasure He
Fierce Wrath and Indignation cast,
By evil Angels Ministry,
He vex'd and laid their Country waste.

Part VI.

50 Intent on Vengeance He prepar'd,
To his just Rage, a ready Way ;
Nor the vile Stock from Ruin spar'd,
But gave them to his Plagues a Prey.

51 His Angel did, at his Command,
Destruction on the First-Born pour,
Thro' all the Towns of *Egypt's* Land,
Of *Ham's* curs'd Race, the Strength and
(Flow'r.)

52 But He, his People led like Sheep,
His Flock thro' all the howling Waste ;

53 And did their Sons in Safety keep,
Whilst c'er their Foes the Ocean paſt.

54 The Tribes He to the Border brought
Of his peculiar holy Land ;
This Land of Mountains, where He fought,
And Conquest gain'd by his Right-hand.

55 He took the Field on *Jacob's* Side,
And did the heathen Pow'rs expell ;
Then did by Line their Lots divide,
And in their Tents make *Israel* dwell.

56 Yet still they tempted God most High,
Nor did his righteous Laws obey ;

57 Truth, like their Fathers, they deny,
Like a false Bow they turn'd away.

Part VII.

58 Him their high Places did displease,
And made his kindling Anger glow,
And by their Graven Images
He did enrag'd and jealous grow.

59 God heard, was wroth, and *Israel's* Race
Abhor'd, and *Shiloh* he forsook,

60 *Shiloh*, his known abiding Place,
And of his Tent his Farewell took.

61 His Strength and Glory then the Lord
To proud *Philistia* captive made ;

62 Gave up his People to the Sword,
And did in Rage his Lot invade.

63 Now were their Youth by Fire consum'd,
Nor was the Virgin made a Bride ;

64 The guilty Priests to Slaughter doom'd
Unpity'd by their Widows dy'd.

65 At length the Lord our God awakes,
As one, that do's his Bed resign,
Or one, that Strength and Courage takes,
Inflam'd by Draughts of gen'rous Wine.

66 The Heathens Hinder-parts He smote,
Which gave them Pain and endless Shame;

67 Nor did He *Joseph's* Pow'r promote,
Nor *Ephraim*, as his Fav'rite, Name.

68 But He the Tribe of *Judah* chose,
The Mountain *Zion*, which He lov'd :

69 On High his Holy Temple rose,
And as the Earth will stand unmov'd.

70 He did his Servant *David* chuse,
And from the Sheepfold took the King ;
71 Whom God, from tending pregnant Ewes,
To feed his chosen Tribes did bring.

72 So with Integrity of Heart,
He fed them, and their Wants supply'd ;
And by a watchful Ruler's Art,
Their Nation with Success did guide.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

1 **T**HE Conqu'ring Heathens, Lord,
Their Arms to thy Inheritance ;
Thy Holy Seat they have defil'd,
And *Salem*'s beauteous City spoil'd.

2 Thy Servants Bodies they have giv'n,
Meat to the rav'ning Birds of Heav'n ;
And of thy Saints the Flesh did yield
To Beasts of Prey, that range the Field.

3 Their flowing Blood, like Waters shed
About *Jerusalem* was spread ;
And while their Dead lay on the Ground,
See, none to bury them were found.

4 Reproach our Neighbours on us throw,
While we the Scoffer's Subject grow.

5 Still shall thy Wrath new Heat acquire ;
Thy jealous Rage still burn like Fire ?

6 With Floods of Fury whelm them o'er,
Who do not *Israel*'s God adore ;
And let the Realms with Plagues be fill'd,
Who to thy Name no Altar build.

7 For they have Wrath on *Jacob* pour'd,
And cruelly his Seed devour'd :
They have his harrass'd Land defac'd,
And laid his Habitation waste.

8 Past Errors, Lord, remember not,
And be our heinous Crimes forgot :
Make haste, thy tender Mercies show,
For we are brought down very low.

Part II.

9 Help, Lord of our Salvation, grant,
For thy own Glory, Help we want :
Deliver us, and for the Love
Of thy great Name our Guilt remove.

10 Why, where's their God do Heathens cry ?
Amid'st the Realms before our Eye,
Let him be known by Vengeance spread
For *Israel's* Blood, which they have shed.

11 Lord, to the Pris'ner bow thy Ear,
Wipe off his Tears, his Sighing hear ;
Keep them who in Captivity
Are yet unsate, nor let them Dy.

12 Reviling Neighbours, Lord, requite
Sev'n-fold for their malignant Spite :
Pour on them that reproach and blame,
Which they have cast on thy great Name.

13 So we thy People, *Jacob's* Seed,
The Sheep that on thy Pasture feed,
For ever will our Thanks express,
And Thee thro' cndless Ages bless.

PSALM LXXX.

1 **S**HEPHERD of *Israel*, who do'st guide
Joseph thy Flock, give Ear ;
 Who mid'st the Cherubs do'st reside,
 Shine forth, and bright appear.

2 Before *Manasseh*, *Benjamin*,
 And *Ephraim*, *Jacob*'s Seed,
 Stir up thy Strength, thy March begin,
 Come save us, Lord, with Speed.

3 Turn us again, and let thy Face
 For our Salvation shine ;

4 How long, O Lord, will be the Space
 'Ere Thou thy Ear incline ? (Life,

5 With Tears for Bread Thou feed'st our
 For Drink do'st Tears impose ;

6 To Neighbours we are made a Strife,
 And Laughter to our Foes.

7 Turn us, Lord God of Hosts, we pray,
 And we'll thy Praises sing ;
 The Glories of thy Face display,
 Which will Salvation bring.

8 Thou mov'dst a Vine, in *Egypt* found,
 To Lands whence Heathens fled ;

9 It took deep Root in labour'd Ground,
 And did the Realm o'erspread.

10 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
 Its Head, like *Cedars*, rose ;

11 These Botughs it to the Sea convey'd,
 And to *Euphrates* those.

12 Why then her Fence didst Thou confound,
And her high Hedges tear,
That all, who now pass by, may wound
Her Limbs, and make her bare ?

13 The Savage Boar, that haunts the Wood,
O'er runs and lays it waste ;
By Beasts, that range the Field for Food,
Th' Enclosure is defac'd.

Part II.

14 Lord God of Hosts return, we pray,
Thy Ear to us incline ;
Look down well pleas'd from Heav'n,
And visit this thy Vine. (survey)

15 Regard the Vineyard in our Land,
Planted by thy great Might ;
Regard the Branch by thy Right Hand
Made strong for thy Delight.

16 Behold thy Vine is burnt with Fire,
Her Branches are cut down ;
Thy People languish and expire
By thy rebuking Frown.

17 Stretch forth thy Hand, and let it aid
The Man of thy Right Hand,
The Son of Man, whom thou hast made
Strong for thy Self to stand.

18 So with distinguish'd Favours blest
We will revolt no more ;
Revive our Souls, with Peace and Rest,
And we'll thy Name adore.

PSALM LXXX.

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19 Turn us, Lord God of Hosts, we pray,
 And we'll thy Praises sing ;
 The Glories of thy Face display,
 Which will Salvation bring.

PSALM LXXX. *Another Metre.*
As the XXV.

1 **O** Israel's Shepherd, hear,
 Who Joseph's Flock hast led,
 Who mid'st the Cherubs dost appear,
 Abroad thy Glory spread.

2 Come save us in the Sight
 Of Ephriam, Benjamin,
 Manasseh, Lord, shew forth thy Might,
 Which they have often seen.

3 Turn us, O God, again,
 Thy Face, Lord, let us see,
 And when that Favour we obtain,
 We shall deliver'd be.

4 Lord God of Hosts, O say,
 How long must we despair ?
 How long wilt Thou thy Wrath display
 Deaf to thy People's Pray'r ?

5 Thou giv'st them Tears for Bread,
 Abundant Tears for drink ;

6 To Neighbours we a Strife are made,
 Foes laugh to see us sink.

7 Turn us, O God, again,
 Thy Face, Lord, let us see,
 And when that Favour we obtain,
 We shall deliver'd be.

8 Thou

8 Thou mov'd'st a chosen Vine
 To this, from Egypt's Land,
 Drov'st out the Heathen with Design
 To plant it with thy Hand.
 9 Fit Room Thou did'st prepare
 And mad'st it take deep Root,
 It flourish'd by thy tender Care,
 And fill'd the Land with Fruit.
 10 Her Shade the Hills did hide,
 Like Cedars grew her Head ;
 11 From Midland Seas her Branches wide
 Did to *Euphrates* spread.
 12 Why did'st Thou level lay
 Her Fence, her Hedges tare,
 That all, that pass along the Way,
 May pluck and make her bare ?
 13 The Boar, that do's infest
 The Wood, roots up her Soil ;
 And of the Field the Salvage Beast
 Devours the Lab'rer's Toil.

Part II.

14 Return, O God, we pray,
 To us thy Ear incline ;
 Look down from Heav'n, O Lord, survey
 And visit this thy Vine,
 15 And Vineyard open laid,
 Tho' planted by thy Might,
 And the chief Branch, which Thou hast
 Strong for thy own Delight. (made

P S A L M LXXXI.

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16 Fire has her Boughs consum'd,
Great Numbers are cut down ;
They are by Wrath to ruin doom'd,
And perish at thy Frown.

17 The Man of thy Right Hand
Still succour with thy Aid ;
The Son of Man, whom to withstand
Thy Foes, Thou strong hast made.

18 So we will never more
Go back, O God, from Thee ;
But will thy Name alone adore,
Do Thou but set us free.

19 Turn us, O God, again,
Thy Face, Lord, let us see,
And when that Favour we obtain,
We shall deliver'd be.

P S A L M LXXXI.

1 SING to the Lord, our Strength aloud,
Aloft your Voices raise ;
The Lord, who Love to *Jacob* vow'd,
With Shouts of Triumph praise.

2 Sing Psalms, your Joy let Timbrels show,
On Harp and Psalt'ry play ;

3 In the New Moon the Trumpet blow,
Th' appointed feasting Day.

4 This Law by *Jacob's* God was taught,
And did a Custom grow,

5 When He our Tribes from *Egypt* brought,
Whose Speech we did not know.

6 In

6 In Mercy I, his Shoulders pain'd
 With heavy Burdens, eas'd,
 And his gaul'd Hands, which long sustain'd
 Vile Labour, I releas'd.

7 Thou call'dst, thy Trouble I remov'd,
 Which I with Pity saw ;
 In Thunder I reply'd, and prov'd
 Thy Truth at *Meribah*.

Part II.

8 Give Ear, my People, *Jacob's House*,
 What I pronounce, record ;

9 Thou shalt no Foreign God espouse,
 Adore no Stranger Lord.

10 I am thy God, that thro' the Tide
 Brought Thee from *Egypt's* Shore ;
 Then let thy Mouth be open'd wide,
 I'll fill it with my Store.

11 But *Israel* would not hear my Voice,
 Nor would my Will obey ;

12 I gave them then their fatal Choice,
 And left them to their Way.

13 O, that My People me had heard,
 And walk'd by my Command,

14 I soon against the Foes, they fear'd,
 Had turn'd my conqu'ring Hand.

15 To them, from those that hate the Lord,
 I Homage had procur'd,
 But they, while they their God ador'd,
 For ever had endur'd.

16 I would have fill'd them with a Stock
 Of finest wheaten Bread,
 And with the Honey from the Rock,
 In Plenty would have fed.

PSALM LXXXI. *Another Metre.*
As the L.

1 Loud Strains employ
 In Praise to God, our Might,
 In Shouts of Joy
 To Jacob's God unite.

2 Praise Off'rings make,
 The Timbrel hither bring ;
 The Psalt'ry take,
 And Harp of pleasant String.

3 In the New Moon
 The Trumpet blow, and play
 On Fifes, and tune
 Your Harps on this high Day.

4 This Statute known
 Was made for Israel's Seed,
 A Law, we own
 By Jacob's God decreed.

5 In Joseph's Band
 He this Memorial reer'd,
 Passing Ham's Land,
 Where Speech unknown I heard.

6 My high Commands
 His burthen'd Back reliev'd,
 And eas'd his Hands
 With sordid Labour griev'd.

7 Thou call'dst, with Awe
 In Thunder I reply'd,
 At *Meribah*
 Again thy Sons I try'd ;

Part II.

8 My People now
 Hear, I'll my Will display,
 If *Israel* Thou
 Wilt hearken and obey.
 9 Of no strange God
 Thou shalt the Aid implore,
 Nor from Abroad
 God's hither brought adore.

10 Thy God and Guide
 I Thee from *Egypt* led ;
 Ope thy Mouth wide,
 And to the full be fed.

11 But with my Voice
 My Tribes would not agree,
 By impious Choice
 Israel rejected me.

12 So to their Lust
 I gave them up, and they
 Made Lies their Trust,
 And walk'd in their own Way.

13 O that my Will
 My People's Minds had sway'd,
 And *Israel* still,
 Had my just Laws obey'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

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14 I had expell'd
 Their Neigh'bring Enemies,
 And quickly quell'd
 All, who against them rise.

15 God's Foes at least,
 Submission should have feign'd,
 But they in Rest
 For ever had remain'd.

16 The finest Wheat
 From Him they had enjoy'd,
 And pleasant Meat
 Rock-honey them had cloy'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 S E, God do's in th' Assembly stand
 Of Men rever'd for Might,
 Among the Gods, that rule the Land,
 'Tis He that judges right.

2 How long will ye injuriously
 Expound the settled Laws ?
 Pronounce unjust Decrees, and try
 The Person, not the Cause ?

3 Defend the Poor and Fatherless,
 Do Justice to th' Opprest ;

4 And from the Hand of Wickedness,
 The Weak and Needy wrest.

5 Rulers on evil Aims intent,
 Walk on perversely blind ;
 And the whole Frame of Government
 Is mov'd and undermin'd.

Q

6 Ye

6 Ye Princes, you I Gods did call,
Sons of th' Lord most high ;

7 But you must like the Vulgar fall,
Tho' Gods, like Men you'll die.

8 Rise, Lord, to thy Tribunal bring,
Not only *Jacob's* Line,
But all the Earth, for Thou art King ;
All Nations shall be Thine.

P.S A L M LXXXIII.

1 L O R D, do not still in Silence rest,
And stand unactive by ;

2 See, thy proud Foes the Land molest,
And lift the Head on high.

3 They crafty Arts to overcome
Thy Kingdom have apply'd,
And plot against the People, whom
Thou dost as Treasure hide.

4 Be it to cut them off our Aim,
They did united cry,
And crush their Race, that *Israel's* Name
May unremember'd ly.

5 For they, to compass their Intent,
In Council Plots have laid ;
Against Thee they, on Mischief bent,
A Covenant have made.

6 Among these gather'd Potentates
Were reckon'd *Edom's* Men,
The *Ishmaelite* and *Moab's* States,
Joyn'd by the *Hagaren*.

7 The Heads of *Gebal*, *Ammon's* House;
 The Fierce *Amalekite* ;
Philistia's Lords their Cause espouse,
 With *Tyre's* Confed'rate Might.

8 *Assur* his Hate has not forgot,
 But with the Foe combin'd ;
 And with th' Apostate Sons of *Lot*
 His Force and Counsels joyn'd.

Part II.

9 Make them as *Midian's* *Sisera*,
 Or *Jabin*, who were slain,

10 On *Kishon's* Bank, and rotting lay,
 Like Dung, on *Endor's* Plain.

11 Their Chiefs like *Zeeb* and *Oreb* quell,
 O'ertaken let them dy,
 As *Zebah* and *Zalmunnah* fell,
 Let their slain Princes ly.

12 Who, let us seize on, (thus they spake,)
 Each House of God we find.

13 Lord, like a Wheel them restless make,
 Or Chaff before the Wind.

14 As raging Fires the Woods destroy,
 And Flames the Hills deform,

15 So let thy Tempests them annoy,
 And drive them with thy Storm.

16 May in their Looks Confusion reign,
 That they may seek thy Face ;

17 Let them for ever Shame sustain,
 And perish in Disgrace.

184 PSALM LXXXIV.

18 That Men may thro' the Realms pro-
That Thou art God most high, (claim,
To whom alone this sacred Name,
Jehovah, we apply.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 **W**HAT Joy thy Courts, for which I
O God of Hosts afford!^{long,}

2 The Pantings of my Heart are strong
For Thee the Living Lord.

3 The Sparrow near thy Altar dwells,
There Swallows build their Nests,
And lay their Young in artful Cells,
My God, my Sov'reign blest.

4 Thrice happy they, who make thy House,
To praise Thee, their Abode,

5 Who as their Strength do Thee espouse,
Resolv'd on Salem's Road.

6 Who, while they march thro' Baca's Plain,
Wells for Refreshment sink,
Also abundant Show'rs of Rain
Afford the Trav'lers drink.

7 Cheerful from Strength to Strength they
Untir'd they pass the Land, (go,
For all in Zion's Hills, they know,
Before their God shall stand.

8 Lord God of Hosts Attention yield,
Hear, Jacob's God, my Cry;

9 Upon thy King, O God, our Shield,
Look with a gracious Eye.

PSALM LXXXIV. 185

10. For in thy sacred House a Day
A thousand do's excell ;
To keep thy Door I'd rather stay,
Than with the wicked dwell.

11. God is a Sun to light and clear,
A Buckler to defend ;
Glory and Grace and all things dear
Shall on the Good descend.

12. O Lord of Hosts, how blest is He,
Who owns thy Word is Just,
And firmly thence confides in Thee,
Nor feeds, within, Distrust ?

PSALM LXXXIV. *Another Metre.*

1. **W**HAT Pleasure do thy Courts afford,
O God of Hosts, for which I long !

2. For Thee, for Thee the Living Lord,
The Pantings of my Heart are strong.

3. The Sparrow near thy Altar dwells,
And there the Swallow builds her Nest,
And lays her Young in artful Cells,
My God and King for ever blest.

4. Thrice happy they, who make thy House
To sing thy Praise their sweet Abode ;

5. Who as their Strength do Thee espouse,
And at their Heart have Salem's Road.

6. Who, while they make their March devout
Thro' Baca's Vale to Zion's Hill,
Dig Wells, to ease the Trav'ller's Drought,
While welcome Rains the Cisterns fill.

7 Cheerful from Strength to Strength they go,
Advancing with unwearied Pace ;
For all, before their God, they know,
Shall stand in Zion's Holy Place.

8 Lord, hear my Pray'r, unmix'd with Guile,
O God of Jacob Succour bring ;

9 Behold, O Lord, our Shield, and smile
Gracious on thy Anointed King.

10 For in thy sacred House a Day
A Thousand others do's excel ;
To keep its Door I'd rather stay,
Than in the Tents of Riot dwell.

11 God is a Sun, to light and cheer,
A mighty Buckler to defend :
Glory and Grace, and all Things dear
Shall on the Good from Heav'n descend.

12 O Lord of Hosts, how blest is he,
Who is assur'd, thy Word is Just,
And thence reposes Trust in Thee,
Nor feeds within his Heart Distrust ?

PSALM LXXXV.

1 **G**OOD to thy Land, Lord, Thou hast
Hast broken *Israel's* Chains ;
2 Kindly remov'd thy People's Sin,
And cover'd all their Stains.

3 Nor pleas'd thy Fury still should burn,
Thou did'st its Flame appease ;

4 God of Salvation, *Israel* turn,
And let thine Anger cease.

5 For

PSALM LXXXV.

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5 For ever wilt Thou keep alive
Thy Wrath, and still destroy ?

6 Wilt Thou no more our Land revive,
That thou may'st be our Joy ?

7 Thy Mercy and Salvation show :
I will to God attend ;

8 He'll on his People Peace bestow,
Let them no more offend.

9 To them Redemption sure is near,
Who fear his high Command,
That Glory hop'd for may appear,
And dwell within the Land.

10 Mercy and Faithfulness combine,
And Right Embraces Love ;

11 Truth springing from the Earth shall shine,
And Justice from above.

12 The Lord great Blessings shall bestow,
Our Land yield her Increase ;

13 Before Him Righteousness shall go,
Nor to attend Him cease.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 **L**ORD, to my Pray'r bow down thy
For I in Want abide ; (Ear,

2 Preserve my Soul, for Thee I fear,
And in thy Name confide.

3 To Thee all Day I raise my Voice,
Let me thy Mercy see ;

4 Lord, cause thy Servant to rejoice,
I lift my Heart to Thee.

5 For

5 For Thou, O Lord, art Good, I know,
 And to forgive art prone,
 And do'st to all, great Mercy show,
 Who supplicate thy Throne.

6 To my Petition, Lord, attend,
 And to my Voice give Ear ;
 In Streights my Pray'r to Thee I'll send,
 And Thou my Cry wilt hear.

8 None, Lord, among the Gods is found
 To be with Thee compar'd ;
 No other Works can be renown'd,
 When, Lord, we thine regard.

9 The Nations spread thro' ev'ry Land,
 Whom thy great Pow'r did Frame,
 Before Thee shall adoring stand,
 And glorifie thy Name.

10 Thou Wonder-working God alone,
 Thou, Thou God mighty art.

11 To me thy Way and Truth make known,
 And to Thee knit my Heart.

Part II.

12 With all my Soul I'll raise my Voice,
 Thy Praises to proclaim ;
 O Lord my God, I'll still rejoice,
 To spread thy glorious Fame.

13 For, Lord, Thou did'st to me extend
 The Mercy I did crave ;
 And thy assisting Hand did'st lend,
 To snatch me from the Grave.

PSALM LXXXVII. 189

14 The proud and Rash, vain Ends to get,
In Troops against me rise ;
They sought my Life, and have not set
Thee, Lord, before their Eyes.

15 But Thou, O Lord, long Suff'ring art,
For Clemency renown'd,
For Mercy and a tender Heart ;
And still art faithful found.

16 To me return, shew Mercy, Lord,
To me, as Thou hast done ;
And to thy Servant Strength afford,
And save thy Hand-maid's Son.

17 Express some Marks, that Thou art Kind,
Which all my Foes may see ;
They'll be confounded, when they find
My Comforts spring from Thee.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 SEE, the Foundations long design'd,
On which the Temple fix'd shall stand,
We in the holy Mountains find,
Not to be mov'd from Land to Land.

2 Thou, Zion, art to God a Seat,
More than all Jacob's Dwellings dear ;

3 O City Nam'd of God, how great
And glorious Things of Thee we hear ?

4 Of Rabah, Babel, I will say,
To them, who Me Jehovah know,
Of Tyrus, Cus, Phœlistia, they
Birth to this Holy City owe.

5 And

190 P S A L M LXXXVIII.

5 And this of *Zion* shall be said,
That Multitudes are in her Born ;
And He, the Lord most High, her Head
Shall her establish and adorn.

6 When of his Saints, God shall demand
The Number writ, and count his Fold,
The People of each distant Land,
Shall as her Natives be enroll'd.

7 There to proclaim thy Praise, shall be
Singers, as well as those, that play
On tuneful Instruments ; in Thee
Are all my Springs, that Joy convey.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

1 O God, my Saviour, I have cry'd
Before Thee Night and Day ;

2 Let not my Pray'r, Lord, be deny'd,
But to my Cry give Way.

3 My Soul in Storms of Grief is lost,
To Death I'm drawing on ;

4 My Friends have yielded me as lost,
For all my Strength is gone.

5 The Dead their own acknowledge me,
I with the Slain compare ;
I'm of the Grave accounted free,
No lenger now thy Care.

6 I'm plung'd in lowest Depths of Woe,
My Soul in Darkness raves ;

7 Thy Wrath lies hard, while o'er me flow
All thy afflicting Waves.

8. My

PSALM LXXXVIII.

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8 My scar'd Acquaintance from me fly,
A Sight of Horrour made ;
Shut up as in a Tomb I ly,
To walk Abroad afraid.

9 I swim in Tears, which from my Grief
And deep Affliction rise ;
With outstreach'd Hands I've Beg'd Relief,
When wilt Thou hear my Cries ?

Part II.

10 In the black Regions to the Dead,
Lord, wilt Thou Wonders show ?
Shall they revive, and rise to spread
Thy Triumphs here below ?

11 Thy Goodness shall the Grave recite ?
Silence thy Truth proclaim ?

12 Shall Darkness Songs of Praise indite ?
Oblivion spread thy Fame ?

13 But as for me, Lord, constant Cries
I to thy Throne have sent ;
'Ere yet the Sun reveals the Skies
My Pray'r shall Thee prevent.

14 Why do'st Thou cast thy Servant down,
And cloath me with Disgrace ?
Why do'st Thou, Lord, in Anger frown,
And hide from me thy Face ?

15 Up from my Youth I near the Grave
Abide, I am distres'd ;
I Mourn, and in Distraction rave,
While by thy Wrath oppress'd.

16 Thy

192 PSALM LXXXIX.

16 Thy Fury o'er me whelms its Tide,
Thy Terrors me confound;

17 They shut me up on ev'ry Side,
And like great Floods surround.

18 My Friends and Lovers in Affright
Far from my Presence run ;
Thy Servant, now a fearful Sight,
My old Acquaintance shun.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song
And Theme of endless Praise ;
I will proclaim thy Truth, as long
As Time has coming Days.

2 For I have said, for ever Love,
And Mercy shall remain ;
Thou wilt as firm, as Heav'n above,
Thy Faithfulness maintain.

3 I in a sacred Covenant
To *David* Witness bore,
That I would ratify my Grant,
I to my Servant Swore.

4 Thy House for ever I will build,
And ever fix thy Throne ;

5 The Heav'n's shall with thy Praise be fill'd,
The Saints thy Truth shall own.

6 Do's any of the heav'nly Host,
Like Thee, deserve Regard ?
Who of the Mighty Strength can boast,
With thine to be compar'd ?

7 God sits in Heav'n of Bliss possest,
 And spreads an awful Fear,
 Thro' all th' Assemblies of the Blest,
 That round his Throne appear.

Part II.

8 Lord God of Hosts, where is the God
 That shews such Strength as Thine ?
 Who e'er such faithful Steps have trod,
 As in thy Conduit shine ?

9 Thy Word the Ocean do's controul,
 Which Storms with Uproar fill ;
 If rising Waves begin to roll,
 Thou do'st the Tumult still.

10 Egypt in pieces Thou hast broke,
 As a slain Man she lies ;
 And by thy Arm's resistless Stroke
 The Foe before Thee flies.

11 Lord of the World, the Heav'ns are Thine,
 The Earth and all Things there ;
 For Heav'n and Earth, of Love divine
 And Might, the Creatures are.

12 The Land that north and southward lies,
 Rose at thy pow'rful Voice ;
 Tabor and Hermon mid'st the Skies,
 Shall in thy Name rejoice.

13 Thou hast a mighty Arm, thy Hand
 Is strong, thy Right-hand high ;

14 Thy Throne do's fix'd by Justice stand,
 And Mercy's in thine Eye.

194 PSALM LXXXIX.

15 Blest are they, who the Trumpets know,
That to thy House invite ; (show
To these Thou, Lord, well pleas'd will
Of thy bright Face the Light.

16 All Day they'll triumph in thy Name,
And Exaltation see ;

17 Thou Glory of our Strength, in Fame
Our Horn shall rise by Thee.

Part III.

18 Thee, *Jacob*, God thy Shield defends,
And *Israel's* Holy One,
From his high Dignity, descends,
To sit on *Israel's* Throne.

19 A Vision to his Prophet said
Sent from the Seats of Light,
Help on my Chosen, I have laid,
And rais'd up one of Might.

20 My Servant *David* I have found,
My Oyl upon him shed ;

21 And I'll uphold the King, I crown'd,
And his Dominion spread.

22 The Enemy shall not distress,
Nor him by Arms controul ;
Nor shall the Sons of Wickedness
Afflict his righteous Soul.

23 I will subdue before his Face
His proud and crafty Foes,
And sorely Plague the wicked Race,
That hate Him and oppose.

24 But on my Truth and Mercy sworn,
He firmly may rely ;
And in my Name his conqu'ring Horn
Shall be exalted High.

25 To the Sea's Bound'ries on the West
His Empire I'll extend,
And the great River on the East
Its Frontier shall defend.

26 He'll me his Father, God, the Rock
Of his Salvation own ;

27 This First-born of my filial Stock
I'll o'er the Kings enthroned.

28 For ever, he shall Mercy gain,
Sure is my Promise giv'n ;

29 Long shall his Throne and Seed remain,
Ev'n as the Days of Heav'n.

Part IV.

30 My Judgments should his Sons despise,
My Precepts disobey,

31 Should they Unrighteousness devise,
And from my Statutes stray.

32 Then will I, tho' to punish slow,
To visit them begin ;
My Rod shall my Displeasure show,
My Stripes chastise their Sin :

33 Yet never shall my Wrath prevail
Quite to suppress my Love ;
Ne'er shall my promis'd Mercy fail,
But still I'll Faithful prove.

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34 My Covenant I will not break,
Nor, what I said, deny;

35 I by my Holiness did speak,
Nor will to *David* lie.

36 His Houfe and Throne no End shall know,
But with the Sun shall vie ;

37 Sure as the Moon, and beauteous Bow
God's Witnes in the Skie.

38 But notwithstanding what, O Lord,
Thou haft to *David* sworn,
Thou thy Anointed haft abhor'd,
And cast him off in Scorn.

39 Thou mad'st thy Servant's Compact void,
Spurn'd in the Dust his Crown;

40 All his strong Places haft destroy'd,
And broke his Fences down.

41 He's spoil'd by all, that pass him by,
They mock the King, thy Choice ;

42 Thou haft advanc'd his Rivals high,
And made his Foes rejoice :

43 Lord, Thou his Sword did'st edgeleſs
Nor let him stand in Fight ; (make,

44 His Glory Thou did'st from him take,
And overturn his Might.

Part V.

45 Short Thou haft cut our Sov'raign's Reign,
And spread his Youth with Shame ;

46 Still shall thy Face conceal'd remain ?
Like Fire, thy Fury flame ?

47 Think

P S A L M LXXXIX.

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47 Think, Lord, to me how small a Span
 Of Life thou do'st ordain ;
 Why hast Thou then on short-liv'd Man
 Laid so much Grief and Pain ?

48 What Man shall not confess at length
 His Life he cannot save,
 Nor by his Art, or mighty Strength,
 Escape th' expecting Grave ?

49 Where is thy former Kindness now ;
 Thy Mercy, Lord, and Care,
 The Blessings, undeserv'd, which Thou
 Had'st oft to *David* sware ?

50 Remember, Lord, the scornful Words
 Cast on us by the Foe ;
 How the Reproaches of great Lords
 Deep in my Bosom go : (broach'd)

51 The sharp Reproaches which they
 To Thee, O Lord, well known,
 Which have th' expected Steps reproach'd
 Of thy anointed One.

52 Tho' Heathens mock our Woes, yet we
 Cry, God be ever blest ;
 We praise Him in Sincerity,
 As loud Amens attest.

P S A L M X C.

A N Habitation Thou hast been
 To us, Jehovah blest,
 Thro' Generations past our Screen,
 And Shelter, when distrest.

R. 3

22 'Ere

2 'Ere the high Hills rose at thy Nod,
And Earth began to Be,
Thou from Eternity art God,
And to Eternity.

3 Thou to Destruction turn'st apace
The Sons of mortal Men,
And then Thou say'st, ye *Adam's Race*,
Turn now to Dust agen.

4 A Circle of a thousand Years
Is nothing in thy Sight,
As Yesterday, it disappears,
Or as a Watch by Night.

5 Thou do'st, as with a Torrent, sweep
And carry them away ;
They are as Dreams, when Mortals sleep,
Which are dissolv'd by Day.

6 Man, as the Offspring of the Mead,
At Morn do's blooming rife,
At Eve he hangs his fading Head,
Or cut down, with'ring lies.

7 Thy Frowns our troubled Souls affright,
We by thy Anger waste ;

8 Our Errors Thou in open Light,
And secret Sins hast plac'd.

9 Cast down by wrath Divine, behold,
Our Days in pain we spend,
And as a Tale that soon is told,
Our Transient Life will End:

Part II.

10 Our Days are Threescore Years and Ten,
If Strength shall Fourscore give ;
That Strength is Toil and Grief, and then
Cut down, we cease to live.

11 Who of thy Anger's mighty Pow'r
Can form Conceptions true ?
Thou, as Men fear Thee less or more,
Wrath more or less dost shew.

12 Teach us to count our Days, that we,
To Wisdom may assent ;

13 To us return, Lord, speedily,
Concerning us repent.

14 Our Souls with Mercy satisfie,
That we may still be glad,

15 And let our Years of Pleasure vie
With all our dark and sad.

16 O let thy Servants finish'd see
Thy Work so long design'd,
And let their late Posterity
Things yet more glorious find.

17 Lord, let thy Grace on us abide,
Thy Favour and Respect ;
Our Works and Ways confirm and guide ;
Yea all our Works direct.

PSALM XCI.

1 L ORD, he that seeks thy secret Place,
Safe in thy Shade abides ;

2 My God, my Fort, Thee I imbrace,
In whom my Soul confides. 3 He'll

3 He'll save thee from the Fowler's Snare
And from the Pestilence :

4 He'll o'er thee spread his Wings with Care,
His Truth is thy Defence.

5 The secret Terrors of the Night
Shall never thee dismay,
Nor shall the Darts thy Soul affright,
Which fill the Air by Day ;

6 Nor deadly Plague that walks in Shades
And in the Dark assails,
Nor Torment, that by Noon invades,
And wasting-wide prevails.

7 A Thousand on thy Left shall die,
Ten Thousand on thy Right ;
For when th' Almighty's Arrows fly,
They'll shun thee in their Flight.

8 Thou'l only see this with thy Eye,
The proud Man's Recompence,

9 Because Thou mak'st the Lord most High,
My Refuge, thy Defence.

10 No Mischief shall thy Self ensnare,
No Plague thy House infect ;

11 Thee shall his Angels, Thee their Care,
In all thy Ways protect.

12 They as commanded, Thee will own,
And in their Hands sustain,
Lest Thou against an unseen Stone,
Should'st dash thy Foot in Pain.

P S A L M X C I.

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13 Thou on the Lyon's Neck shalt tread,
The Adder fearless meet ;
The Dragon's and young Lyon's Head
Thou'l crush beneath thy Feet.

14 Because he lov'd me constantly,
I'll rescue him from Shame,
And will advance his Head on high,
For he has known my Name.

15 I'll hear his Pray'r, supply his Want,
And succour him in Woe ;
To him I'll sure Deliv'rance grant,
And make him Honour know.

16 With Days, that late shall ended be,
I will my Servant cloy,
And he shall my Salvation see,
And its sweet Fruits enjoy.

P S A L M X C I. *Another Metre.*
As the CXLVIII.

1 L ORD, they that love thy House,
Safe in thy Shadow hide ;

2 I Thee, my Fort, espouse,
And in my God confide.

3 From Pestilence,
That do's, like Snares,
Catch unawares,
He's thy Defence.

4 His Wings He'll o'er thee spread,
His Truth shall be thy Stay ;

5 By Night no Pow'r thoul't dread,
Nor Dart, that flies by Day.

6 Nor

6

Nor shall the Pest
That walks in gloom
Or wastes by Noon
Disturb thy Rest.

7

Heaps on thy Left shall die,
And Thousands on thy Right ;
For when Death's Arrows fly,
They'll shun thee in their Flight.

8

Only thy Eye
From Danger free,
Shall look and see
The wicked die.

9

Because thy Choice has made
The Lord thy Place of Rest,

10

No Ill shall thee invade,
No Plague thy House infest.

11

He'll Angels fend,
Who thee their Care
Shall ev'ry where
From Snares defend.

12

They thee their Charge shall own,
And in their Hands sustain,
Lest thou against a Stone,
Should'st dash thy Foot in Pain.

13

The Serpent's Head,
The Lyon, Asp
Thou'l Conqu'rour grasp,
And on them tread.

14

Because he lov'd me, I
Will rescue him from Shame,
And will advance him High,
For he has known my Name.

15. I'll

15

I'll hear his Cries,
And set him free
From Woe, and he
In Pow'r shall rise.

16 With Length of Days to cloy

My Servant I'll engage,
And he shall Life enjoy,
To hoary headed Age.
And he shall know,
That to him I
Will graciously
Salvation show.

P S A L M X C I I .

- 1 PRAISES and Thanks to God convey,
For it is good and Right,
- 2 To shew his Kindness all the Day,
His Mercy ev'ry Night.
- 3 Upon a Ten-string'd Instrument,
Joyn'd with the Psalt'ries Sound,
And on the Harp, which with Consent
Sweet Harmony compound.
- 4 Triumph to me thy Works afford,
The Works, thy Hand has wrought ;
- 5 How mighty are thy Deeds, O Lord,
And how profound thy Thought ?
- 6 The brutish Fool can't this descry,
That when the wicked thrives,
- 7 And springs, like Grass, his Ruin's nigh ;
But God for ever lives.

9 For

9 For see thy Foes, Lord, see thy Foes
 Are to Destruction doom'd ;
 And Sinners, who thy Laws oppose,
 Dispers'd shall be consum'd.

10 But Thou shalt high exalt my Horn,
 And make it strong for Toil,
 Like that, which arms the *Unicorn* ;
 And me anoint with Oyl.

11 My Eyes shall see, my Ears shall hear
 My Wishes on my Foe ;

12 The Just shall, as the *Palm*, appear,
 And, as the *Cedar*, grow.

13 The Plants, that in thy House take root,
 Thrive in thy Courts around,

14 They in old Age shall bring forth Fruit,
 With Strength and Beauty crown'd.

15 This will thy secret Way unlock,
 Thy righteous Steps explain ;
 Thou art my Shield my shelt'ring Rock,
 Thy Justice knows no Stain.

PSALM XCII. *Another Metre.**As the XXVth.*

1 THANKS to the Lord convey,
 For it is good and right ;

2 Shew forth his Kindness ev'ry Day,
 His Justice ev'ry Night.

3 The Ten-string'd Instrument,
 The Harp and Psalt'ry sweet,
 Should with the Singers Voice consent,
 And in full Consort meet.

4 Joy

4 Joy is to me restor'd
By Works, which Thou hast wrought ;
5 How mighty are thy Deeds, O Lord ?
And how profound thy Thought ?
6 The Fool can't this descry,
That when the Wicked thrives
7 And springs like Grafs, his Ruin's nigh :
But God for ever lives.

9 For see, O Lord, thy Foes
Are to Destruction doom'd,
And Sinners, who thy Laws oppose,
Dispers'd shall be consum'd.
10 But Thou shalt raise my Horn,
And make it strong for Toil,
Like that which arms the *Unicorn* ;
And me anoint with Oyl.

11 I shall behold or hear
My Wishes on my Foe ;
12 The Just shall as the Palm appear,
And as the Cedar grow.
13 Plants in thy House take root,
And thrive in Courts around ;
14 They in old Age shall bring forth Fruit,
With Strength and Beauty crown'd.
15 This will thy Ways unlock,
Thy righteous Steps explain ;
Thou art my Shield, my shelt'ring Rock,
Thy Justice knows no Stain.

PSALM XCIII.

1 **T**HE Lord o'er Kings and Kingdoms
 In Majesty and Glory clad ;
 He girt with Strength the World sustains,
 And makes the settled Nations glad
 2 Thy Throne establish'd is of old,
 From Everlasting is thy Age ; (troul'd,
 3 Proud Floods, O Lord, Floods uncon-
 With all their Billows roar and rage.
 4 The Lord on High in Pow'r outvies
 The Sea, when Storms its Waters rouse ;
 5 Thy Statutes all are sure and wise,
 Still Holiness becomes thy House.

PSALM XCIV.

1 **L**ORD God of Vengeance shew the
 With which Thou art endow'd ;
 2 Rise of the Earth thou Judge upright,
 And recompence the Proud.
 3 How long, how long shall at our Cost,
 The Wicked shout for Joy ?
 4 How long shall evil Workers boast,
 And haughty Speech employ ?
 5 In Ruin these thy People lay,
 Thy Heritage oppress ;
 6 The Widow and the Stranger slay,
 And kill the Fatherless.

7 And

7 And yet among themselves they cry,
Grown insolent and bold,
The Lord our Deeds shall not espy,
Nor Jacob's God behold.

8 Ye brutish Men, Instruction hear,
Will Fools ne'er wiser be?

9 He that contriv'd the Eye and Ear,
Shall he not hear and see?

10 Can't he for you Correction find,
Who makes the Heathen smart?
It is ev'n He, who to the Mind
Its Knowledge do's impart.

11 God, that our Thoughts are all unwise,
And empty, can attest;

12 But he whom thy kind Stripes chastise,
Taught by thy Law is blest.

13 For to th' Abodes of Rest he goes
From black and adverse Days,
While the dark Pit is dug for those
Who walk in wicked Ways.

Part II.

14 God will not cast us off with Scorn,
Nor will his Portion slight;

15 But equal Judgment shall return
Approv'd by Men upright.

16 What Pow'r will rise, who'll for me stand,
And from the Wicked save?

17 Without th' Almighty's helping Hand
My Lot had been the Grave.

18 When I was near to Ruin brought
Thou sav'dst me by thy Might,
19 And when perplex'd with anxious Thought
Thy Comforts me delight. (Name
20 Shall Pow'rs and Thrones of impious
Have Fellowship with Thee,
Who by a Statute Mischief frame,
And Wickedness decree ?

21 Against the just Man's Life they joyn,
And shed his guiltless Blood ;
22 But God his Care will ne'er resign,
My Rock against the Flood.
23 He their own Sins shall on them bring,
And to Destruction doom,
In their own Guilt, our God and King
Shall the vile Race consume.

PSALM XCIV.

1 **O** Come, our Voices let us raise,
And sing unto the Lord ;
Let us the Rock with Shouting praise
Which Safety do's afford.

2 Before Him let us thankful stand,
And Psalms triumphant sing ;
3 God is a God of great Command,
Above all Gods a King.

4 The Earth's deep Caves are in his Hand,
His is the Mountain's Height ;
5 The Sea is his, and his the Land,
He form'd them by his Might.

6 O,

PSALM XCV.

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6 O, come in deep Submission ly,
And bow before Him low ;
Worship and kneel to God most high,
To whom we Being owe.

7 For He's our God, we Him obey,
The People of his Choice,
The Sheep his Pastures feed, to Day
If you will hear his Voice ;

8 Then grow not hard, as in the Time
Of Strife at *Meribah*,

9 When *Israel* prov'd me by their Crime,
While they my Wonders saw.

10 Griev'd by this People forty Years
I did in Anger say,
Their Heart to Error prone appears,
Nor have they known my Way.

11 I then detested this vile Race,
And in my Wrath I sware,
They should not see my resting Place,
Nor promis'd Canaan Share.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING a new Song, sing ye to God,
All Earth loud Thanks convey ;

2 Bless Him in Hymns, and tell abroad
His Mercies Day by Day.

3 His glorious Works to Heathens tell,
Great do's the Lord appear,

4 Worthy all Praise, and do's excell
All Gods the Nations fear.

S. 3

5 Their

5 Their Gods are Idols and a Lye,
Ours spread the heav'nly Space :

6 With Him are Strength and Majesty,
Glory's his Dwelling Grace.

7 Give to Jehovah Strength and Fame,
Ye Nations Praises sing ;

8 Give Him the Honour of his Name,
And Off'rings to Him bring.

9 Worship the Lord in his Abode,
His beauteous, holy Place ;
Let all the Earth his Greatness laud,
And fear before his Face.

10 Say, mid'st the Heathen, God do's reign,
An Empire He has rais'd,
Which shall unmov'd all Foes disdain,
And be for Judgment prais'd.

11 O let th' extended Heav'ns rejoice,
The Earth sing grateful Strains,
The Sea lift up its roaring Voice,
And all Things it contains.

12 Now let the Field, and all Things there
With Shouts of Triumph ring,
Then shall the Woods their Joy declare,
Before the Lord the King.

13 For see, He comes, He comes to bless
The Earth with just Commands ;
He'll judge the World in Righteousness,
And with his Truth the Lands.

PSALM XCVII.

(Hills

1 **T**HE Lord He reigns, O Earth! let
And Vales rejoice and sing,
And let the Multitude of Isles
With Shouts of Triumph ring.

2 Darkness, and Clouds, and gloomy Night,
Surround his awful Court,
And Justice, Truth, and Judgment right
His stable Throne support.

3 See, to consume his Enemies,
Before Him Flames appear'd;

4 His Lightnings flash'd along the Skies,
The Earth beheld, and fear'd.

5 Like yielding Wax before the Sun,
The Hills, that Storms defy,
Before the Lord did melt and run,
Ev'n Nature's Lord most High.

6 The spreading Heav'ns his Righteousness
Declare in Consort joyn'd,
And all the People see and bless
His Glory unconfin'd.

7 Be all confounded, who accost
The Graver's Work with Fear,
Who of their empty Idols boast,
Ye Gods, the Lord revere.

8 Zion, O Lord, thy Deeds of Might
With Pleasure heard and told,
And Judah's Daughters took delight
Thy Judgments to behold.

9 For Thou, O Lord, art High and Great,
The Earth beneath Thee lies ;
Above all Gods is thy blest Seat
Exalted in the Skies,

10 You, who th' Almighty Love and Trust,
Your Hate of Evil show ;
He'll save their Lives, and guard the Just
Against the wicked Foe.

11 Light for the Just is sown and stor'd,
Joy shall the Upright bless,

12 Triumph ye Righteous in the Lord,
And laud his Holiness.

P S A L M X C V I I I .

1 SING to the Lord, sing a new Song,
New Wonders He has done ;
See, his Right-hand and Arm most strong
Has glorious Conquests won.

2 He his Salvation has made known
His Justice brought to Light,
And openly his Might has shewn
Before the Heathens Sight.

3 To Israel's House still in his Mind
His Love and Truth have been ;
Kindreds and Tribes of ev'ry Kind
Have thy Salvation seen.

4 O all ye Nations, to the Lord
A joyful Triumph raise ;
Shouting aloud, with one accord
Rejoyce, and sing his Praise.

5 Joyn to the Harp the tuneful Voice,
Psalms of Thanksgiving sing ;

6 With Trumpets and with Fifes rejoice
Before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the glad Ocean's Billows roar,
And all Things in its Tide ;
Let the whole Earth the Lord adore,
And all that there abide.

8 By clapping of their Hands, their Joy
Let the loud Floods confess ;
Ye Hills combin'd all Marks employ,
That great Delight express :

9 Before the Lord, who with Applause
Comes Justice to decree ;
He'll judge the World by righteous Laws,
The Lands with Equity.

P S A L M X C I X .

1 J EHOVAH reigns, and He alone,
Let all the People shake ;
Between the Cherubs is his Throne,
O Earth, in Terrour quake.

2 God, who in Zion has his Seat,
From all do's Homage claim ;

3 Ye Nations praise the Lord, for Great
And Holy is his Name.

4 God, the King's Strength, tho' great in
Impartial Justice loves ; (Might,
In Jacob He has settled Right,
And Equity approves.

5 Exalt th' Almighty's Majesty,
In Adoration dwell,
Low at his Footstool ly, for He
As Holy do's excel.

6 Moses and Aaron Priests of Fame,
And Samuel God implor'd,
With Zeal they call'd upon his Name,
And He did Aid afford.

7 From the dark Cloud He these bespok'd,
To them his Will explain'd,
For they observ'd his Word, nor broke
The Statutes He ordain'd.

8 These did'st Thou hear, O Lord our God,
And Israel's Sins o'erlook,
Tho' Vengeance thy afflicting Rod
On their Inventions took.

9 Praise to the Lord our God repeat,
Worship at Zion's Hill,
For He the Lord our God is Great,
And Holy is his Will.

PSALM C.

1 In loud Applauses, all ye Lands,
With Joy extol the Lord your King ;

2 Gladly obey his high Commands,
Come, and before his Presence sing.

3 Know He is God, his Work are we,
And not our own, we are his Sheep,
Ev'n his peculiar Flock, that He
Do's in his pleasant Pastures keep.

4 O enter then his Gates with Joy,
 Approach his Courts with cheerful Praise,
 Your Lips in thankful Songs employ,
 And his great Name adoring raise.

5 For God is good, his Mercies sure
 Will to all Generations last,
 His Truth for ever will endure
 Unmov'd, as thro' all Ages past.

PSALM CI.

1 O Mercy, which to Thee belongs,
 And Judgment I will sing ;
 I will direct my pious Songs
 To Thee, Eternal King.

2 I'll wisely perfect Ways espouse,
 Keep not from me apart,
 And in the Conduct of my House
 I'll show an upright Heart.

3 I'll set no Ill before my Eyes
 With Pleasure and Design ;
 I those, that turn from God, despise,
 Nor to their Works incline.

4 Men of vile Ways and impious Mind,
 I'll from my House expel ;
 Nor shall the Race my Favour find,
 Who against Thee rebel.

5 Those, who defame with secret Lies
 Their Neighbour, I'll disgrace ;
 All of proud Heart and lofty Eyes,
 I'll banish from my Face.

6 I'll search out faithful Men, and raise
 The Just to high Command,
 And he that walks in perfect Ways,
 Shall in my Presence stand.

7 They, who by Falschood aim to rise,
 With me shall never dwell ;
 And those, that spread destructive Lies,
 I'll from my House expel.

8 With early Care I will destroy
 The Wicked of the Land,
 To purge thy City I'll employ,
 Lord, my avenging Hand.

PSALM CII.

1 O Lord, my Pray'r in Trouble hear,
 And let my Cry succeed ;

2 Hide not thy Face, but bow thy Ear,
 And answer me with speed.

3 For, see, my Minutes are consum'd,
 And fly like Smoke away,
 And my dry'd Bones to Ruin doom'd
 Burnt, as a Hearth, decay.

4 My Heart is smit, as with a Blast
 The Grafs, my Bed I leave,

5 My Bones by constant Anguish waste,
 And to my Skin they cleave.

6 I'm like the Pelican, I own,
 Or Owl for Desarts fit,

7 I watch, and like a Bird alone,
 On the House-top, I sit.

8 Still do's my Foe me vilely treat,
And mad against me swears:
9 Ashes to me have been for Meat,
I mix'd my Drink with Tears;
10 Because of Wrath, exprest by Thee,
And thy indignant Frown;
For Thou hast lifted me on high,
And Thou hast cast me down.

Part II.

11 My Day dos, Shadow-like, depart,
My Life, like Grafs, decays;
12 But Thou, O Lord, for ever art,
Still thy Memorial stays.
13 Rise, Zion save, to do her Right
Th' appointed Times appear;
14 Thy Servants in her Stones delight,
Her Dust is to them dear.
15 Heathens shall with thy Fear be fill'd,
All Kings shall Thee revere;
16 When Zion's State he shall rebuild,
In Glory He'll appear.
17 He'll not the Poor's Petition scorn,
But yield to his Address;
18 This shall be writ for Men unborn,
Who shall Jehovah bless.
19 God look'd from Heav'n the Lands to see,
From Heav'n his Throne on high,
20 To hear the Pris'ners Groans, and free
The Poor condemn'd to die.

21 His Name in Zion to declare,
In Salem his Renown,
22 When Kings and People gather'd are
To bow before Him down.

Part III.

23 God much has weaken'd Israel's Strength,
Has stop'd our prosp'rous Ways,
And much restrain'd th' expected Length
Of our succesful Days.
24 Cut not our growing Nation short,
I said, 'ere 'tis mature ;
But tho' we perish, our Support,
God ever will endure.
25 The Earth's Foundations Thou hast laid,
'Ere Time began its Course ;
And thy Right-hand the Heav'n's display'd
With strong creative Force.
26 Thou shalt endure, but they shall fade,
Old, like a Garment, grow ;
Thou'l change them as a Vest decay'd,
And they a Change shall know.
27 But Time in Thee no Change can breed,
No Bounds thy Years restrain ;
28 Therefore thy Servants, and their Seed
Before Thee shall remain.

P S A L M C III.

1 O Bless the Lord, to bless his Name
2 Still let my Heart be wholly set ;
3 Bless Him, my Soul, his Praise proclaim,
4 Nor all his Benefits forget.
5 Who all thy Errors do's forgive,
6 Thy Sickness and thy Pains remove ;
7 Bids thee, when near Destruction, live,
8 And crowns thee with his kindest Love.
9 He fills thy Soul with Good, thy Youth,
10 Like that of *Eagle's*, He renews ;
11 Judgment the Lord in Right and Truth,
12 To all oppress'd and helpless shews.
13 He made his Ways to *Moses* known,
14 His mighty Acts to *Israel's* Seed ;
15 He's slow to Wrath, to Mercy prone,
16 And ev'ry kind and gracious Deed.
17 He will not still in Wrath contend,
18 Nor chide, tho' Men from Justice swerve ;
19 He oft forbears, when we offend,
20 And ne'er afflicts, as we deserve.
21 As high as Heav'n, th' Almighty's Seat,
22 Is rais'd above this Earthly Frame,
23 So is his loving Kindness great,
24 To all, who love and fear his Name.
25 As far, as from the utmost West,
26 The Eastern Land at distance lies,
27 So far the Pity in his Breast
28 Removes our past Iniquities.

Part II.

13 To Sons the Father Pity shows,
So God in Pity spares the Just ;

14 For He, who our frail Nature knows,
Kindly remembers we are Dust.

15 Man's Days resemble Grafs, he blooms,
As in the Fields the short-liv'd Flow'r,

16 Which blasted by the Wind consumes,
Nor shall its Place e'er know it more.

17 But Mercy shall to them, that fear
Th' Almighty's Name, for ever last ;
To Him their Children's Children dear
Fruits of his Faithfulness shall taste.

18 Who ne'er his Covenant disown,
But always his Commands obey ;

19 The Lord in Heav'n prepar'd his Throne,
And over all extends his Sway.

20 Ye Angels, who in Strength excell,
Extol your high eternal God,
Who in his Court Celestial dwell,
Still watchful to observe his Nod.

21 Ye Ministers of God most High,
Ye happy Hosts, ye Sons of Light,
Who to obey Him ready fly,
With Zeal th' Almighty's Praise recite.

22 O let the Lord by all be prais'd,
 By all his num'rous Works ador'd,
 Within his wide Dominions rais'd :
 My grateful Soul blefs thou the Lord.

PSALM CIII. *Another Metre.*

1 O Bless the Lord, to bless his Name
 Let my whole Heart be set :
 2 Bless God, my Soul, his Praise proclaim,
 Nor Mercies past forget.
 3 Who kindly do's thy Sins forgive,
 Thy Maladies remove ;
 4 Bids thee, when nigh Destruction, live,
 And crowns thee with his Love.
 5 Who fills thy Soul with Good, thy Youth
 Thus *Eagle*-like renews ;
 6 Judgment the Lord, in Right and Truth,
 To all the injur'd shews.
 7 He made his Ways to *Moses* known,
 His Acts to *Israel*'s Seed ;
 8 He's slow to Wrath, to Mercy prone,
 And ev'ry gracious Deed.
 9 He will not chide and still contend,
 His Anger He'll avert :
 10 He oft forbears when we offend,
 Nor pays Sin's full Desert.
 11 As high as Heav'n the Almighty's Seat
 Is o'er this earthly Frame,
 So is his loving Kindness great
 To those, who fear his Name.

12 As the remotest parts of East
 And West asunder are,
 From us the Pity in his Breast
 Removes our Sins as far.

Part II.

13 To Sons the Father Pity shows,
 So God forbears the Just;

14 For He, who our frail Nature knows,
 Remembers we are Dust.

15 Man's Days resemble Grass, he blooms,
 As in the Field the Flow'r,

16 Which blasted by the Wind consumes,
 And knows its Place no more.

17 But Mercy shall to them, that fear
 His Name, for ever last,
 To God their Children's Children dear
 His Faithfulness shall taste:

18 Who to his sacred Covenant
 Still due Submission pay,
 Who ne'er a Will effectual want
 His Precepts to obey.

19 Above the Heav'ns by boundless Might
 The Lord prepar'd his Throne,
 O'er all with undisputed Right
 He Sov'reign rules alone.

20 Ye Angels, who are excellent
 In Strength, extol the Lord ;
 Who still to serve him are intent,
 And hearken to his Word.

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21 Ye Hosts of Heav'n, who to fulfil
His Pleasure take Delight ;
Ye Ministers, who do his Will,
Jehovah's Praise recite.

22 By all Things thro' the Realms dispers'd,
Which his Commands control,
O let his Praises be rehears'd :
Bless thou the Lord, my Soul.

PSALM CIV. *As the Lth.*

1 **M** y Soul repeat
Praise to the Lord, for He
Is very Great,
And cloath'd with Majesty.

2 He's rob'd in Light
That all Access denies ;
He spreads, to Sight
Pavillion-like, the Skies.

3 He has the Floors
Of his high Chambers laid
On watry Stores,
Amid'st the Skies convey'd.
His Chariots are
Black Clouds, that roll on high,
While He in Air
Do's on wing'd Tempests fly.

4 His Angels He
Do's with swift Force inspire,
His Ministry
He makes a flaming Fire.

5 Who

5 Who has so fast
 The Earth's Foundations laid,
 It still shall last,
 Of no fierce Storm afraid.

6 The Flood o'erspreads
 Like a wide Vest the Land,
 O'er Mountains Heads
 Th' uplifted Waters stand.

7 They with great Noise
 At thy Rebuke withdrew ;
 Thy Thunder's Voice
 They heard, and frightened flew.

8 Up by the Hill
 And down the Vale they creep,
 And haste to fill
 For them th' appointed Deep.

9 Thou Bounds hast set
 Their Fury to restrain,
 Lest Pow'r they get
 To drown the Earth again:

Part II.

10 Thro' Vales below
 He sends fresh Springs and Rills,
 Whence Rivers grow,
 That run between the Hills.

11 Beasts of the Field
 To drink do hither pass,
 Sweet Draughts they yield
 To the wild stupid Ais.

12 The Birds of Wing
Do hither take their Flight,
And here to sing
Mid'st branching Trees delight.

13 On the high Plain
Dews from his Rooms He pours ;
The Earth rich Grain
Brings forth, refresh'd with Show'rs.

14 By his Command,
Fields Grass for Beasts produce,
And Herbs the Land
Brings forth for human Use.

15 And cheering Wine,
And Oyl, by which when fed,
Our Faces shine,
And Heart-reviving Bread.

16 Trees of vast Size,
Which his rich Juices fill,
As Cedars rise
On Lebanon's fair Hill.

17 Where wond'rous Work,
Their Nefts, the Birds design ;
As for the Stork,
Her Dwelling is the Pine.

18 In Mountains high
Wild Goats a Refuge find,
And shelter'd lie
In Rocks, the feeble Kind.

Part III.

19 He bids the Moon
A changing Figure show,
And makes the Sun
His time of Setting know.

20 Thou mak'st the Night,
When Beasts, that haunt the Wood,
Till dawning Light
Roam thro' the Hills for Food.

21 In quest of Prey
Young rav'ning Lyons roar,
And loud till Day
For Meat they God implore.

22 At rising Morn,
Which rouses us from Sleep,
They all return,
And to their Coverts creep.

23 Man with Repose
Grown active, early wakes,
To Labour goes,
And Pains till Ev'ning takes.

24 Thy Works, O Lord,
Are many, great, and wise;
The Earth well stor'd
With various Wonders lies.

25 So this wide Deep
Is a replenish'd Seat
Of Things that creep,
Of Fish both small and great.

26 There Ships advance,
There has the Whale his Court,
That's made to dance,
And in the Billows sport.

27 Thy Family
To Thee their Master sue,
And beg from Thee
Their Meat in Season due.

28 They from the Land
Take what Thou giv'st for Food,
Thy open Hand
Fills all their Souls with Good.

Part IV.

29 Thou frown'st, they mourn,
Thou tak'st away their Breath ;
They die, and turn
Again to Dust in Death.

30 To give new Birth
Thou Virtue do'st diffuse,
And of the Earth
The Face thy Pow'r renewes.

31 God's Glory bright
For ever shall endure,
To him Delight
His Works review'd procure.

32 At his stern Look
Earth trembles ; by his Stroke
The Mountains shook,
And threw up Clouds of Smoke.

33 See, while I live,
I to the Lord will sing,
While Breath He'll give,
I'll praise my God and King.

34 I with Delight
Will Thoughts on Him employ,
All Day and Night
He is my sweetest Joy.

35 Perish th' Unjust,
Let Sinners be no more ;
The Lord, thy Trust,
O Thou my Soul, adore.

PSALM CIV. *Another Metre*

1 **B**LESS thou, the Lord, my Soul, repeat
His Praise, O Lord my God most High ;
Thou art above Conception Great,
With Honour cloath'd and Majesty.

2 Cover'd with pure immortal Light,
As with a Robe magnificent,
Who, as a Curtain wide and bright,
Spreads forth the Heav'n's of vast Extent.

3 Who builds on Waters of the Skies
His Chambers, where his Pow'r resides ;
On rolling Clouds, his Chariot flies,
And on the swift wing'd Tempest rides.

4 Who all his Angels Spirits made,
His Ministers a fiery Flame,

5 And who the strong Foundations laid
Of the wide Earth's unshaken Frame.

6 Thou

6 Thou did'st the flowing Waters spread,
Which as a Vest, the Land enclose ;
Above the Mountains lofty Head
The swelling Inundation rose.

7 At thy Rebuke those Waters flew,
They heard thy Thunder's awful Voice,
And from the tow'ring Hills withdrew,
And made the humble Ground their Choice.

8 They climb the Mountain's steepy Brow,
Thence rushing down the Valley gain,
And to the vast Receiver flow
Founded their Treasures to contain.

9 Thou, to restrain the raging Deep,
Hast set a Bound of spreading Sand,
That here the Waves their Seat might keep.
Nor turn again to drown the Land.

Part II.

10 He bade the Springs and streaming Rills
Along the Valley's Bosom glide,
Wand'ring among th' aspiring Hills
They draw along their winding Tide.

11 They ev'ry Beast supply with Drink ;
See, here their Thirst wild Asses slake ;

12 Birds, which inhabit on their Brink,
Among the Trees sweet Musick make.

13 He waters, from his Chambers high ;
The cleaving Hills and russet Plains ;
His Works the Land thus satisfy,
With cheering Dews and fruitful Rains.

14 For Beasts He gives to Grass its Birth,
Brings forth the Herb for human Use,
And bids the fertile labour'd Earth
Sufficient Food for all produce.

15 His Bounty gives delicious Wine,
Which to the Soul do's Joy impart,
And Oyl, that makes our Faces shine,
And Bread-Corn, that supports the Heart.

16 God's planted Trees with Sap are fill'd,
Chiefly thy Cedars, Lebanon,

17 Where various Birds their Houses build,
While Firs the Stork their Tenant own.

18 The Forrest-Goats a Refuge find
On Hills, that rise aloft in Air,
Conies, and Beasts of savage Kind,
For Shelter to the Rocks repair.

Part III.

19 He bids the Moon for Seasons run
The Stages of her heav'nly Way,
And dictates to th' obedient Sun
His time to set, and call in Day.

20 Thou do'st the Skies with Darkness spread,
Then Night, the Sun departed, reigns ;
Now Forest-Beasts by Hunger led
Forsake their Haunts and range the Plains.

21 Young Lyons roar, in quest of Prey,
They seek from God, their nightly Meat ;

22 And at the early Dawn of Day,
To their known Dens for Rest retreat.

23 Now Swains to usual Labour rise,
Go forth, and till the Ev'ning toil :
24 How various are thy Works? how Wise?
Thy Riches, Lord, fill ev'ry Soil.
25 By Thee the Ocean's Wealth began,
Where small and great mute Nations sport ;
26 There flies the Ship, *Leviathan*
There triumphs in his watry Court.
27 All these on Thee, obedient wait,
And on thy gracious Care depend,
That, Thou, new Vigour to create,
May'st needful Food in Season send.
28 Whate'er they gather from the Land,
They to thy endless Bounty owe :
Thou open'st wide thy lib'ral Hand,
And they in plenteous Goodness flow.

Part IV.

29 If Thou thy Face should'st turn away,
They would in Depths of Trouble mourn ;
When Thou their Breath demandest, they
To Dust, from whence they came, return
30 Thro' all the Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Thou do'st thy quick'ning Spirit send,
Which Natures Losses to repair,
Do's thro' the World new Life extend.
31 Thro' all Duration, that ensues,
Th' Almighty's Glory shall endure :
When his great Works his Eye reviews,
Joy to their Author they procure.

32 If He from Heav'n looks Angry down,
The troubled Earth's Foundations quake ;
Should He on lofty Mountains frown,
Their Heads would smoke, their Pillars shake,

33 But, as for me, to this Great King
My Voice in sacred Songs I'll raise ;
While living to my God I'll sing,
And spend my Being in his Praise.

34 When I shall think of God most kind,
My Meditation will be sweet ;
When I his Mercy call to mind,
My Soul will Joy triumphant meet.

35 From Earth let Sinners be destroy'd,
And let the Wicked be no more :
Be thou my Soul in Praise employ'd,
Let all the Earth the Lord adore.

P S A L M C V.

1 O Bless the Lord, call on his Name,
His Deeds in Publick crown ;

2 In Songs of Praife his Works proclaim,
And speak of his Renown.

3 O Glory in his boundless Might,
Be his great Name ador'd ;
And let your Heart feel great Delight,
All ye that seek the Lord.

4 Seek in his holy Place the Lord,
Still be his Presence sought ;

5 The Judgments of his Mouth record,
And Wonders by Him wrought.

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6 O, ye his Servants, *Abram's Line,*
 Ye Chosen *Jacob's Race,*

7 He is our God, his Judgments shine
 Thro' all the Earth's wide Face.

8 His Covenant remember'd stands
 In Truth for ever fast ;
 The Promise fix'd by his Commands
 From Age to Age shall last.

9 His Oath renew'd did *Abram's Grant*
 To *Isaac's House* secure ;

10 And was a Law and Covenant
 To *Israel* ever sure.

11 *Canaan*, said He, they shall subdue,
 This Lot they shall command.

12 When they in Number were but few,
 And Strangers in the Land.

13 When they thro' various Nations strong
 From Land to Land remov'd,

14 He suffer'd none to do them wrong,
 But for them Kings reprov'd.

15 Touch not said He, with a proud Arm,
 But my Anointed spare,
 And, not to do my Prophets harm,
 Be it your constant Care.

Part. II.

16 Besides, a Famine at his Call,
 Was o'er the Kingdom spread :
 His Curse did on their Harvests fall,
 And broke their Staff of Bread.

U 3

17 See,

PSALM CV.

17 See, He before them *Joseph* sent,
A Slave thro' Envy made ;
18 Whose Feet with Fetters they torment,
He was in Irons laid.

19 Till in due Time the sacred Word
Of blest Jehovah came,
The Revelation of the Lord,
That try'd and clear'd his Fame.

20 The King, who did o'er *Egypt* reign,
His royal Order gave,
They loos'd th' imprison'd *Hebrew's* Chain,
And freed the guiltless Slave.

21 His House He made him to inspect,
And o'er his Realm preside,

22 Princes at Pleasure to correct,
And Senators to guide.

23 Then *Jacob* left his native Soil,
And down to *Egypt* came,
And *Israel* to relieve his Toil,
Dwelt in the Land of *Ham*.

24 He made his People fruitful grow,
Their Numbers greatly swell'd ;
And thus enreas'd the envious Foe,
In Strength they much excell'd.

25 To hate his People He their Hearts,
Once friendly, did prepare,
And now with treach'rous subtile Arts,
His Servants they ensnare.

Part III.

26 He his just Servant *Moses* sent,
And *Aaron*, whom He chose ;
27 And Pow'r to work great Wonders lent,
In *Egypt* mid'st their Foes.
28 He bade his Ministers, the Skies
With thickest Darknes Ispread,
That Night might *Egypt*'s Land surprize,
And they his Word obey'd.
29 He turn'd their Waters into Blood,
Which gasping Fishes kill'd :
30 Of croaking Frogs a plenteous Brood
Their Kings high Chambers fill'd.
31 He spoke, behold, of various *Flies*
Up sprung devou'ring Hosts sing.
And *Lice*, that thick as Dust did rise,
Afflicted all their Coasts.
32 For Rain He gave them Storms of Hail,
Fire on their Soil He brought ;
33 Their *Vines* and *Fig-trees* He assail'd,
Their *Groves* and *Gardens* smote.
34 He spoke, and at his high Command,
The *Locusts* did appear ;
And *Caterpillars* o'er the Land
March'd with an endless Reer.
35 These did the verdant *Herbs* consume,
That cloath'd the Hill and Plain,
Devour'd the fruitful *Garden*'s Bloom,
And of the Hills the Grain.

36 By unexampled Wrath at length
 All *Egypt's* First-born fell ;
 He smote the Offspring of their Strength
 That did in Birth excell.

Part IV.

37 He brought them from the cruel Coast,
 With Gold and Silver crown'd,
 Nor was in all their num'rous Host,
 One Feeble Person found.

38 When they departed from the Place,
 It did all *Egypt* please ;
 For a great Dread of *Jacob's* Race,
 Did *Pharoah's* Kingdom seize.

39 He spread his Cloud, a shelt'ring Skreen,
 Against excessive Day ;
 And that their Passage might be seen,
 Did Fire by Night display.

40 The People ask'd, and down He show'r'd
 Sweet Quails, on which they fed ;
 And from his airy Store-house pour'd,
 To feast them, heav'nly Bread.

41 From the cleft Rock, at his Command,
 Abundant Waters gush'd,
 That wash'd dry Plains, and o'er the Land,
 Like swelling Rivers rush'd.

42 He on his holy Promise thought
 To *Abram* and his Seed,

43 And forth with Joy his chosen brought,
 And his glad People freed.

PSALM CIV.

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44 He gave them Canaans Land, and they
The Heathens labour hoard,
45 That they his Statutes might obey;
O magnify the Lord.

PSALM CVI.

1 Give Thanks, and praise the Lord, for He
Is Good, his Mercy ne'er decays :
2 Can his Great Actions utter'd be ?
Can any shew forth all his Praise ?
3 They, who are always just, are blefs'd
4 Lord, with that Love remember me,
Which to thy People is express'd,
O let me thy Salvation see ;
5 That I their Benefits may share,
Who are distinguish'd by thy Choice,
May glory with the Tribes, thy Care,
And with thy Heritage rejoice.
6 We, like our Ancestors, have err'd,
Nor by Examples wiser grew,
But to Iniquity adher'd,
And did unrighteous Ways pursue.
7 Our stubborn Fathers valu'd not
Thy Pow'r, which Egypt did controul,
And, while thy Mercies they forgot,
At the Red-Sea they griev'd thy Soul.
8 Yet did the Lord his Strength exert,
And Jacob safe to Canaan led,
That He his Glory might assert,
And thro' the Nations Terrour spread.

9 See,

9 See, the *Red-Sea's* divided Waves
 An Opening made at his Command,
 So He thro' Depths and hollow Caves
 His People brought, as o'er dry Land.

10 He sav'd them from the threat'ning Sword,
 And fierce pursuing Enemies ;
 He rescu'd them from *Egypt's* Lord,
 And did the Tyrant's Pride chastise.

11 Th' uniting Waters roll'd their Flood,
 And cover'd all his mighty Host ;

12 Then *Jacob* own'd the Lord was good,
 Prais'd Him, and made his Pow'r their
 (Boast.)

Part II.

13 Soon they forgat his Works of Might,
 Nor to his Counsels would attend :

14 But by their Lust ev'n in their Flight,
 Did mid'st the Desart God offend.

15 He gave the Murm'ers their Request,
 And did their Want of Meat supply,
 Which He to nourish had not bless'd,
 Their Limbs, tho' fed, were lean and dry.

16 They against *Moses* envious grew,
 And *Aaron*, whom th' Almighty chose ;

17 On *Dathan* and *Abiram's* Crew
 The opening Earth her Mouth did close.

18 A Fire was kindled, and the Flame,
 Burnt up the vile rebellious Crowd ;

19 They did a Calf in *Horeb* frame,
 And to the molten Image bow'd.

20 They

20 They great Ingratitude exprest,
And did their God their Glory change,
And made Him like the *Ox*, a Beast,
That do's for Food the Pastures range.
21 His wond'rous Deeds in *Egypt* done,
The Land of *Ham*, they soon forgot,
22 And From their Minds, the Glory won
By the *Red-Sea*, did thankless blot.
23 Therefore He said, He would consume
Their Race, to make his Threat'nings good,
If in the Breach to stop the Doom,
Moses his Chosen had not stood.

Part III.

24 Yea they the pleasant Land despis'd,
Nor would believe his faithful Word ;
25 But Mischief in their Tents devis'd,
Murmur'd, and would not hear the Lord.
26 Therefore his Hand He rais'd to slay
The Rebels in the desart Sands ;
27 He made their Children fall a Prey,
And scatter'd them thro' Heathen Lands:
28 Joyn'd to *Baal-Peor* they did eat
Of impious Off'rings to the Dead ;
29 God's Wrath against their Ways was great,
Whence thro' the Tribes the Plague was spread.
30 Then *Phineas* rose and Judgment wrought,
And did the spreading Plague affwage ;
31 This Deed of Zeal was righteous thought,
And still approv'd from Age to Age.

32 The Lord at *Meribah* they vext,
And *Moses* suffer'd for their Sake ;

33 For they his Soul so much perplext,
That with his Lips he rashly spake.

34 To slay the People, God had doom'd
To utter Ruin, they refus'd ;

35 To mix with *Heathens* they presum'd,
And learn'd their Ways, their Customs us'd.

Part IV.

36 They did their *Idols* serve and fear,
Which the backsliding Tribes insnar'd ;

37 For *Demons* they their Children dear
An impious Sacrifice prepar'd :

38 While their own Offspring free from Guilt
Was at their cruel Altars slain,
Whose Blood to *Canaan's* Gods was spilt,
They did the Land with Murder stain.

39 Thus did their Works their Souls pollute,
Their own Inventions they ador'd ;

40 God's Wrath took hence so deep a Root,
That He his Heritage abhor'd.

41 He gave them to the *Heathens* Yoke,
Made them obey their Foes Command ;

42 Fierce Enemies their Nation broke,
And made them subject to their Hand.

43 Tho' God had oft to them dispens'd
His Mercies, still they did rebell,
And with their Counsel Him incens'd,
Till by their Crimes brought down, they fell.

PSALM CVI.

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44 Yet did He cast a gracious Eye
Upon them, when in great Distress,
And when they did for Mercy cry,
He heard, and did his Wrath suppress.

45 His Covenant He call'd to Mind,
And out of Mercy did repent;

46 He made them their Compassion's find,
Whither as Captives they were sent.

47 Save us, our God, from these sad Days,
Let us from heathen Lands be brought,
That we thy Pow'r and Love may praise,
And triumph in thy Wonders wrought.

48 Be blest of *Israel's* God the Name,
Extol Him ev'ry coming Age;
Amen, let all the Tribes exclaim,
In Songs of Praise, let all engage.

PSALM CVII.

1 **T**HE Lord is Good, his Praise proclaim;
His Mercy ever flows;

2 Say, ye the Lord's Redeem'd, the same,
He sav'd you from your Foes.

3 From ev'ry Soil He brought them forth,
That Eastern Lords command;
And from the West, and from the North,
And ev'ry Southern Land.

4 They rang'd the Wilderness around,
Thro' solitary Plains,
But not a Seat the Wand'rers found
To end their Search and Pains.

X

5 Their

5 Their Souls with Labour were oppress'd,
With Thirst and Hunger faint ;

6 They cry'd to God, while thus distress'd,
Who freed them from Complaint.

7 Forth from the howling Desart, where
They did affrighted roam,
By the right Way the Lord with Care
To Canaan led them home.

8 Let all in praising God combine,
Oh make his Goodness known ;
And to declare his Wonders joyn,
To all the Nations shwon.

Part II.

9 See, for the Hungry He do's Bread,
Drink for the Thirsty find,

10 Such as with Shades of Death are spread
Whom hurtful Irons bind.

11 Because the Counsel they despis'd,
And Laws of God most High,

12 Therefore his Wrath their Pride chastis'd,
And none to help was nigh.

13 Then in their Streights to God they pray'd,
Who made their Trouble cease ;

14 Brought them from Death's oppreſſive
And did their Bands release. (Shade,

15 Let all in praising God combine,
Oh make his Goodness known,
And to declare his Wonders joyn ;
To all the Nations shwon.

16 For Doors of Brass erected high
 He in Compassion broke,
 Bade Iron Bars asunder fly,
 And loos'd the servile Yoke.

17 Fools are afflicted for the Sins,
 Which harden'd they commit ;

18 Their Soul abhoring Food, begins
 To reach the fatal Pit.

19 For them, when griev'd they sought the
 Deliv'rance He decreed ; (Lord,
 20 To heal them He sent forth his Word,
 And from Destruction freed.

21 Let them extol God's gracious Ways,
 And make his Wonders known ;

22 Offer the Sacrifice of Praise,
 His Works with shouting own.

Part III.

23 They, that go down amid'st the Main,
 In Ships to pass the Tide,
 And busy to augment their Gain,
 On the wide Ocean ride ;

24 They on his Works astonish'd gaze,
 His Wonders in the Deep,

25 Who bids the Storm the Waters raise,
 And rouse the Waves from Sleep.

26 Now mounting mid'st the Skies they steer,
 Now fall to Gulphs below ; (Fear
 Mean time their troubled Hearts with
 And Terrour melting flow.

27 By Working's of the Ship compell'd
 They this and that Way reel,
 And, like the Drunkard scarce upheld,
 They great Distraction feel.

28 Then in their Streights to God they pray,
 Toss'd on the swelling Waves,
 He guides them in their dang'rous Way,
 And from Distresses saves.

29 He do's the Deep Obedience teach,
 Bids Storms their Fury cease ;

30 The Sea grown still, the Sailors reach
 Their wish'd for Port in Peace.

31 Let them extol God's gracious Ways,
 His wond'rous Works proclaim ;

32 Him let the Tribes assembled praise,
 The Elders bless his Name.

Part IV.

33 When He a vile, ungodly Land
 Determines to chastise,

34 He turns rich Soil to barren Sand,
 Each Brook and River dries.

35 Then He th' unfruitful Wilderness
 With Lakes refreshing fills,
 And do's the thirsty Region bless
 With Springs and flowing Rills.

36 And there He makes the Poor remain,
 Who Cities firmly build,

37 And plant the Vine, and sow the Grain
 That Fruits abundant yield.

P S A L M C V I I .

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38 He crowns them too with Health and
And multiplies their Race, (Peace,
Nor do their woolly Flocks decrease,
Nor Herds less fill the Place.

39 Then proud and lofty by Success
They are again brought low,
Sunk by Oppression in Distress,
And overwhelm'd with Woe.

40 He pours Contempt on Kings, and drives
Great Princes from their Home,
And makes th' abandon'd Fugitives
Thro' pathless Desarts roam.

41 Mean time He sets the Poor on high
From hard Afflictions freed,
Who by his Blessing multiply,
Like fruitful Flocks, their Seed.

42 The Righteous shall in Triumph see
The Works of his Right-hand ;
And insolent Iniquity
Asham'd will silent stand.

43 The Man that is compos'd and wise
Will these great Things discern ;
He'll God's unbounded Kindness prize,
His gracious Conduct learn.

P S A L M C V I I I .

(Voice,

1 M Y Heart is fix'd, I'll raise my
And sing a thankful Song,
O God most High, I will rejoice
To praise Thee with my Tongue.

X 3

2 Awake

2 Awake ye sleeping Strings, awake
 My Psalt'ry, wake my Lyre,
 Early my self will Rest forsake,
 And sing amid'st the Quire:

3 I to the Tribes, who Thee adore,
 Thy Praises will proclaim ;
 Thro' Realms, who Idol Gods implore,
 I'll sing thy glorious Name.

4 Thy Truth and Mercy reach the Skies,
 And o'er the Clouds ascend ;

5 Let high as Heav'n thy Glories rise,
 And o'er the Earth extend.

6 That *Israel* may Deliv'rance find,
 Lord, stretch forth thy Right-hand,
 Save them, and by my Pray'r inclin'd
 Their threatening Foes withstand.

7 God by his Purpose will abide,
 His holy Oath maintain,
Sichem with Joy I will divide,
 And mete out *Succoth*'s Plain.

8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseb* mine,
Ephraim my Head sustains,
 And favour'd *Judah*'s Royal Line
 To *Israel* Laws ordains.

9 To wash my Feet, see, *Moab* yields,
 O'er *Edom* flies my Shoe,
 To these, *Philistia*, know thy Fields
 Shall add yet Triumphs new.

10 To Edom, who my Guide will be?
Will not the Lord our Shield?
11 Tho' once he left us, will not he
Now lead us to the Field?
12 Help and deliver us from Woe,
The Help of Man is vain;
13 Thro' God alone we valiant grow,
He shall our Foes restrain.

P S A L M C I X.

1 **T**O hold thy Peace, Lord, do not
 ^{(chuse,} Blest Object of my Praise;
2 For me the Vile and False abuse,
 And Lyes to blast me raise.
3 With Words they compass'd me around,
 Which shew'd deep Hate and Spite,
 And where no Cause of Strife was found,
 They did against me fight.
4 My Kindness made them Foes, but still
 To Pray'r I had regard;
5 And they perversely Good with Ill
 And Love with Hate reward.
6 Justly my Foe, Lord, to requite,
 I'll Judges o'er him set,
 Let Satan standing on the Right
 Th' Accuser's Charge abet.
7 When at thy Judgment Seat his Cause
 Shall open Trial claim,
 He'll be condem'd by thy just Laws,
 And be his Pray'r his Shame.

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3 Be few his Days, let, when they cease,
His Charge another take ;
9 Let Death his Children Fatherless,
His Wife a Widow make.

10 His Offspring naked and unfed,
Without a Friend or Home,
Shall while they beg, and seek their Bread,
Thro' loanly Places roam.

Part II.

11 The Us'rer, shall his Lands ensnare,
His House of Goods despoil ;
Strangers far off his Crop shall bear,
And there enjoy his Toil.

12 None Mercy, which in vain he claims,
To him or his shall show ;
13 His Race shall fail, nor shall their Names
The Age next coming know.

14 His Father's great Iniquity,
His Mother's Sin and Shame,
15 Before the Lord shall always be,
Till he blots out their Name.

16 Because he did not Mercy show,
But did the Poor pursue,
Opprest the Needy and the Low,
And broken Spirits slew.

17 The Plagues, which on his Neighbour's
He wish'd, shall reach his own ;
As Blessings ne'er his Pleasure bred,
Be it to him unknown.

(Head)

18 Since

18 Since curling cloath'd him, as a Vest,
Like Water it shall flow

Within Him, and as Oyl new prest,
Into his Bones shall go.

19 As his own Garment, let it fast
And constant to him cleave,
And like the Girdle round his Waſte,
To gird Him never leave.

Part III.

20 O let the righteous God controul,
And thus my Foes reward,
Who evil speak against my Soul,
Nor shew to Truth Regard.

21 But, for the fake of thy great Name,
Lord God, do well for me ;
Since Mercy is thy constant Aim,
Let me Deliv'rance see.

22 For poor and destitute I groan,
Grief has my Heart engroſt ;

23 I'm like a Shadow almost gone,
And like a Locust toſt.

24 No Strength my Knees thro' fasting know,
Leanness my Limbs o'erspreads ;

25 I of Reproach the Subject grow,
They saw and shook their Heads.

26 Help me, O Lord my God, and me,
As Thou art gracious, save,

27 That they may own thy Deed, and ſee
Thy Hand Salvation gave.

28 Still let them Curse, whilst Thou dost
 When they would me destroy ; (bless,
 Let Shame and Grief their Souls oppress,
 But fill my Heart with Joy.

29 My Enemies shall Trouble see,
 In Shame hang down the Head,
 And with their own Confusion be,
 As with a Mantle, spread.

30 I still with fervent Zeal will praise,
 Jehovah with my Tongue,
 Amid'st the Multitude I'll raise,
 His Glory with my Song.

31 For He, to vindicate the Poor
 Shall stay at his Right-hand,
 From wicked Judges to secure
 His Soul, He'll for him stand.

P S A L M C X.

1 **B**EHOLD the Lord, thus to my Lord
 Sit Thou at my Right-hand, has said,
 Till Thou thro' all the Earth ador'd
 Shalt on thy Foes, thy Footstool, tread.

2 God shall thy potent Scepter send,
 From Zion, and thy Right maintain,
 Thy Empire far and wide extend,
 And make Thee o'er the Nations reign.

3 Thy Sons in holy Beauty's bloom
 Shall, when thy Day its Pow'r shall shew,
 Come willing from that Morning's Womb,
 Sons of thy Youth, the Heav'n born Dew.

P S A L M C X I .

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4 The Lord, th' Almighty Sov'rain, swore,
And in his Oath will still persist,
Behold, Thou art for evermore
Such as *Melchisedeck*, a Priest.

5 O Lord, the Lord at thy Right-hand
In his destructive wrathful Day.
Shall strike thro' Kings of wide Command,
And disobedient Princes slay.

6 He'll judge among the Heathen, spread
The conquer'd Places with the Slain,
And deeply wound each potent Head,
That do's o'er num'rous Countries reign.

7 He of the Flood of Wrath divine
Shall drink, while He pursues his Way,
Thenceforth He'll lift his Head, and shine,
The Clouds dispell'd, in stronger Day.

P S A L M C X I .

(Lord,

1 W ^{ITH} my whole Heart I'll praise the
With Saints assembled joyn'd ;

2 His Deeds are Great, by all explor'd,
That Pleasure in them find.

3 His Actions are with Glory crown'd,
And boundless Praise procure ;
His Righteousnes was still renown'd.
And ever shall endure,

4 So wond'rous are his mighty Deeds,
Time cannot sink their Fame ;
He's gracious and his Bosom feeds
Compassion's tender Flame.

5 From

5 From Him his People Plenty find,
Who fear Him and adore,
The Covenant He'll keep in Mind,
As solemnly He swore.

6 He to his People has express'd
The Pow'r of his Right-hand,
When for their Sakes He dispossess'd
The Lords of Canaan's Land.

7 His Works, which merit great Applause,
Are equal, right and pure ;
Just and impartial are his Laws,
And all his Judgments sure.

8 No Pow'r can his Decrees suppress,
Which stand for ever fast,
For fix'd on Truth and Uprightness
They will unshaken last.

9 Kind to his People he became,
And his Redemption sent,
His Covenant is firm, his Name
Rever'd and excellent.

10 From Fear divine true Wisdom flows,
And he who God obeys,
A Judgment well directed shows ;
All Times the Lord shall praise.

PSALM CXII.

1 He's happy, who the Lord dos fear,
And in his Laws delight ;

2 His Seed shall great on Earth appear,
And blest shall be th' Upright.

PSALM CXII.

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- 3 Wealth in his House abundant lies,
His Justice still is sure ;
- 4 In Darkness, Light to him shall rise,
He's Gracious, Good and Pure.
- 5 The Righteous freely gives and lends,
Affairs discreetely guides,
- 6 His Suff'rings ne'er in Ruin ends,
And still his Name abides.
- 7 He'll undismay'd bad Tydings hear,
In God he finds repose ;
- 8 His Heart is fix'd, nor will he fear,
Till He subdues his Foes.
- 9 He to the Poor Good-will has born,
And did their Wants supply ;
Fix'd is his Justice, and his Horn
Shall be exalted high.
- 10 This shall the Wicked see in Pain,
Shall gnash his Teeth and pine ;
Nor shall th' Unjust his Wishes gain,
Or compass his Design.

PSALM CXIII.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, due Praises send,
You, who his sacred Rites attend,
And always his Commands obey ;
- 2 O bless th' Almighty's glorious Name,
And with becoming Zeal his Fame
Now and for evermore display.
- 3 Ye Potentates and People all,
From the Sun's Rising to his Fall,

Y

By

4 By you his Name is to be prais'd ;
 The Lord on high exalts his Head,
 And do's on Kings and Nations tread,
 Above the Heav'ns his Throne is rais'd.

5 Who with our God, that dwells on high,
 In Glory excellent can vie,
 6 Who do's great Condescension show,
 To look on Heav'n and Earth around ?
 7 He Lifts the Poor up from the Ground,
 And from the Dunghill Sons of Woe :

8 That He may give them Dignity,
 Whence they to Kings may equal be,
 Ev'n Kings, that o'er his People reign ;
 9 He makes the Barren Children bear,
 Who pleasur'd with a Mother's Care
 Rejoyce, forgetting all their Pain.

P S A L M C X I V .

1 **G** od, when from *Egypt* *Jacob* came,
 From Men of Speech unknown,
 2 On *Judah* set his holy Name,
 And made their State his own.

3 The Sea was scar'd, back *Jordan* flew,
 The Mountains leap'd, like Rams ;
 4 The little Hills did Terrour shew,
 And skip about like Lambs.

5 What ail'd thee, O thou Sea, that thou
 Fled'st from thy sandy Seat ?
 And, *Jordan*, why did'st thou allow
 Thy Current to retreat ?

P S A L M C X I V .

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6 Ye Mountains, tell what caus'd your Flight,
Why did you leap like Rams?
Ye little Hills, say, what Affright
Did make you skip like Lambs.

7 Tremble thou Earth before the Lord,
At God's dread Presence shake;
The God by Jacob's Sons ador'd,
Ev'n at his Presence quake

8 He made the Rock a Torrent spout,
And spread wide Lakes below;
From the hard Flint struck Water out,
And bade the Marble flow.

P S A L M C X V .

1 L ORD, not to us, not, Lord, to us;
Do Honour to thy Name,
That All thy Truth establish'd thus,
And Mercy may proclaim.

2 Why should the taunting Heathen cry,
Where is the God they own?

3 Our God's in Heav'n enthron'd on high,
And what He pleas'd has done.

4 The Gods ador'd by heathen Lands
Are Gold and Silver wrought;
The Labour of the Artist's Hands,
And Creatures of his Thought.

5 They've Mouths, but not to speak em-
Eyes, that in Darkness dwell, (ploy'd,

6 And Ears, that never Sounds enjoy'd,
And Noses without Smell.

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6 And Ears, that never Sounds enjoy'd,
And Noses without Smell.

7 Hands too they have, but handle not ;
 And Feet, but never move ;
 Nor ever, thro' their silent Throat,
 One Note or Accent strove.

8 The Men, who did these Idols frame,
 And at their Altars pray,
 And sure Protection from them claim,
 As stupid are, as they.

Part II.

9 Thou, in the Lord, O *Israel*, Trust,
 Your Strength, your Buckler try'd ;

10 O House of *Aaron*, as tis just,
 In Him, your Help, confide.

11 All ye that fear the Lord most high,
 For Aid on Him depend ;
 He with new Strength will you supply,
 And as a Shield defend.

12 God did regard us in Distress,
 And hence strong Hopes arise,
 That He will *Israel's* Nations bless,
 Nor *Aaron's* House despise.

13 All those that fear Him, Rich and Poor,
 He'll bless, and shew them Grace ;

14 He will advance you more and more,
 And multiply your Race.

15 You, who th' Almighty's Name revere,
 Shall with his Gifts be crown'd,
 Who did the Earth's wide Fabrick rear,
 And spread the Heav'ns around.

PSALM CXVI.

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16 The Lord in his own Work, the Heav'n
Of Heav'ns, enthron'd presides;
But He to Man the Earth has giv'n,
Where he, as Lord, abides.

17 The Dead praise not the Lord, nor they,
That down to Silence go;

18 But we his Glory will display,
Till Time shall cease to flow.

PSALM CXVI.

1 I Love the Lord, who answers kind
Still to my Pray'r did give;

2 Since he his Ear to me inclin'd,
I'll serve him while I live.

3 Sorrows and Pains, like those of Death,
Encompass'd me around,
Almost I gasp'd away my Breath;
I Grief and Trouble found.

4 Then pray'd I, chasten'd by thy Rod,
Lord, me from Danger pull;

5 The Lord is righteous, yea our God
Is good and merciful.

6 He saves the humble Man distrest;
When low he succour'd me;

7 Return my Soul to Peace and Rest,
He bounteous was to thee.

8 Thou sav'dst my Soul, my Tears did'st
My Feet from falling stay; (dry,

9 I'll walk before the Lord, till I
Shall see no more the Day.

10 I have believ'd and therefore spake,
True, I was sorely try'd ;
11 When I in haste my Flight did take,
All Men are false, I cry'd.

Part II.

12 To God what Off'ring shall I make,
For Gifts on me bestow'd ?
13 The Cup of Blessing I will take,
And spread his Praise abroad.
14 I to the Lord my Vows will pay,
In Publick with delight ;
15 The Death of Saints, who him obey,
Is precious in his Sight.
16 Thy Servant, Lord, thy Servant, sure
Thy Handmaid's Son am I ;
Thou did'st my Freedom to procure,
My shameful Bonds unty.
17 The Sacrifice of Thanks to Thee,
I'll give, to Thee I'll pray ;
18 Now all th' assembled Tribes shall see,
To Thee my Vows I'll pay.
19 Lord, in thy Courts I'll offer them,
The Courts of thy Abode,
In mid'st of thee, *Jerusalem* ;
Let all Jehovah laud.

PSALM CXIV. *As the* CXLVIII^{th.}
Another Metre.

1 **O** How I love the Lord !
 How much is he endear'd ?
 For, when I help implor'd,
 He my Petitions heard.

2 Since he did give
 Ear, when I pray'd,
 I'll ask his Aid,
 While here I live.

3 The Woes and Pains of Death
 Encompass'd me around,
 I drew in Sobs my Breath,
 I Grief and Trouble found.

4 Thus near the Grave,
 I cry'd to Thee,
 Lord, succour me,
 Help, Lord, and save.

5 The Lord is good and kind,
 And righteous are his Ways,
 Yea still, our God, we find,
 Thy Mercies Wonder raise.

6 The Weak from Woe
 The Lord sets free,
 He succour'd me,
 When brought down low.

7 My Soul now thankful be,
 Return to Peace and Rest ;
 For sure the Lord to thee
 Great Goodness has express.

8 From

8 From Death-like Pain
Thou mad'st me rise,
Did'st dry my Eyes,
My Feet sustain.

9 Before the Lord I'll walk,
Long as I live, of Thee

10 My Saviour I did talk ;
Great was my Misery.

11 When forc'd to fly,
I thus disgrac'd,
Said in my haste,
All Men will ly.

Part II.

12 What Thanks shall I, most High,
For all thy Bounty pay ?

13 The Cup of Blessing I
Will take, and to Thee pray.

14 Lord Gracious, now
The Tribes I'll call,
Before them all
I'll pay my Vow.

15 The Death of ev'ry Saint
Is precious in thy Sight,

16 Lord, I, which Thou wilt grant,
Thy Servant am by right.
Thy Servant, see,
My Self I own,
Thy Handmaid's Son,
Thou mad'st me free.

PSALM CXVII.

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17 I'll offer to the Lord
The Sacrifice of Praise,
And on his Name ador'd
Will call thro' all my Days.
Lord Gracious, now
The Tribes I'll call,
Before them all
I'll pay my Vow.

18 Let them, when they are found
In the blest Courts, O God,
Whose Buildings compass round
Thy sanctify'd Abode.
In mid'st of Thee,
O Salem high,
There glorify
The Lord with me.

PSALM CXVII.

1 O All ye Gentile Lands give ear,
Ye People praise the Lord ;
Let Him by Kingdoms far and near
Be lauded and ador'd.
2 Great Mercy He, to us has shown,
Which we with Thanks proclaim ;
His Truth to fail is never known,
For ever praise his Name.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 Give Thanks to God, for He is Good,
His Promises are sure,
His Mercy, which has firmly stood,
For ever shall endure. Let

2 Let *Israel* say, his Faithfulness
For ever is secure;

3 Let *Aaron's House* aloud confess
His Mercies still endure.

4 Let all, by whom the Lord is fear'd,
Declare his Mercy's sure ;
As they in all Times firm appear'd,
They ever shall endure.

5 Distress'd I cry'd, the Lord did hear,
And to enlarge me flew ;

6 Since God is for me, shall I fear ?
What is it Man can do ?

7 The mighty Lord takes Part with those,
Who are for me combin'd ;
Hence my Desire upon my Foes
Accomplish'd I shall find.

8 On God 'tis better to rely,
Than Troops in Battle try'd ;

9 To Him in Streights you safer fly ;
Than you in Kings confide.

10 All Nations did combin'd agree
To compass me around ;
But whilst I put my Trust in Thee,
I shall my Foes confound.

11 Around the Nations compass'd me,
They compass'd me around,
But whilst I put my Trust in Thee,
I shall my Foes confound.

12 Like Bees they compass'd me in Swarms,
Like Fire of Thorns they die,
For in thy Name, O Lord, my Arms
Shall slay the Enemy. Part

Part II.

13 Sore was I push'd by threat'ning Foes,
But God did Succour bring ;

14 From God, my Strength, Salvation flows,
Hence I'll his Praises sing.

15 The Just raise Shouts of Victory,
Renown'd is God's Right-hand ;

16 The Lord's Right-hand do's valiantly,
And Conquest still command.

17 I shall not dye, but live to be
In praising God employ'd ;

18 He has severely chasten'd me,
But not in Wrath destroy'd.

19 Open the Gates of Righteousness,
That I may enter there,
And to the Lord due Thanks express,
And offer Praise and Pray'r.

20 God's Gate, by which the Just are free
To pass and enter in:

21 I'll bless Thee, who hast answer'd me,
And my Salvation been.

Part III.

22 The Stone, the Builders have in Scorn
Rejected, as unfit,
As Head the Corner do's adorn,
And fast the Structure knit.

23 This

23 This great Design by God was laid,
 'Tis wond'rous in our Eyes ;

24 Let us this Day, which he has made,
 In Triumph solemnize.

25 Now let us thy Salvation see,
 We Thee beseech, O Lord,
 And send us that Prosperity,
 Which we have now implor'd.

26 O bless'd be He, who in the Name
 Of God comes full of Grace ;
 We Priests his People blest proclaim,
 From God's most holy Place.

27 God is the Lord, who just and kind
 To bless us Light affords,
 Then to the sacred Altar bind
 The Sacrifice with Cords.

28 Thou art my God and Lord, my Will
 Is bent to praise thy Name :

29 O blest him for he's good, and still
 His Mercies are the same.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 **B**LEST are the pure, who fear the Lord,
 Nor from his Law depart ;

2 Happy are they, who keep his Word,
 And seek Him with their Heart.

3 They, with Iniquity unstain'd,
 Ne'er from his Precepts swerve,

4 Who by his Sov'reign Pow'r ordain'd
 The Laws we should observe.

5 O that my Ways were, Lord most high,
To please Thee, order'd right,
6 Then should I know no Shame, when I
In thy whole Will delight.
7 I'll praise Thee with an upright Heart,
When I have learn'd thy Word,
8 Nor from thy Statutes will depart;
Forsake me not, O Lord.

Part II.

BETH.

9 By what shall Youth cleanse Life and
Let them thy Word obey: (Thought?)
10 With my whole Heart, I Thee have sought,
From Thee ne'er let me stray.
11 I hide thy Precepts in my Breast,
That I no Guilt may know:
12 Thou art, O Lord, for ever blest,
To me thy Statutes show.
13 My Lips, of thy just Precepts spake,
And taught thy Judgments right;
14 I in thy Statutes Pleasure take,
Wealth yields not such Delight.
15 On thy Commands I'll meditate,
And all thy Ways respect;
16 Thy Statutes shall my Joy create,
I'll not thy Word neglect.

Part III.

GIMEL.

17 Be bountiful, nor let me die,
So I'll thy Will obey ;

18 Do Thou, to my inlighten'd Eye,
Thy wond'rous Law display.

19 I am a Stranger here below,
Thy Will to me convey ;

20 My Soul with longing breaks, to know
Thy Judgments, all the Day.

21 The Proud accurst, Thou didst reprove,
Who from thy Statutes swerve ;

22 Reproach and Shame from me remove,
For I thy Laws observe.

23 Against me, whilst the Great inveigh,
Thy Word my Thoughts employ ;

24 Thy Precepts I devoutly weigh,
My Counsellours and Joy.

Part IV.

DALETH.

25 Down to the Dust my Soul is prest,
As faithful, quicken me ;

26 Thou heard'st, when I my Ways confess,
Let me thy Statutes see.

27 Let me thy Precepts fully know,
I'll tell thy Works at large,

28 Strengthen my Soul, that melts with Woe,
And thus thy Word discharge.

29 My

29 My Mind from Ways of Falsehood free,
Clear let thy Law be made ;

30 Truth is my Choice, and thy Decree,
Before me I have laid.

31 I resolute did Thee obey,
Let Shame from me depart ;

32 That I may run thy righteous Way,
Do Thou enlarge my Heart.

Part V.

H.E.

33 Thy righteous Precepts to me show,
And they my Life shall sway ;
Thy sacred Statutes let me know,
And I will keep thy Way.

34 To make me understand thy Law,
In Mercy condescend ;
To keep it then, with holy Awe,
My Heart entire I'll bend.

35 That from thy Paths I may not stray,
Direct my Steps aright ;
Guide and instruct me in thy Way,
In which I take Delight.

36 Bow to thy Word my Heart restrain
Each covetous Desire ;

37 Turn off my Eyes from Objects vain,
To serve Thee, Zeal inspire.

38 Thy Promise made to me assert,
Thy Greatness I revere ;

39 Let fear'd Reproach from me depart,
Thy Righteousness is clear.

40 Thy Precepts, I appeal to Thee,
 I've thirsted for, O Lord ;
 In thy great Mercy quicken me,
 According to thy Word.

Part VI.

V A U.

41 The Mercies and Salvation, Thou
 Hast promis'd, let me see ;
 42 An Answer thus to those allow,
 Who mock my Trust in Thee.
 43 My Shame, Lord, never let it cause,
 To say, that Thou art true :
 44 Thy Word's my Hope and to thy Laws,
 I'll still Obedience shew.
 45 And from my Streights enlarg'd I'll break,
 For I thy Precepts trace ;
 46 I'll of thy Testimonies speak
 Before a Prince's Face.
 47 In thy Commands I'll Pleasure take,
 Which I did still approve,
 48 Them I'll my Rule of Practice make,
 To think on them I love.

Part VII.

Z A I N.

49 Remember, Lord, thy plighted Word,
 On which my Hope relies,
 50 Which Comfort do's in Streights afford,
 New Life and Strength supplies.

PSALM CXIX.

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51 The Proud have mock'd and me despis'd,
From Thee I have not err'd ;

52 Thy former Judgments I revis'd,
Which Peace on me confer'd.

53 Grief on my Soul did heavy lie,
To see Vice Lawless reign ;

54 Thy Statutes were my Songs, when I
A Pilgrim pass'd the Plain.

55 On Thee I thought, when others sleep,
And thence observ'd thy Law ;

56 This Good I gain'd, because I keep
Thy Word with filial Awe.

Part VIII.

C H E T H.

57 Thou art my Portion, Lord, I said,
Thy Words to me are dear ;

58 With my whole Heart, for Grace I pray'd,
Draw Thou in Mercy near.

59 I thought on my Demeanour past,
And turn'd to Thee my Way,

60 Nor linger'd, but press'd on in haste,
Thy Precepts to obey.

61 I in thy Word, when forc'd to live
Mid'st Spoilers, did delight :

62 I'll rise at Midnight Thanks to give,
For Laws, that guide me right.

63 I, a Companion am of all,
Who fear and keep thy Word ;

64 Freely on Earth thy Blessings fall ;
Teach me thy Will, O Lord.

Part IX.

TETH.

65 According to thy Promise past,
Lord, Thou hast me reliev'd ;
66 Give me a just discerning Taste ;
Thy Word I still believ'd.
67 I err'd 'ere Woe I understood,
But now I keep thy Way ;
68 Lord, Thou art Good, and workest Good,
Let me thy Laws obey.
69 Tho' Foes against me Lies employ,
I'll serve Thee with my Might ;
70 Their Heart is fat and full of Joy,
Thy Word is my Delight.
71 'Tis Good that I Affliction bore,
That I thy Will might see :
72 Thy Laws are more than Golden Oar,
And Silver Mines to me.

Part X.

JOD.

73 Thou mad'st me, Lord, to Thee I bow,
The Creature of thy Hands ;
With Understanding me endow,
To learn thy just Commands.
74 They will rejoice, who fear the Lord,
To see me live secure,
While my Dependance on thy Word
Unshaken shall endure.

75 Right

75 Right are thy Judgements, I confess,
 Thy Ways from Error free ;
 I know, O Lord, in Faithfulness
 Thou hast afflicted me.

76 I Pray, when Troubles me invade,
 To Comfort me be kind ;
 According to thy Promise made,
 Let me thy Mercy find.

77 Let Mercy, Lord, my Death prevent,
 I'm to thy Law inclin'd ;

78 Blast the Perverse to hurt me bent,
 But I thy Statutes mind.

79 Let those, that know his Word, and fear
 The Lord to me return ;

80 Be in his Laws my Heart sincere,
 Lest I in Shame should mourn.

Part XI.

C A P H.

81 My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
 But I Will Hope in Thee ;

82 My mournful Eyes express their Wants,
 When wilt Thou comfort me ?

83 I'm like a Bottle in the Smoke,
 But ne'er thy Word forget ;

84 Sad are my Days, when will thy Stroke
 Reach them, who me beset ?

85 For me, the Proud against thy Laws,
 Dug Pits, and Snares have laid ;

86 Thy Rules are just, without a Cause
 They rage ; be Thou my Aid.

272 PSALM. CXIX.

87 On Earth they almost ruin'd me,
But I ne'er left thy Law ;
88 Let me thy loving Kindness see,
And I'll thy Will obey.

Part XII.

LAMED.

89 Still, Lord, thy Word is fix'd in Heav'n,
Thy Truth's for ever sure ;
90 Thou to the Earth hast Firmness giv'n,
And it abides secure.
91 They still thy Rules observe aright,
For all thy Servants are ;
92 Had not thy Law been my Delight,
I'd perish'd in Despair.
93 I'll not forget thy Law divine,
Which me new Life has brought ;
94 Save me, O Lord, for I am thine,
And have thy Precepts sought.
95 The wicked Tribe my Fall intend,
But I thy Statutes mind ;
96 I've seen of worldly Bless an end,
Thy Law is unconfin'd.

Part XIII.

MEM.

97 O how I love thy Word, which Night
And Day, my Study grows !
98 By thy Commands still in my Sight,
I'm wiser than my Foes.

99 My

99 My Teachers I in Light outvie,
For I thy Statutes weigh'd;
100 Grey Heads know not so much as I,
For I thy Will obey'd.
101 With Care I shun'd each evil Way,
That I might keep thy Word ;
102 Nor from thy Judgments went astray,
For Thou hast taught me, Lord.
103 Thy Words are sweeter to my Mind,
Than Honey to my Taste ;
104 I thro' thy Precepts Knowledge find,
Nor have false Ways embrac'd.

Part XIV.

N U N .

105 Thy Word's a Lamp my Feet to guide,
A Light to lead my Way ;
106 Lord, I have sworn, and fix'd abide
Thy Precepts to obey.
107 I'm sore afflicted, succour me,
According to thy Word ;
108 Accept my Thanks, my Off'rings free,
Teach me thy Judgments, Lord.
109 Tho' threat'ning Dangers me surround,
From Truth I have not swerv'd ;
110 With Snares the Wicked spread the
Yet I thy Law observ'd. (Ground,
111 Thy Word my Portion still I chose,
Which fills with Joy my Heart;
112 I still with Care my Mind dispose,
Ne'er from thy Ways to start.

Part

Part XV.

S A M E C H .

113 Vain Thoughts my Soul has still abhor'd,
But loves thy Judgments just ;

114 Thou art my Shield and Refuge, Lord,
And in thy Word I Trust.

115 Depart, ye Wicked, from my Court,
To keep God's Laws I Aim ;

116 Let promis'd Aid my Life support,
Nor blast my Hope with Shame.

117 Uphold me, then in Safety plac'd
I'll keep thy Word with Care ;

118 Thou proud Transgessours hast debas'd,
Whose Falsehood is their Snare.

119 Thou from the Earth dost Sinners take,
Like Dross ; thy Law I love ;

120 In awful Fear of Thee I shake,
Thy Judgments Terrour move.

Part XVI.

A. N.

121 Still I have Just and Right decreed,
No'er leave me to my Foe ;

122 My Surety be, that I, when freed,
No more Oppression know.

123 My Eyes for thy Salvation fail,
And for thy righteous Word ;

124 Let Mercy often try'd prevail,
Teach me thy Statutes, Lord.

125 In me thy Servant, Light create,
To learn thy Will employ'd ;
126 Tis Time thy Law to vindicate,
For they have made it void.
127 I therefore more thy Precepts love
Than Gold, ev'n Gold refin'd ;
128 Thy Word in all Things I approve,
And have false Ways declin'd.

Part XVII.

P E.

129 Thy Laws Astonishment excite,
Hence I'll Obedience show ;
130 Thy Words first Rudiments give Light,
And make the Simple know.
131 Thirsty for thy Commands I pant,
And feel a longing Mind ;
132 Look on me, and that Mercy grant,
Which those, who love Thee, find.
133 Let not my Steps err from thy Word,
Nor Sin have o'er me Sway ;
134 From proud Oppressours save me, Lord,
So I'll thy Laws obey.
135 Let thy pleas'd Face shine forth on me,
Thy Statutes let me know ;
136 My Eyes shed Floods of Tears to see
The People Wicked grow.

Part

Part XVIII.

T S A D D I.

137 Thou, Lord, to Righteousness inclin'd
Dost Judgments just pursue ;

138 And we thy Testimonies find
Are faithful, right, and true.

139 My Zeal consumes me, when I see
My Foes thy Law despise :

140 Thy Word which from Deceit is free,
I greatly love and prize.

141 Tho' I am mean and in Distress,
My Soul thy Precepts awe ;

142 Eternal is thy Righteousness,
And Truth it self thy Law.

143 Tho' Grief and Anguish hold me fast,
Thy Precepts Pleasure give ;

144 Thy righteous Rules for ever last,
Teach me, and I shall live.

Part XIX.

K O P H.

145 With my whole Heart, Lord, hear, I
And I'll thy Word obey ; (cry'd,

146 Be not thy Help to me deny'd,
And I will keep thy Way.

147 'Ere Morning dawn'd, my Cry I sent,
Thou art my Hope, O Lord ;

148 And the Night Watches I prevent,
Contemplating thy Word.

149 My

149 My Voice in loving Kindness hear,
As usual quicken me ;

150 Foes who design me Ill, draw near,
Foes who are far from Thee.

151 But Thou art nigh me to uphold,
And Truth are thy Commands ;

152 As for thy Law, I know of old,
It fix'd for ever stands.

Part XX.

R E S H.

153 Regard my Woe, I Succour want,
For by thy Laws I'm sway'd ;

154 Lord, plead my Cause, Deliv'rance grant,
And send thy promis'd Aid.

155 They shall not see Salvation, who
Against thy Statutes strive ;

156 Great is thy Love, as Thou art true,
And just, my Soul revive.

157 Tho' num'rous Foes encompass me,
I to thy Word incline ;

158 In Grief did I Transgressours see
To break thy Laws combine.

159 To thy Commands what Love I shew'd
Grant me thy promis'd Aid ;

160 Thy Word, when first reveal'd, was true,
Nor shall thy Judgments fail.

Part XXI.

S C H I N.

161 Lords without Cause upon me run,
But I thy Laws obey ;

162 I at thy Word rejoice, as one
That finds an ample Prey.

163 Deceit and Falsehood I detest,
But thy pure Statutes love ;

164 Sev'n Times a Day thy Name I blest,
Whose Judgments righteous prove.

165 Great Peace have they, that love thy
Whom nothing shall offend ; (Laws,

166 From God I hop'd for Help, because
My Will to His I bend.

167 My Soul thy pure Commands obeys,
I love and keep thy Word :

168 This Thou do'st see, for all my Ways
Are in thy Sight, O Lord.

Part XXII.

T A U.

169 Lord, let my Cry come near thy Throne,
Let me in Wisdom grow ;

170 My earnest Supplication own,
And promis'd Goodness show.

171 I with my Lips shall utter Praise,
If taught thy Statutes first ;

172 My Tongue shall laud thy faithful Ways,
For all thy Laws are Just.

173 Lord,

173 Lord, Help against the Wicked grant,
Tby Precepts are my Choice ;

174 For thy Salvation, see, I pant,
And in thy Law rejoice.

175 Save me, and I'll thy Praise display,
Thy Succour let me find ;

176 Seek me, a Sheep that's gone astray,
For thy Commands I mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 GRIEV'D to the Lord I cry'd, and He
Did hear me, and redress my Wrong,

2 From lying Lips deliver me,
And from a treach'rous, double Tongue.

3 What Good false Tongue wilt thou acquire ?
What Benefits will Lies confer ?

4 Th' Almighty's Darts and wrathful Fire,
That burns, like Coals of Juniper.

5 Ah, Woe is me ! I've often cry'd,
That I with barb'rous Men remain,

6 Ev'n such as *Mesech's* Land divide,
And pitch'd the Tent in *Kedar's* Plain.

7 Long I have dwelt with those, that love
Continual Strife, and Peace abhor ;

8 I still did friendly Ways approve ;
I spoke for Peace, but they for War.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I 'll to the Hills lift up my Eyes,
Whence comes expected Aid;
2 On God alone my Hope relies,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 No Mischief shall thy Foot ensnare,
Thy Guardian never sleeps ;
4 Nor dos he slumber, who with Care
His Chosen *Israel* keeps.
5 Thy Saviour, Lord, thy Shade, do'st stay
Thy Shelter on the Right,
6 Thou shalt escape the Sun by Day,
Nor fear the Moon by Night :
7 Whatever Dangers near Thee come,
God will thy Life assure ;
8 Abroad defend Thee, and at Home
Still keep thy Peace secure.

PSALM CXXII.

1 I Triumph'd, when to me they cry'd,
To Zion let us go ;
2 We shall in *Salem's* Gates abide,
His Dwelling-place below.
3 *Jerusalem's* a City fair,
Compacted is her Frame,
4 Where to the Ark his Tribes repair,
To thank the Almighty's Name,

5 Behold

PSALM CXXII. 281

5 Behold the Thrones of Judgment there,
The Thrones of *David's* House ;
6 Pray for her Peace, they prosp'rous are,
Who her just Cause espouse.
7 Within thy Walls, let Joy and Ease,
O *Salem*, constant reign,
And in thy stately Palaces,
Prosperity remain.
8 I for my Friends and People's Sake,
Will say be *Salem* blest ;
9 Since God do's thee his Dwelling make,
I'll seek thy Peace and Rest.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 **I** To the Lord lift up my Eyes,
Who dwells enthron'd in Light,
Mid'st the wide Chambers of the Skies
Of unsurmounted Height.
2 See, as the Servant-Man and Maid,
Look to the Master's Hand,
And mind the Mistress, so for Aid
On Thee we waiting stand.
3 Shew Mercy to us, Lord, for we
Are mock'd and laugh'd to Scorn,
4 And while the Proud from Cares are free,
Their Insults we have born.

A a 3 PSALM

282 PSALM CXXIV, CXXV.

PSALM CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, let *Israel* own,
Withstood his Peoples Foes,
- 2 **H**ad not the Lord Salvation shown,
When Men against us rose ;
- 3 **T**hen surely they had us devour'd,
When their fierce Anger glow'd ;
- 4 **T**he Flood of Waters, on us pour'd,
Our Soul had overflow'd.
- 5 **T**o whelm us o'er without Controul,
Proud Floods had made their Way ;
- 6 **B**less God, who did not give our Soul
To their sharp Teeth a Prey.
- 7 **O**ur Soul, as from a broken Snare
A Bird escapes, is fled ;
- 8 **O**ur Help is from th' Almighty's Care,
Who Earth and Heav'n has spread.

PSALM CXXV.

- 1 **T**HE Righteous, who in God confide,
Are like Mount Zion's Frame,
Which is unmov'd, and will abide
For evermore the same.
- 2 **A**s shelt'ring Hills in Air sublime
Round *Salem*'s Walls ascend,
So God his People, from this Time,
For ever shall defend.
- 3 **T**h' Oppressour's Rod shall not annoy
Your Lot, ye Righteous, long,
Lest you should evil Means employ,
To remedy your Wrong. 4 We

PSALM CXXVI.

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4 We earnestly beseech Thee, Lord,
With Good the Good requite,
And to the People Help afford,
Who are of Heart upright.

5 They, who shall crooked Ways resume,
With Criminals shall go,
Led forth by Thee, Lord, to their Doom.
But *Israel* Peace shall know.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN God releas'd us from our Foes,
We felt Surprize extream,
Which from such great Salvation rose,
It seem'd a pleasing Dream.

2 Then in our Souls Delight began,
Our Tongue glad Praises spake;
The Heathen cry'd, the Lord hath done
Great Things for *Israel's* sake.

3 For us He did his mighty Hand
In wond'rous Works employ,
He led us from a Foreign Land;
Which fill'd our Hearts with Joy.

4 In Mercy, break our Brethren's Chains,
Who yet in Bondage live,
Which will, like Streams in Southern Plains,
To us great Pleasure give.

5 Joyful they'll reap, who weeping sow;

6 They that go forth and mourn,
While precious Seed on Fields they throw,
Shall crown'd with Sheaves return.

PSALM

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PSALM CXXVII.

1. **I**n vain great Pains the Builder takes,
Except the Lord the House erect;
In vain th' entrusted Watchman wakes,
Except the Lord the Town protect.

2. You labour Night and Day in vain,
And eat the Bread of Carefulness;
For God, without such Care and Pain,
Those, whom he loves, with Rest will bles.

3. Lord, Children are thy Heritage,
And the Womb's Fruit thy Blessings are;

4. And Sons, the Flow'r of youthful Age,
May with the Champion's Darts compare.

5. He's happy, whose full Quivers hold
Such Strength, they no Confusion dread,
But in the Courts of Justice bold
Their Cause against th' Accuser plead.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1. **H**e's blest, who fears the Lord most
(Great,
And walks in his pure Ways;

2. **T**hou of thy Toil the Fruit shall eat,
And prosper all thy Days.

3. **T**hy Wife shall, as the Vine, appear,
With which thy House is crown'd;
Like Olive Plants, thy Children dear,
Thy Table shall surround.

4. **H**e's blest who fears the Lord, who thee
Will out of Zion bless;

5. **A**nd

And thou shall all thy Life-time see
Jerusalem's Success.

6 Yea with Delight thou shalt behold
 Thy Childrens Progeny,
 While Peace, thro' all the Tribes enroll'd,
 Shall fix'd in *Israel* be.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 **O** FT from my Youth, may *Israel* cry,
 My Foes have me assail'd,
 2 Did from my Youth to crush me try,
 But never have prevail'd.
 3 Deep on my Back Oppressours plow'd,
 My Flesh long Furrows bore ;
 4 But God with Faithfulness endow'd,
 Their Cords asunder tore.
 5 Let all, who *Zion* hate, their Hopes
 Destroy'd, in Terror fly ;
 6 Let them as Grass on Houses Tops,
 'Ere ripe, decay and dy :
 7 Of which the Mower cannot find
 Enough to fill his Hands,
 And he, that waits the Sheaves to bind,
 With empty Bosom stands.
 8 Nor do's the Trav'ller passing by
 E'er from the Road exclaim ;
 God send you all Prosperity,
 We bless you in his Name.

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 **I** From the Depths of Woe did cry,
 To me, O Lord, give Ear;
- 2 Do not my earnest Pray'r deny,
 My Voice attentive hear.
- 3 Lord should'st Thou mark Iniquity,
 Who blamless could appear?
- 4 But, Lord, Forgiveness is with Thee,
 That Men thy Name may fear.
- 5 My Soul do's Wait for Thee, O Lord,
 I look with eager Eyes;
I wait unshaken for thy Word,
 On which my Hope relies.
- 6 More for the Lord I wait, than they,
 Who watch the Morning Light;
Ev'n more than those, again I say,
 Who watch the Morning bright.
- 7 Trusting in God, O *Israel*, live,
 With Him are Love and Grace;
- 8 Plenteous Redemption he will give,
 And *Israel's* Sins efface.

PSALM CXXXI.

- 1 **A** Haughty Heart, Lord, I disown,
 Nor lofty are my Eyes,
Nor do to Greatness and Renown,
 My Thoughts ambitious rise.

P S A L M CXXXII.

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2 I, as a Child, my Self demean'd,
 Took from the Mother's Breast ;
 My Soul ev'n as a Child, that's wean'd,
 Submits, and is at Rest.

3 Let *Israel* place in God most high
 Their Hope, his Aid implore,
 And on His tender Care rely,
 Henceforth for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXII.

1 L O R D, *David* in Remembrance bear,
 And all his Woe, till now ;
 2 And how to *Jacob*'s God he sware,
 And made a solemn Vow.
 3 I from my House shall Absence chuse,
 Nor on my Bed will lie,
 4 My wakeful Eyes shall Sleep refuse,
 Slumber my Eye-lids fie :
 5 Till I shall find for Thee, O Lord,
 A sacred Dwelling-place,
 Where Thou may'st always be ador'd,
 Great God of *Jacob*'s Race.
 6 Then shall the Ark long Rest possess,
 Which was in *Ephraim* found,
 And which did late the City bless,
 Nam'd from the Woods around.
 7 We to his House will go and bow
 Before his Throne at length ;
 8 Into thy Seat, Lord, enter Thou,
 And thy blest Ark of Strength.

9 In

9 In Righteousness thy Priests array,
Let Saints loud Joy proclaim ;
10 For *David's* Sake turn not away
Thy Servant's Face in Shame.

Part II.

11 God has in Truth to *David* sworn,
Nor will his Word disown,
The Sons to my Anointed born,
I'll set upon thy Throne.
12 And if they keep my Covenant,
And my Decrees maintain,
I'll also to their Children grant
An everlasting Reign.
13 For God has chosen Zion's Hill
A Dwelling to him dear,
14 And said, this is my Rest, and still
I will inhabit here.
15 I'll make her plenteous Stores possess,
With Bread the Poor I'll cloy ;
16 Her Priests with my Salvation bless,
And fill her Saints with joy.
17 There *David's* Horn shall flourish, there
Shall rule his favour'd Line.
18 I'll crush his Foes, but by my Care,
On him his Crown shall shine.

PSALM CXXXIII.

- 1 Behold, how good it is and sweet,
How pleasant do's it prove,
When Fellow Subjects friendly meet,
And dwell in Peace and Love?
- 2 'Tis like the Oyle of fragrant Smell
Pour'd forth on *Aaron's Head*,
Which down his Hair and Bosom fell,
And o'er his Garment spread.
- 3 Sweet as the Dew on *Hermon's Brows*,
Or that which *Zion* cheers,
Where his chief Blessing God bestows,
E'en Life to endless Years.

PSALM CXXXIV.

- 1 Behold, all ye my Words invite,
Ye Servants of the Lord,
Who in his House attend by Night,
Bless him with one Accord.
- 2 Lift up, to praise *Jehovah's Name*,
Your Hands in Holiness;
- 3 The Lord, that Heav'n and Earth did frame,
Thee out of *Zion* bless.

P S A L M CXXXV.

As the Lth.

1 **J**ehovah Laud,
Extol his Holy Name,
Ye Priests, applaud
The Lord, and raise his Fame.

2 All ye, that wait
In God's blest House, and who
Within his Gate
(Pay your Attendance due.)

3 God's Praise proclaim,
For he is good and kind ;
Praise ye his Name,
Which a sweet Task you'll find.

4 He in great Grace
Chose Jacob for his own,
And to his Race
Peculiar Love has shewn.

5 God is ador'd
As Great, I know it well,
And that our Lord
Do's all the Gods excel.

6 The Lord, 'tis known,
Can do whate'er he please,
In Heav'n his Throne,
In Earth, deep Caves and Seas.

7 Amidst the Air
He secret Vapours sends,
Which gather there
From Earth's remotest Ends.

His

His Lightning's Force
For Rain the Clouds unbinds,
He from their Source,
His Storehouse, brings the Winds:

8 Whose vengeful Hand
The first-born Man and Beast
Smote in the Land,
Where *Jacob* was opprest.

9 Who made Thee see,
O *Egypt*, Wonders wrought,
And Plagues on thee
And thine, O *Pharoah*, brought.

10 Who Nations great
Thy Enemies did slay,
And Kings defeat,
Whose Arms oppos'd thy Way.

11 He *Sihon* slew,
That rul'd the *Amorite*,
Did *Og* subdue,
And *Canaan's* Lords in Fight.

12 And gave the Land
By Heathen Pow'rs possest
To *Israel's* Hand,
His People's Portion blest.

13 O Lord thy Fame
For ever shall endure,
And of thy Name
The Memory is sure.

Part II.

14 For God, our Strength,
To judge his Tribes is bent,
And will at length
Concerning us repent.

15 Silver and Gold
The Heathen Idols are,
Figures, behold,
The Manufact'rs Ware.

16 They've Mouths, 'tis known,
But not in Speech employ'd ;
And Eyes they own,
That never Sight enjoy'd.

17 They Ears possess,
That never heard a Note,
Lips Motionless,
And without Breath a Throat.

18 They, who did frame
These Works, and to them pray,
And Favour claim,
As stupid are as they.

19 The Lord above,
O House of Jacob, bleſſ ;
The Lord's great Love
O Aaron's House confess.

20 Be Praise sincere
By Levi's House addresst,
By them, that fear
The Lord, the Lord be bleſſ.

21 From Zion's Height
 Blest be the Lord our God,
 Who takes Delight
 In Salem his Abode.

PSALM CXXXV. *Another Metre.*

1 Praise ye the Lord, praise ye his Name,
 To Heav'n your Praises send,
 Who in his House a Station claim,
 And in his Courts attend.

3 O spread the Almighty's Praise abroad,
 For he is good and kind,
 Sing fervent Praises to our God,
 For this you'll pleasant find.

4 For to himself the Lord, you see,
 Distinguish'd Jacob chose,
 And as peculiar Treasure he
 Great Love to Israel shows.

5 Our God above all Gods is Great,

6 He do's whate'er he please,
 In all the Earth, in Heav'n above,
 Deep Places and the Seas.

7 He raises Vapours from the Main
 And Land, for Clouds design'd;
 From thence he Lightnings brings and Rain
 And from his Stores the Wind.

8 He all thy first-born Egypt smote,

9 Sent Wonders thro' thy Coast,
 And fearful Plagues on Pharoah brought,
 And Vengeance on his Host.

10 He smote great Realms, great Princes
Sihon the Amorite, (slew,

11 Did *Bashan's* King strong *Og* subdue,
 And *Canaan's* Lords in Fight.

12 And he their Land the Heritage
 Of chosen *Jacob* made:

13 His Name will ne'er in any Age,
 Nor his Memorial fade.

Part II.

14 The Lord to his own People kind
 Will judge them, and relent ;
 He will express a gracious Mind,
 And of his Wrath repent.

15 The Gods ador'd by Heathen Lands,
 Are Gold and Silver wrought,
 The Labour of the Artist's Hands,
 And Creatures of his Thought.

16 They've Lips, but not to speak employ'd,
 And Eyes, but dark as Death ;

17 They've Ears that never Sounds enjoy'd,
 And Mouths, but without Breath.

18 They, who these Idols make, and all
 That at their Altars pray,
 And for Protection on them call,
 As stupid are as they.

19 The Lord, O House of *Israel*, blefs,
 Let *Aaron's* spread his Fame ;

20 O House of *Levi* Thanks express,
 Ye Righteous bless his Name.

1 In Zion Praise to God repeat,
 In Salem still ador'd,
 Salem, his Holy chosen Seat,
 Sing Praises to the Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 **T**O God most good Hymns thankful
 For ever are his Mercies sure : (sing,
 2 Give Thanks to God of Gods the King,
 His Mercies evermore endure.
 3 Hymns to the Lord of Lords compose,
 For ever are his Mercies sure :
 4 For he alone great Wonders shows,
 His Mercies evermore endure.
 5 Whose Wisdom gave the Heav'ns their
 For ever are his Mercies sure : (Birth ;
 6 And o'er the Waters stretch'd the Earth,
 His Mercies evermore endure.
 7 Who bade great Lights their Beams dif-
 For ever are his Mercies sure ; (play ;
 8 The glorious Sun to rule by Day :
 His Mercies evermore endure.
 9 The Moon and Stars to rule by Night ;
 For ever are his Mercies sure :
 10 Who did proud Egypt's first-born smite ;
 His Mercies evermore endure.
 11 Who Israel brought from Pharaoh's Land ;
 For ever are his Mercies sure ;
 12 With a strong Arm and out-stretch'd Hand ;
 His Mercies evermore endure.

Part II.

13 Who the *Red Sea* asunder rent ;
For ever are his Mercies sure :

14 Thro' which his People fearless went ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

15 But did the Waves o'er *Pharoah* spread ;
For ever are his Mercies sure :

16 And thro' the Desart *Israel* led ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

17 Who did great Lords and Princes smite ;
For ever are his Mercies sure :

18 And vanquish'd Kings of dreaded Might :
His Mercies evermore endure.

19 *Sihon* by *Amorites* obey'd ;
For ever are his Mercies sure :

20 And *Og*, who *Bashan's* Scepter sway'd ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

21 And gave their Lands a Dwelling-place ;
For ever are his Mercies sure :

22 A Heritage to *Israel's* Race ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

23 Who succour'd us, when mean and low ;
For ever are his Mercies sure ;

24 And hath redeem'd us from the Foe ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

25 Who do's with Food all Flesh supply ;
For ever are his Mercies sure ;

26 O render Thanks to God most High ;
His Mercies evermore endure.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Another Metre.*

1 **T**o God, for he is Good,
Give Thanks with all your Souls ;

2 Thank him, who for you stood,
The God, that Gods controuls.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

3 Thanks to Jehovah pay,
To God, of Kings the King ;
The Lord, whom Lords obey,
For ever Praises sing.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

4 To him, whose Pow'r alone
Great Wonders has display'd ;

5 To him, who his high Throne
The Heav'ns, by Wisdom made.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

6 To him, who has the Land
Above the Waters rear'd ;

7 To him by whose Command
Great Lights in Heav'n appear'd.

His

His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

8 The Sun to Rule by Day,
9 The Moon and Stars by Night ;
10 Who in a dreadful Way
Did *Egypt*'s first-born smite.

His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

11 Who, from that cruel Land
Brought *Jacob* safe from Harm,
12 With a resistless Hand,
And with an out-stretch'd Arm,
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

Part II.

13 Who bade the Sea divide
For *Israel*'s Host its Flood ;
14 That they might pass the Tide,
In Heaps the Waters flood.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

15 Who

15 Who Seas o'er *Pharoah* spread,
And overthrew his Host;

16 Who thro' the Desert led
His Tribes to *Canaan's* Coast.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

17 Who Princes fam'd for Might

18 Did to Destruction bring,

19 *Sihon* the *Amorite*,

20 And *Bashan's* Giant King.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

21 An Heritage their Lands,
An Heritage decreed,

22 He gave to *Jacob's* Hands,
And fix'd them on his Seed.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

23 Who in our low Estate
Our suff'ring Tribes reliev'd,

24 And sav'd us from the Hate
Of Foes, that *Israel* griev'd.
His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endless Days
Unchang'd endure.

25 Who

25 Who freely Man and Beast
With needful Food supplies,
Be Thanks to God aadrest,
Enthron'd amidst the Skies.

His Mercies sure
Just Themes of Praise
To endles Days
Unchang'd endure.

1 **B**y Babel's Streams we sat, and wept
When, Zion, we remember'd thee.
2 Our useles Harps, which long had slept,
We hung upon the Willow Tree.
3 For they, who did us Captive bring,
Desir'd our tuneful Art to hear;
And they, who spoil'd us, bade us sing
One of the Songs to Zion dear.
4 Jehovah's Song how could we set,
And sing it in a Stranger's Land?
5 If I, O Salem, thee forget,
May tuneful Skill leave my Right Hand.
6 Should I neglect Thee, or should I,
Than Thee, a dearer Pleasure know,
Then let my fault'ring Tongue grow dry,
Cleave to my Roof, and speechless grow.
7 O Lord, remember Edom's Race,
Who in Jerusalem's sad Day,
Said rase it, rase it, this vile Place
To its Foundations level lay.

PSALM CXXXVII. 301

8 To Ruin doom'd, O *Babylon*,
The mighty Man shall happy be,
Who as thy Sons to us have done,
With just Revenge shall do to thee:
9 May Blessings ne'er the Man forsake
The Conq'rour, who thy Woes shall mock,
And merciless thy Children take,
And dash their Heads against the Rock.

PSALM CXXXVII. *Another Metre.*

1 **W**HILE on the Streams of *Babylon*
We sad and pensive sate,
We sorely wept when we begun
To think on *Zion's* State.
2 All Joy and Mirth we now detest,
Our Instruments unstrung,
Our Harps we now with Woe opprest
Upon the Willows hung.
3 The Lords, who *Israel* Captive led,
Did Hymns of us require,
And let us hear, our Spoilers said,
A Song of *Zion's* Quire.
4 In a strange Land the Song desir'd
Our Pleasure can't produce ;
Shall we profane a Song inspir'd
By God for *Zion's* Use ?
5 If ever I, *Jerusalem*,
Exclude thee from my Heart,
Let my Right Hand, which I'll condemn,
Forget its tuneful Art.

C c

6 Should

302 P S A L M CXXXVIII.

6 Should I neglect Thee, and not shew
Thou art my greatest Joy,
Dry let my Tongue and tasteless grow,
And Speech no more employ.

7 Lord, *Edom's* cruel Sons confound,
Who said in *Salem's* Day,
Now rase it, rase it, to the Ground
Her Buildings level lay.

8 To Ruin doom'd proud *Babylon*,
O happy let him be,
Who, as thy Sons to us have done,
Enrag'd shall do to thee.

9 Let Blessings ne'er the Man forsake,
Who shall thy Ruin mock,
And in his Wrath thy Children take,
And dash them on the Rock.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1 **W**ITH my whole Heart the Thanks I
I'll pay, and Praises sing,
Before great Princes Gods below,
To God, my God and King.

2 Towards the Ark will I bow down,
Thy Love and Truth record;
Thou above all thy Name do'st crown,
And magnify thy Word.

3 Thou, when I cry'd did'st answer me,
And free my Soul from Fear;

4 All Kings on Earth shall worship thee,
When they thy Words shall hear.

5 They

P S A L M CXXXIX.

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1 They in thy Ways shall joyful go,
For great thy Glories are ;

2 The Lord, tho' high, respects the Low,
But knows the Proud from far.

3 Thou'l raise me, tho' distrest I lie,
Against the wicked Band,

4 Thou sendest forth thy Hand, and I
Am sav'd by thy Right Hand.

5 What me concerns Thou'l perfect make,
Thy Mercies Time outrun ;

6 Do not the Work, O Lord, forsake
By thy own Hand begun.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

(my Hope,

1 Thou try'st and know'st me, Lord,
2 Thou do'st my Secrets learn,
My lying down and rising up,
My Thoughts from far discern.

3 Thou see'st and compassest about
My Paths, and Lying down ;
Thou all my Footsteps findest out,
And all my Ways hast known.

4 Words by my Tongue not utter'd yet
Thou, Lord, do'st understand ;

5 Me ev'ry way Thou hast beset,
And on me laid thy Hand.

6 Knowledge so wonderful and great
I strive to grasp in vain,
It dwells in such a lofty Seat,
I can't its Height attain.

7 Where can I hide, that I thy Sight
 And Spirit may elude?
 Or to what Place direct my Flight,
 That, Lord, can Thee exclude?

8 If I ascend to Heav'n on High,
 There Thou hast fix'd thy Throne;
 If in the Earth's low Beds I ly,
 Those Caves thy Presence own.

9 If swifter, than the early Ray,
 That flies from East to West,
 From Thee, O Lord, I wing my Way
 To farthest Seas for Rest.

10 Thy Hand in that remote Abode,
 Shall lead me all the Day,
 And thy Right-hand, all present God,
 Fast Hold shall on me lay.

11 Shades, should I say, shall shelter me,
 They round me would be Light;

12 Darkness would me reveal, to Thee
 Alike are Day and Night.

13 For thou did'st, Lord, possess my Reins,
 Me in the Womb uphold,
 And my unfashion'd Flesh and Veins
 To cloath my Bones unfold,

Part II.

14 I'll praise Thee, for I'm fearfully,
 And full of Wonders wrought,
 Thy Works are marvellous, which I
 As certain still have thought.

15 Thou

15 Thou me in Secret saw'st, before
I yet was ripe for Birth,
With curious Skill embroider'd o'er,
As in the lowest Earth.

16 Thou on my Limbs unform'd did'st look,
And view'dst their growing Frame,
And all were written in thy Book,
'Ere perfect one became.

17 The Thoughts and Counsels of thy Mind
Most precious I account ;
O what a vast Encrease they find ?
To what a Sum they mount ?

18 Should I their Number strive to take,
They far surpass the Sand ;
And when from Slumber I awake,
I still before Thee stand.

19 Thou'l slay the Wicked, from my Sight
Fly bloody Men in Shame ;

20 They speak of God with impious Spite,
And vilify his Name.

21 Do's not true hatred fill my Heart
To those, who Thee despise ?
Do I not griev'd the Men detest,
Who, Lord, against Thee rise ?

22 I hate them with a perfect Hate,
Who thy just Laws oppose,
And all in such an impious State,
I count my greatest Foes.

23 Search me, O Lord, and know my Heart,
 My secret Thoughts survey ;
24 See if from Justice I depart,
 And lead me in thy Way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Another Metre.*

(known,

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast search'd my Soul and
 Thou do'st my inmost Motions learn,
2 My Rising up, and Sitting down,
 And a far off my Paths discern.
3 Thou compassest my Thoughts around,
 When on my Bed repos'd I lie,
 Thou do'st my Heart's deep Secrets found
 And clearly all my Ways descry.
4 Words by my Tongue not utter'd yet,
 Thou perfectly do'st understand ;
5 Me ev'ry Way Thou hast beset,
 And on me laid thy pow'rful Hand.
6 Knowledge so wide, and so sublime,
 Where are the Wise, who me can teach ?
 In vain my Soul attempts to climb
 To Heights so far above my Reach.
7 Where can I go, that I thy Sight
 And boundless Spirit may elude ?
 Or to what Place direct my Flight,
 That can thy Presence, Lord, exclude ?
8 If I ascend to Heav'n on High,
 There Thou art seated on thy Throne ;
 If in the Earth's dark Beds I lie,
 The lowest Caves thy Presence own.

9 If swifter than the Morning Ray,
 That darted flies from East to West,
 From Thee, O Lord, I wing my Way,
 And on the Ocean's Shore should rest;

10 Ev'n there unseen I could not live,
 Thy Hand would find and lead me there:
 And thy Right-hand thy Fugitive
 Would seize, and disappoint my Care.

11 Shades, should I say, would me conceal,
 Round me those Shades would Light dis-

12 Darkness would my Abode reveal, (play;
 Alike to Thee are Night and Day.

13 For Thou did'st, Lord, possess my Reins,
 Me in my Mother's Womb uphold,
 Did'st form and spread my curious Veins,
 And Flesh to cover me unfold.

Part II.

14 The Wisdom, Goodness, and the Might,
 That our most artful Bodies show,
 My great Surprize and Fear excite,
 Thy Works are wond'rous, well I know.

15 My Substance was discern'd by Thee,
 When hidden I grew ripe for Birth,
 Fashion'd with curious Imag'ry,
 As in low Caverns of the Earth.

16 Me a rude Mass th' Almighty knew;
 My Limbs, their gradual Growth and Frame,
 Writ in his Book he had in view,
 'Ere yet they into Being came.

308 PSALM CXXXIX.

17 How much, O Lord, thy Thoughts I prize,
And wise Designs of various Sort ?
To what a mighty Sum arise
Thy Counsels, which are my Support ?

18 If I should count them they are more
In Number, than the spreading Sand,
When I awake I Thee adore, (mand.
And still thy Works my Thoughts com-

19 God surely will the Wicked slay,
Then shun ye bloody Men my Sight ;

20 Of God most impious Things they say,
And to prophane his Name delight.

21 Against the Men, that hate the Lord,
Dos not my Indignation rise ?
Are not the Race by me abhor'd,
That his Authority despise ?

22 I hate them with a perfect Hate,
Who dare the Lord most High oppose,
And all in such an impious State,
I rank among my greatest Foes.

23 Search me, O Lord, and know my Heart,
Try if my Thoughts in Errour stray ;

24 See, if from Justice I depart,
And lead me in thy righteous Way.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX. *Another Metre.**As the Lth.*

1 **G**OD searches me;
 2 **H**e sees my Sitting down;
 And Rising, he
 My Thoughts far off has known.
 3 **T**hou sift'st me, Lord,
 And do'st observe my Way;
 4 **T**hou ev'ry Word
 Ee'r utter'd do'st survey.
 5 **T**hou hast beset
 And on me laid thy Hand;
 6 **K**nowledge so great
 And high I can't command.
 7 **T**o 'scape thy Face,
 Lord, whither shall I run,
 Or in what Place
 Can I thy Presence shun?
 8 **I**f Heav'n on high
 I climb'd, Thou there art found;
 And if I lie
 In Hell, thou'lt me surround.
 9 **C**ould I pretend
 To fly like Morning Light,
 To the World's End,
 For Shelter from thy Sight;
 10 **M**e in that Land
 Thy Hand would lead and bear,
 And thy right Hand
 Would, Lord, uphold me there.

II If

310 PSALM CXXXIX.

11 If I should say
Black Shades will me conceal,
Night will display
Full Noon, and me reveal.

12 Can Darkness me
Screen from thy piercing Sight ?
O Lord, to Thee
Alike are Day and Night.

13 Thou did'st behold
My Reins, my inmost Thought,
And did'st unfold
My Limbs in secret wrought.

Part II.

14 Thanks to the Lord,
My Make do's Wonders show ;
Thy Works afford
Astonishment, I know.

15 Thou did'st remark
My Frame unripe for Birth,
Wrought in the dark,
As in the lowest Earth.

16 Thou saw'st me yet
Unfashion'd by thy Plan,
My Limbs compleat,
Ee'r yet the Work began:

17 How precious be,
O God, thy Counsels wise,
And Thoughts to me?
To what a Sum they rise?

18 Which

P S A L M CXL.

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18 Which should I take,
They far surpass the Sand ;
When I awake,
I still before Thee stand.

19 Thou sure wilt slay
The wicked Man, O God ;
Fly then away
From me ye Men of Blood.

20 With impious Lies
God's Justice they arraign ;
Thy Enemies
Take thy dread Name in vain.

21 Hate fills my Breast
To them, who Thee despise.
I those detest,
Who, Lord, against Thee rise.

22 I perfect Hate
Bear them, who Thee oppose ;
All in that State,
I count my greatest Foes.

23 Lord, search my Heart,
My secret Thoughts survey,

24 If I depart
From Truth, shew me thy Way.

P S A L M CXL.

1 F^{ROM} th' evil Man, O save me, Lord,
The Man of Violence,
2 Who in his Heart do's Mischiefs hoard,
And still new War commence.

3 Sharp as a Serpent's piercing Sting,
Their Tongues their Neighbours wound,
Abroad they Adder's Poison fling,
With which their Lips abound.

4 Protection from the Wicked grant,
And cruel, who combine,
And aim my Goings to supplant,
Lord, frustrate their Design.

5 The Proud a Snare for me have set
With mischievous Intent,
And secretly have spread a Net
In Ways, which I frequent.

6 Thou art my God, I said, O Lord,
The God I love and fear,
Attention to my Voice afford,
My Supplications hear.

7 Thou Strength of my Salvation, Thou
O God, the Lord of Might ;
Hast sav'd my threaten'd Head till now,
And cover'd it in Fight,

Part II.

8 Th' Oppressours Will, Lord, do not grant,
Nor his Devices bless,
Lest he of Strength superiour vaunt,
Exalted by Success.

9 As for the Foes, who still surround,
And almost me devour'd,
Let, in their Lips, the Mischief found,
On their own Heads be pour'd.

10 Let

PSALM CXL.

313

10 Let Wrath Divine, like Coals of Fire,
These harden'd Sinners burn;
Let them in Pits sunk deep expire,
And never thence return.

11 Let not the vile ill-speaking Race
At settled Peace arrive:
Evil the Violent shall chase,
And to Destruction drive.

12 That God will succour, by his Might,
Th' Afflicted in his Woe,
And to the poor procure his Right,
I by Experience know.

13 Surely the Righteous Thanks shall give,
And of thy Mercies tell;
The Upright, who obedient live,
Shall in thy presence dwell.

PSALM CXLI.

As the XXVth.

1 **L**ORD hasten, and, when I
 Implore thy Aid, give Ear;
In Mercy listen to my Cry,
And my Petition hear.

2 Lord, Let my Pray'r to Thee,
 As fragrant Incense, rise,
And let my Hands uplifted be
As Evening Sacrifice.

3 Lord let thy Watch before
 My Mouth with Care attend,
And of my Lips still keep the Door,
That they may not offend.

4 Bend not to Ill my Heart,
Lest I Pretences make,
With wicked Men to act a Part,
And of their Feasts partake.

5 Just Mens Reproof I'll bear,
Like purest Oil 'twill flow,
Which chears, not hurts my Head, and
I'll make for them in Woe. (Pray'r

6 Their Chiefs shall ly o'erthrown
In steep and stony Ways;
Then shall the rest my Counsel own,
My Words, as wholsome, praise.

7 Our Bones dispers'd and broke
About the Grave are found,
Like Chips, that by the Feller's Stroke
Ly scatter'd o'er the Ground.

8 But, Lord, to Thee my Eyes
I turn, on Thee I wait;
Do not my needy Soul despise,
Nor leave it desolate.

9 Preserve me from the Snare,
Which they have laid for me,
And from the Gins, that they prepare,
Who work Iniquity.

10 O let them in the Net,
Their own Device, be caught,
While from the Toil, that they have set,
In Safety I am brought.

PSALM CXLI. *Another Metre.*

1 O Make great Haste, and, Lord, when I
 Implore thy Aid, give Ear,
 In Mercy listen to my Cry,
 And my Petition hear.

2 Lord, let my earnest Pray'r to Thee,
 As fragrant Incense rise;
 And let my Hands uplifted be,
 As Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3 Lord Gracious, let thy Watch before
 My Mouth with Care attend;
 And of my Lips keep thou The Door,
 That they may not offend.

4 Bend not to any Ill my Heart,
 Lest I Pretences make,
 With wicked Men to act a Part,
 And of their Feasts partake.

5 I, from the Just, Reproof will bear;
 Like purest Oyl 'twill flow,
 Which chears, not hurts my Head; and
 I'll make for them in Woe. (Pray'r

6 When their chief Men are overthrown
 In steep and stony Ways,
 Then shall the Rest my Counsel own,
 My Words, as wholsome, praise.

7 Behold our Bones dispers'd and broke
 About the Grave are found,
 Like Chips, that by the Feller's Stroke
 Ly scatter'd o'er the Ground.

8 But, Lord, to Thee, my eager Eyes
 I turn, on Thee I wait ;
 Do not my needy Soul despise,
 Nor leave me desolate.

9 Preserve me from the secret Snare,
 Which they have laid for me,
 And from the Gins, which they prepare,
 Who work Iniquity.

10 O let them in th' entangling Net,
 Their own Device, be caught ;
 While from the Toil that they have set
 In Safety I am brought.

PSALM CXLI.

1 I To the Lord Cries earnest sent,
 And did my Pray'r address ;
 2 I did my Meditation vent,
 And open'd my Distress.
 3 When sore my Spirit was dismay'd,
 My Path was known to Thee ;
 In my frequented Ways they laid
 A secret Snare for me.
 4 Pleaders I sought on my Right Hand,
 But none for me appear'd ;
 All Succour fail'd, no Friend to stand
 By me in Danger car'd.
 5 To God I earnest cry'd, and said,
 Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
 My Portion, whence my Life is fed,
 'Till I from hence depart.

P S A L M CXLIII.

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6 Lord, to my fervent Cry attend,
Brought down in Dust I dwell ;
From my Oppressours me defend,
Who me in Strength excell.

7 From Caves, my Prisons, me release,
To sing loud Praise to Thee ;
The Just shall compass me in Peace,
When I Thy Bounty see.

P S A L M CXLIII.

(True.)

1 H E A R me, as Thou art Good and
Lord, to my Pray'r reply ;

2 To Judgment bring me not, for who
Is spotless in thine Eye ?

3 The Foes pursu'd, they down have smit
My Life, and on me tread,
And made me in dark Places sit
Forgotten, as the Dead.

4 My Spirit now o'erwhelm'd I find,
My Heart is desolate ;

5 I search past Times, and call to Mind
Thy Works of ancient Date.

6 To Thee in Pray'r, Lord, Just and True,
Behold I stretch my Hands ;
For Thee I thirst as heav'nly Dew,
Is crav'd by Sun-burnt Lands.

7 Make Speed ; *Jehovah*, answer me,
My failing Spirit save ;
Hide not Thy Face, lest I should be
Like Dwellers in the Grave.

8 Soon let me hear a kind Reply,
 For Thou my Refuge art ;
 To me make known thy Way, for I
 To Thee lift up my Heart.

9 Lord, from the threat'ning Enemy
 Grant me Deliv'rance sure ;
 Thou art my Trust, to Thee I fly,
 With Thee to hide secure.

10 Thou art my God, teach me thy Will,
 By thy good Spirit led,
 Let me on even Places, still
 Preserv'd from slipping, tread.

11 Revive me, Lord, in my Distress,
 That I Thy Name may praise ;
 And to declare Thy Righteousness,
 My Soul from Trouble raise.

12 In Mercy, Lord, the Proud controul,
 Cut off my Enemies ;
 Destroy them, who afflict my Soul,
 Lord, for thy Servant rise.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 O Blefs'd for ever be the Lord,
 My Help and saving Might,
 Who shews my Hand to weild the Sword,
 My Fingers how to fight.

2 Thou art my God, most Good, my Fort,
 Deliv'rer, Trust, and Tow'r ;
 By Thee inclin'd the Tribes support,
 And own my regal Pow'r.

PSALM CXLIV. 319

3 Lord, what is Man, that in thy Mind
Thou shouldest his Welfare bear?
The Son of Man, that he should find
He is Thy tender Care?

4 Man is an unsubstantial Show,
An empty Breath, a Fume,
His Days appointed swiftly flow,
And, Shadow-like, consume.

5 Lord bow thy Heav'ns, come down in might,
And with Thy Thunder's Stroke,
The lofty Mountains touch, and smite
The Hills, and they shall smoke.

6 Cast forth by Thee let Light'nings fly,
And drive them from their Place:
Shoot thy bright Arrows from the Sky,
And thus destroy their Race.

7 Send from above thy pow'rful Hand,
Me from great Waters save,
From People of a foreign Land,
Lord, I Deliv'rance crave.

8 See, their unfaithful Mouths abound
With boastful Words and vain,
And their Right Hand, a Hand is found,
That Fraud and Falshood stain.

Part II.

9 In a new Hymn to God, my King,
My grateful Heart I'll vent:
To aid my Song the Psalt'ry bring,
And Ten-string'd Instrument.

320 PSALM CXLIV.

10 Not their own Arms to Princes yield
 Salvation, but the Lord,
 Who do's his Servant *David* shield,
 Against the threat'ning Sword.

11 Deliver me from Strangers round,
 Lest they should *Jacob* spoil ; (bound,
 Their Mouths with haughty Speech a-
 And their right Hand with Guile :

12 That, like green Plants, our Sons may
 In Youth a flow'ry Bloom, (wear
 Our Daughters, as a Palace fair,
 May beauteous Forms assume.

13 That our rich Magazines of Grain
 Abundant Stores may hold,
 And that our Flocks may on the Plain
 Bring forth Ten Thousand fold.

14 That strong the Ox may grow for Toil,
 That there no Innode be,
 Nor marching out against it, while
 Our Streets from Cries are free.

15 Happy the People, who can say
 Their Case is such as this ;
 In what a happy State are they,
 Whose God *Jehovah* is ?

P S A L M C X L V .

- 1 **T**H E I'll exalt my God, O King,
I'll ever bless thy Name ;
- 2 **M**y daily Off'ring Praise I'll bring,
And ever spread thy Fame.
- 3 **G**reat is the Lord most High, and hence
Should greatly be ador'd,
Nor of His pow'r the Depths immense
Can finite Reason fird.
- 4 **A**ge shall to Age thy Works convey,
And thy great Deeds recite ;
- 5 **T**hy glorious Honours I'll display,
And tell thy Works of Might.
- 6 **M**en on thy Wonders will converse ;
Thy Greatness I'll express,
- 7 **M**uch they thy Goodness will rehearse,
And sing thy Righteousness.
- 8 **G**od is Compassionate, inclin'd
To Love, and prone to spare ;
- 9 **H**is Mercy never is confin'd,
Which all his Creatures share.
- 10 **L**ord, all thy Works give praise to Thee,
Thy Saints shall bless thy Name ;
- 11 **T**hy Kingdom's glorious Majesty
And Pow'r, they shall proclaim ;
- 12 **T**o make to Men his Regal Pow'r,
And mighty Actions known ;
- 13 **T**hy Reign for ever shall endure,
No Time shall shake thy Throne.

14 The Lord upholds all them that fall,
The Sorrowful revives ;

15 On God attend the Eyes of all,
Who Food in Season gives.

16 To ev'ry living Thing Supplies,
Thy open Hand conveys ;

17 As gracious, all thy Works I prize,
As righteous, all thy Ways.

18 The Lord to help them still is nigh,
Who send up Pray'r sincere ;

19 He'll hear and save them, when they cry,
Who his great Name revere.

20 He'll save the Just, but Sinners slay,

21 Our God I will adore ;
And gladly let all Flesh display,
His Praise for evermore.

P S A L M C X L V I .

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, extol the King,
My Soul, while Life remains ;

2 I'll bless my God, his Praises sing,
While He this Frame sustains.

3 Do not on mighty Kings depend,
Nor trust to *Adam's* Seed,
For they can no Assistance lend,
In Times of greatest Need.

4 Soon as he gasps his Breath away,
He turns again to Dust ;
And all his Thoughts that very Day,
And Purposes are lost.

P S A L M CXLVI.

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5 Blest Man, whom Jacob's God do's aid ,
Whose Hope is in the Lord ;

6 Who Heav'n and Earth, and all Things
And ever keeps his Word. (made,

7 He Righteous Judgment executes,
For all, who are opprest ;
With Food, the Hung'ry He recruits,
And gives the Pris'ner Rest.

8 The Lord gives to the Blind their Sight,
And Men bow'd down do's raise ;
He loves them, who have Hearts upright,
And walk in blameless Ways.

9 The Lord preserves the Stranger, He
To Orphans Mercy shows,
Relieves the Widow's Poverty,
But wicked Ways o'erthrows.

10 The Lord to endless Days shall reign,
In Zion God ador'd ;
Unmov'd his Kingdom shall remain,
For ever praise the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII.

(Theme,

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, sweet is the
And Praises you become ;

2 The Lord rebuilds Jerusalem,
And brings her Out-casts Home.

3 He heals the Heart, that's broke with Woes,
Binds up their Wounds with Care :

4 The Number of the Stars he knows,
And can their Names declare.

5 Great

324 PSALM CXLVII.

5 Great is our Lord, his Pow'r is vast,
His Knowledge has no Bound :
6 His Hands exalt the Meek, but cast
The Wicked to the Ground.
7 Ye People with Thanksgiving sing
Loud Praises to the Lord,
On the sweet Harp to God, our King,
Sing Praise with one accord.
8 He do's the Regions of the Air
With Clouds and Vapours fill,
Do's Show'r's for thirsty Lands prepare,
Which cloath with Grass the Hill.
9 He for the Beast finds Food to eat,
And when young Ravens cry,
With Hunger pinch'd, to Heav'n for Meat,
His Stores their Wants supply.

Part II.

10 He takes no Pleasure in the Might,
And Courage of the Horse,
Nor finds in Humane Limbs Delight,
For Beauty prais'd or Force.
11 The Lord Delight and Pleasure takes
In him, who fears his Name;
Who his experienc'd Mercy makes,
His Hope, and constant Aim.
12 O praise the Lord, *Jerusalem*,
Thy God, O *Zion*, praise,
13 He barr'd thy Gates, and strengthen'd them,
And blest thy Children's Ways.

14 He gives thy Borders Peace, and thee
With finest Wheat supplies ;

15 On Earth He sends forth his Decree,
His Order swiftly flies.

16 Like Wool, he scatters fleecy Snows,
Like Ashes, frosty Mist,

17 Hail-stones of Ice He downward throws,
Who can his Cold resist ?

18 He sends Abroad his high Commands,
And bids warm Breezes blow,
Which soon unbind the stiffen'd Lands,
And make the Waters flow.

19 To Jacob only he reveals
His Statutes and his Word ;

20 While from the Nations He conceals
His Judgments. Praise the Lord.

[dwell

1 O praise th' Almighty, ye, tha
In heav'ly Heights, your Voices raise ;

2 Ye Hosts of Angels, who excell
In Hallelujahs, sing his Praise.

3 His Praise ye Sun and Moon repeat, H
And glitt'ring Stars, that nightly rise ;

4 Praise Him, O Heav'n of Heav'ns, his Seat,
And Clouds above the lower Skies.

5 Praise Him, for you did by the Force
Of his Command begin to Be ;

6 He fix'd your everlasting Course,
By his unchangeable Decree.

7 Ye various Creatures, that abound
Thro' the whole Earth, Jehovah praise :
Ye mighty Whales and Gulphs profound,
Your roaring Voice to laud Him raise.

8 Ye airy Meteors, Snow and Fire,
Hailstones and Vapours, cold and warm,
Winds, that to raise the Storm conspire,
And always his Commands perform.

9 Mountains and Hills, each Tree that brings
Forth Fruit, all Cedars fam'd for Height;

10 All Cattel, Beasts, and creeping Things
And Fowls, that wing in Air your Flight.

11 Subjects and Princes, Lords of Pow'r,
And Judges, whom the Nations dread;

12 Striplings and Maidens in the Flow'r
Of Youth, the Babe and hoary Head :

13 By you let Praise to God be giv'n,
Whose Name alone is Excellent,
His Glory far out reaches Heav'n,
And Earth in measureless Extent.

14 High, He his People's Horn has rais'd,
Whence by his Saints He is ador'd,
And by the Sons of Jacob prais'd,
His favour'd House. Praise ye the Lord

PSALM CXLVIII. *Another Metre.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, that dwell
In Heav'n, th' Almighty praise ;
Your Voices, who excell
In Strength, to bless Him raise.

2 Ye Angels, who
In glorious Hosts,
Guard Heav'ns bright Coasts,
Give Praises due.

3 Praise Him, ye Moon and Sun,
To whom you owe your Light;
Praise Him ye Stars, that run
Your Course to grace the Night.

4 Ye Heav'ns, his Seat,
Extol his Name,
Ye Clouds, his Fame,
And praise repeat.

5 For you, by his Command,
First into Being rose,
And from his pow'rful Hand
Your Conservation flows.

6 His high Decree,
That by its Force
Has fix'd your Course;
No Change shall see.

7 Praise, all on Earth, the Lord,
Ye Dragons from your Caves,
And Gulphs, that none can ford,
Praise Him with all your Waves.

8 Mists from moist Lands,
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And Winds that blow
As He commands.

9 Mountains, that tow'ring rise,
Trees that with Fruit abound,
Cedars, that midst the Skies,
Display your Heads renown'd. 10 Beasts

PSALM CXLVIII.

10

Beasts, wild and tame,
Each creeping Thing,
And Birds of Wing,
His Praise proclaim.

11

Kings, who o'er Nations reign,
And People, who obey,
Judges, who Laws ordain,
Or Courts of Justice sway:

12

Youth strong and hail,
And Maidens gay,
Bald Heads or grey,
And Infants frail.

13

O to the Lord's high Throne
By these be Praises sent,
For, know, his Name alone
Is great and excellent.
Out reaching Space,
His Glories rise
Above the Skies,
And Earth's wide Face.

14

Since God to us has born
Good-will from early Days,
And rais'd his People's Horn,
Of all his Saints the Praise.
Ye Jacob's Line,
A People near,
And to him dear,
To praise him join.

PSALM CXLIX.

NEW Songs of Praise for Mercies new,
Mid'st Saints assembled sing,
Joy in thy Maker, *Israel*, shew,
And, *Zion*, in thy King. 3 Extol

PSALM CXLIX

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- 3 Extol the Lord, ye sacred Quire,
With Pipes sound forth his Praise,
On the sweet Timbrel, and the Lyre,
To Heav'n his Glory raise.
- 4 The Lord do's Pleasure and Delight
In his own People take,
The Humble, by his saving Might,
He do's Illustrious make.
- 5 Let all thy Saints, O Lord our King,
In Glory gain'd rejoice,
And on their Beds aloud to sing
Let them exalt their Voice.
- 6 Be in their Mouths high Praise, a Sword
Two-edg'd be in their Hands,
- 7 That Wrath on Heathens may be pour'd,
And Vengeance on the Lands.
- 8 That they may bind their Kings and Lords,
With the led Captive's Chain,
In Iron Links, and servile Cords,
Their Potentates restrain.
- 9 These with the Judgments to pursue,
Which sacred Books record,
Is to the Saints the Honour due;
Ye People, praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLIX.

As the CXII. th.

- 1 PRAISE ye and glorify the Lord,
Let him for ever be ador'd;
And mid'st the Saints assembled sing,
New Songs of Praise, for Mercies new;
Joy in thy Maker, *Israel*, shew,
And, *Zion*, triumph in thy King.
Extol the Lord, ye sacred Quire,
On the sweet Timbrel and the Lyre,
And with soft Pipes sound forth his Praise;

4 God

PSALM CL.

4 God in his People takes Delight,
He'll rescue by his saving Might
The Meek, and them to Honour raise.

5 Triumph ye Saints, with cheer'ul Voice,
With Shouts for Glory won rejoice,
And on your Beds exp'res your Joy ;

6 Be in your Mouths Hymns to the Lord,
And in your Hands a Two-edg'd Sword,

7 Your Foes, the Heathen to destroy.

8 To bind their Potentates with Chains,
In Iron Links their noble Trains,
And pour on Aliens Wrath decreed ;

9 The Saints shall this great Honour have
To quell their Foes, and Zion save.
Praise ye the Lord, O Jacob's Seed.

PSALM CL.

1 **L** E T Praises to the Lord be sent,
For his pure Holiness ;
O Praise him for the Firmament,
Which do's his Pow'r express.

2 In Songs his mighty Deeds proclaim,
Praise to his Greatness suit,

3 With Sound of Trumpet praise his Name,
With Psaltry, Harp, and Flute.

4 The Timbrel rakt, on Praise intent,
Sound with the Pipe his Praise ;
The Organ, and string'd Instrument
Jehovah's Name should raise.

5 Loud Cymbals in his Praise employ,
Cymbals of lofty Sound ;

6 Praise him all ye that Breath enjoy,
Let God with Praise be crown'd,

F I N I S.

